

★PHOTOPLAY

July

15¢

CORNEL WILDE'S LIFE
Told in Pictures

Esther Williams
By Paul Hess

46
BROOKLINE MASS
7 CLEVELAND RD
MRS C GLOSBERG
M-2/47 3Y H

Just One Cake of Camay Brings Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by **MAWICKS**

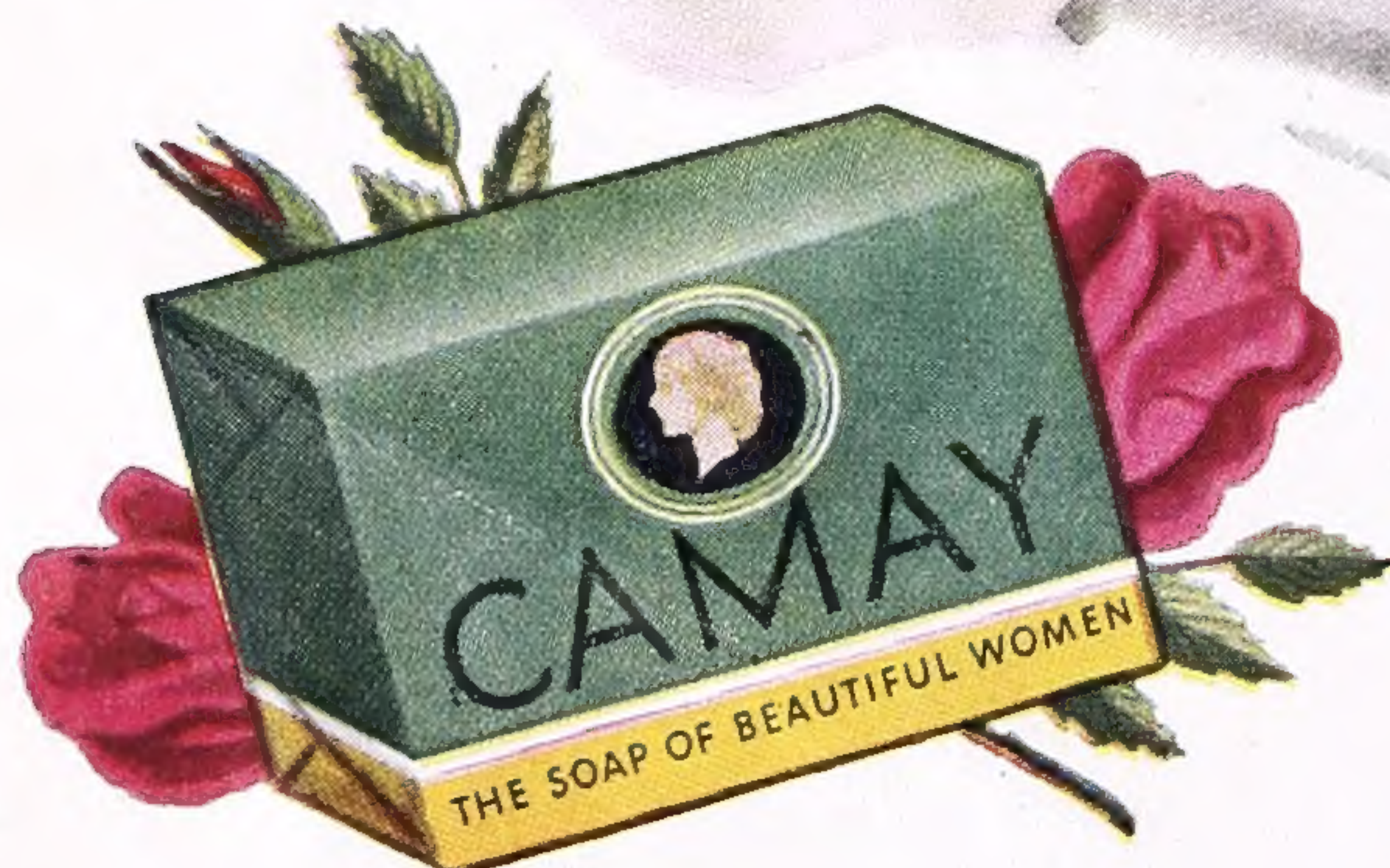


Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first cake* of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin!

NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS



Shell-hunting on the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won lovely, blue-eyed Gloria. Her complexion is fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought out a real sparkle in my complexion!"



Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to *keep* my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.



"What're you looking at, Sis?"



GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? *Look* at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam*? I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."

CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: *What dentist?* Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist, my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Product of Bristol-Myers



Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)



We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audience you could possibly get together.

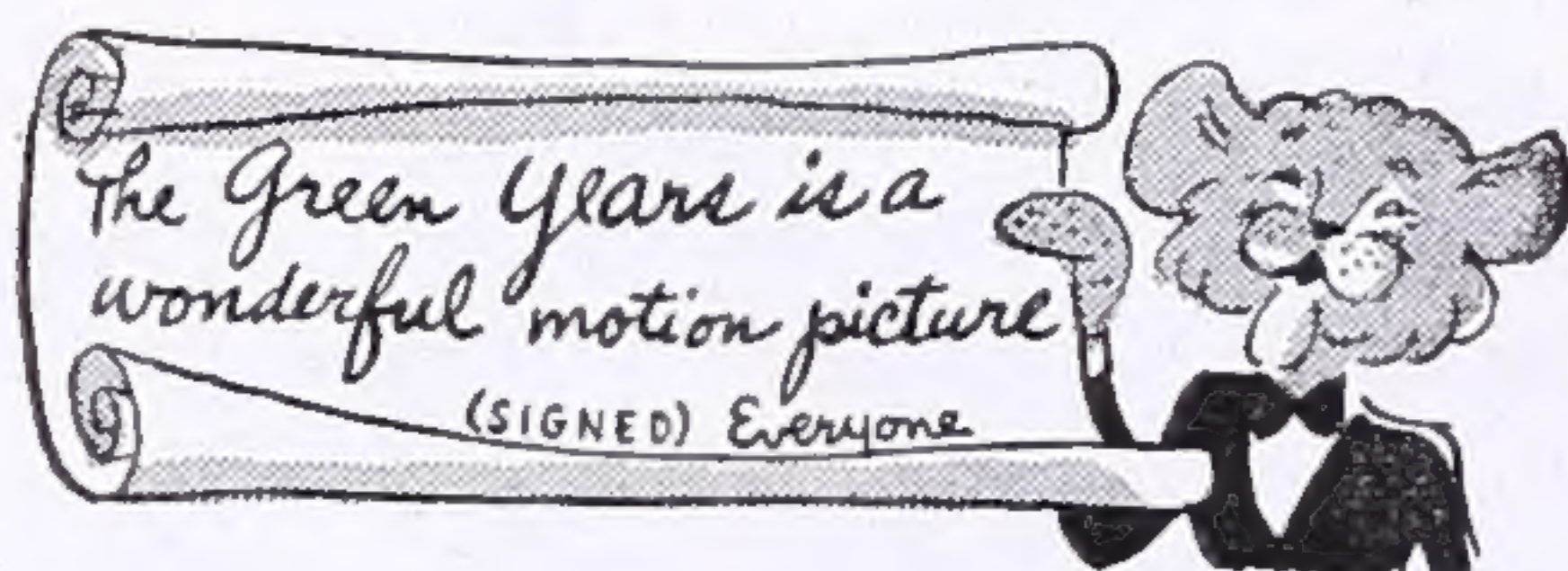
Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? Everyone says so!

Our congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon. To a perfect supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. To those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:



Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: Esther Williams, appearing in "Fiesta"
Miss Williams's bathing suit by Jantzen
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

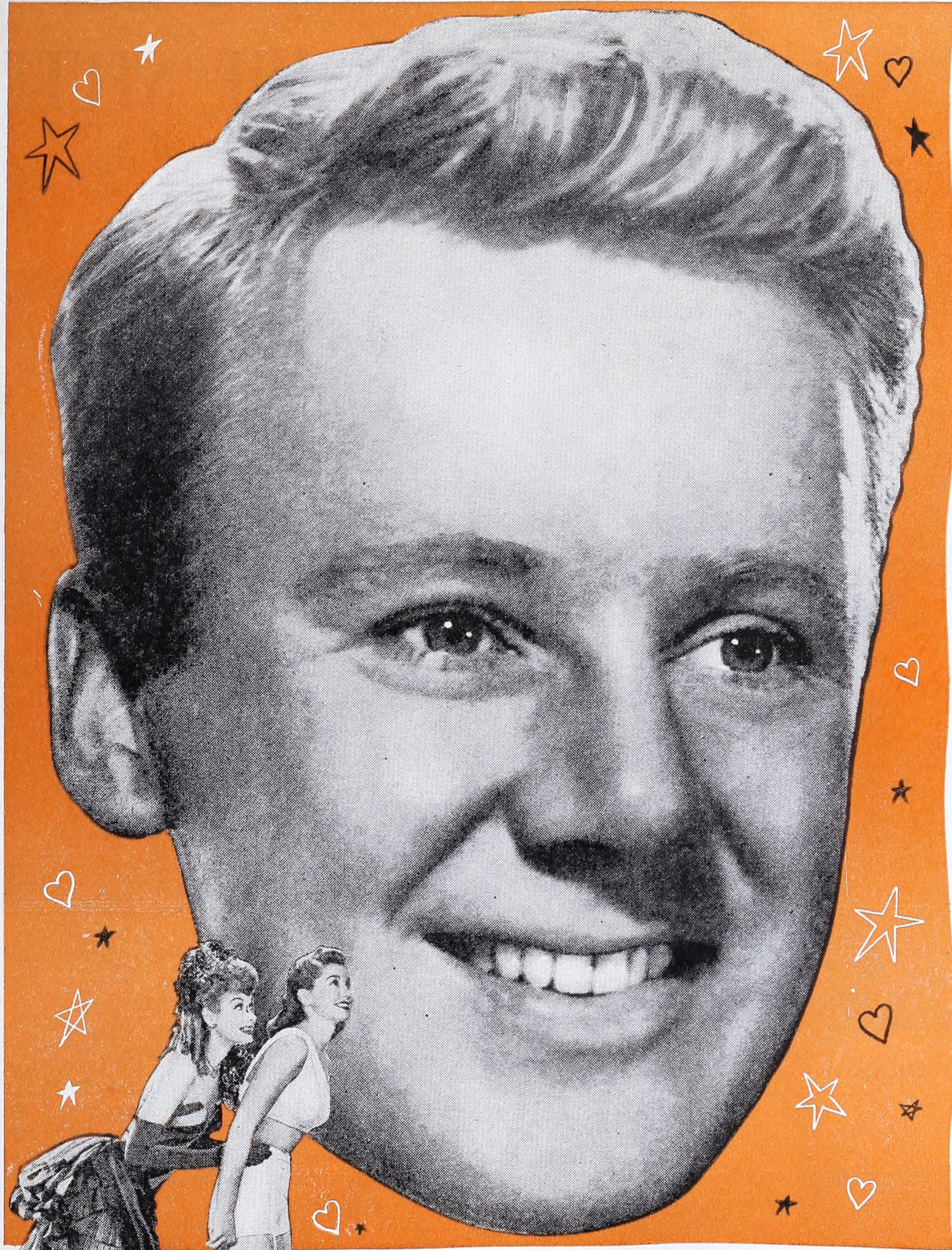
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Van!

dances and romances with
gorgeous Esther Williams
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

sings love songs...and so
does Lucille Ball
IN TECHNICOLOR



Van!

fights and frolics with
funny-man Keenan Wynn
IN TECHNICOLOR



M-G-M's whirlwind musical romance **IN TECHNICOLOR**
VAN JOHNSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS
LUCILLE BALL • KEENAN WYNN

"Easy to Wed"

CECIL KELLAWAY

CARLOS RAMIREZ • BEN BLUE

ETHEL SMITH
AT THE ORGAN

Adapted by Dorothy Kingsley • From the Screenplay
"Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard
Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer

Directed by

EDWARD BUZZELL

Produced by

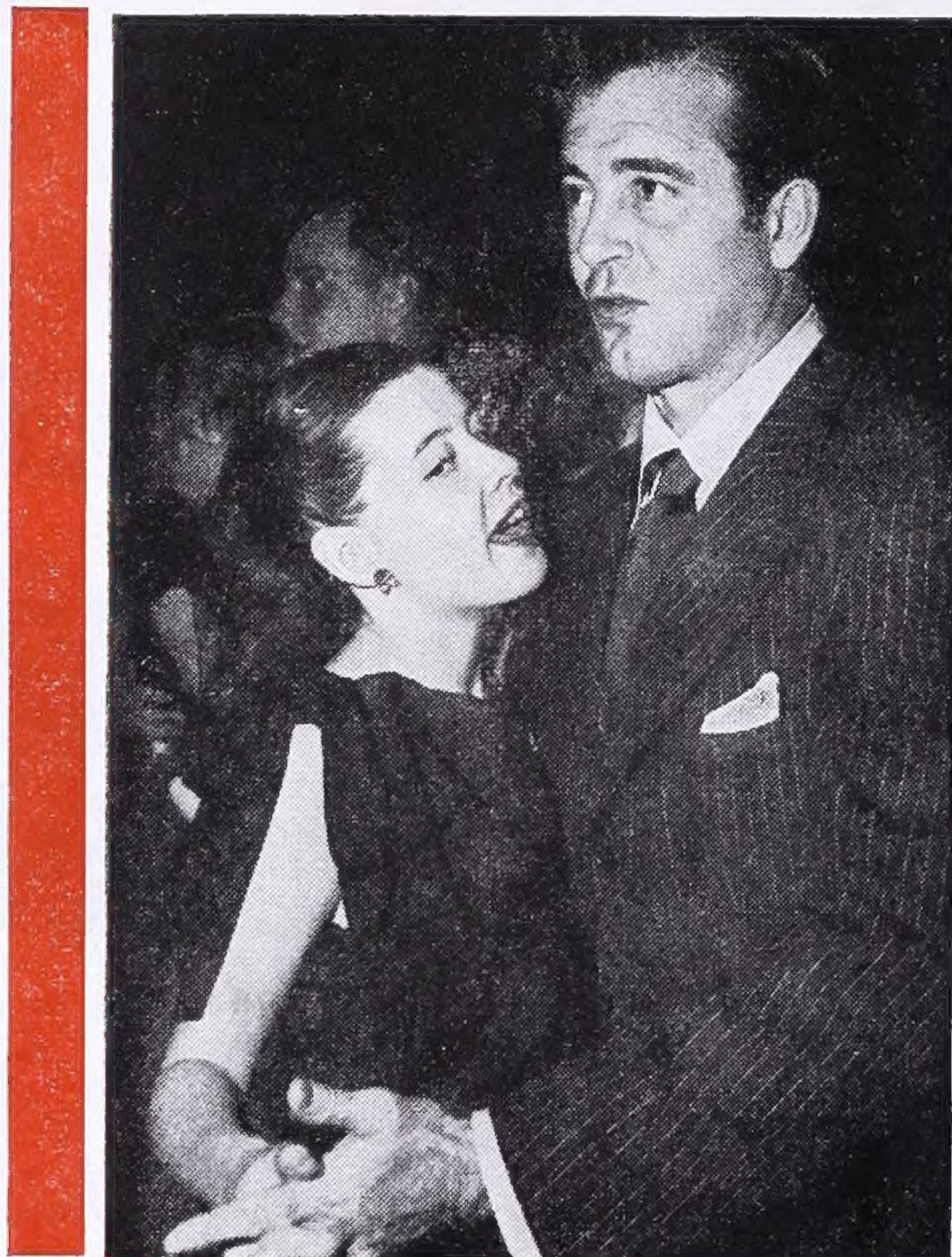
JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FINK AND SMITH



Rhythmtime—Gloria De Haven and John Payne



Lana Turner, John Hodiak do "Honky Tonk" on air



Paired in "Honeymoon"—Shirley Temple and Guy Madison

New York News: Lucky Cal to find himself in New York at the time his good friend Lana Turner arrived from South America. Together we did the shows, the taverns and yep, we even got dragged into an afternoon shopping spree, with the autograph hounds and Cal going around like waltzing mice. Funny thing about those New York fans, too. They're always the same ones who, by this time, must have two dozen Turner signatures and still aren't satisfied.

Frankie Sinatra came over to our table at Toots Shor's one evening to say hello. Wayne Morris, minus his pretty Pat, waved to us in the Cub room of the Stork Club. We greeted Ray and Mel Milland at the party given by Myron McCormick who is so good in "State of the Union." The Millands told us all about their plan to visit South America, with Cal smiling to himself at Ray's naive suggestion that no one would really know they were there. Oh, no? And with that newly won Oscar fresh in the minds of the Latins?

We supped one night at "21" at the table next to the Ray Bolgers. Seems to Cal too little has been said about the sixteen years of happily married life these two have shared. And here's a bit of news for you. If Ray, who is a dancing (Continued on page 6)

POSSESSED
BY ONE WOMAN...
OBSESSED
BY ANOTHER...

This man who dabbled with the
destiny of nations...in Paris...Rome
... Washington... Berlin—helpless
before the power of the Searching
Wind that stripped away the veils
cloaking his secret love!

HAL WALLIS' production
"The Searching Wind"

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY PLAY BY LILLIAN HELLMAN

STARRING **ROBERT YOUNG · SYLVIA SIDNEY · ANN RICHARDS**

with **DUDLEY DIGGES** and Introducing **DOUGLAS DICK**

Directed by **WILLIAM DIETERLE** · DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY—**LEE GARMES, A.S.C.**

Screenplay by **LILLIAN HELLMAN** · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

From the Producer of
"CASABLANCA"
"LOVE LETTERS" and
"SARATOGA TRUNK"

"Of course you
know about Midol
BUT
HAVE YOU
TRIED IT?"



Be fair with yourself! And this very month *prove to yourself* that the natural pain of the menstrual process can be relieved simply by taking Midol.

You see, Midol tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain, and their action is both *prompt* and *sure*. Prompt because relief is generally obtained in a few minutes. Sure because *three* fast-acting ingredients work in these ways to bring welcome relief: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

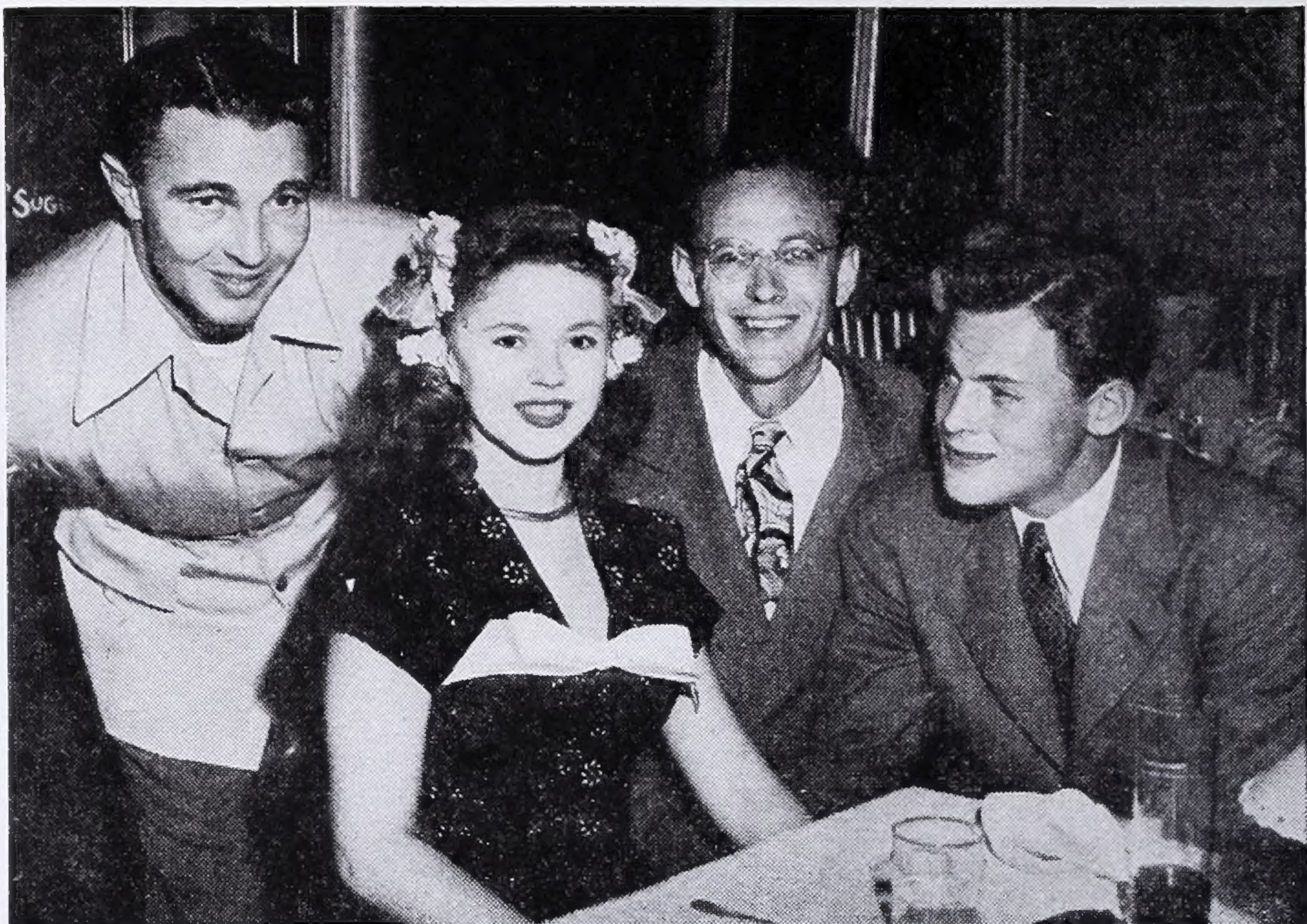
Let Midol keep you brighter. Take it confidently and see how comfortably you can go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-76, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St. New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"



Three men in her life. George and Jack Temple with Shirl and husband John Agar at her birthday party at Beverly Hills Tropics

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 4) sensation in "Three to Make Ready," does come back to Hollywood, he will play the lead in a picture based on the life of that wonderful dancer, Jack Donahue.

Parties! Parties! This past month might well be described as Hollywood's field day for photographers! What parties, openings and general goings on! Of course, Cal doesn't think the town will ever get over that lavish dinner-dance that Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Duchin and Johnny McLain (the "Cads") teamed together to give at the old Clover Club, which they re-opened for the event. And what a glamorous event it was. Starting out with a gorgeous buffet-dinner; a wonderful, hot band playing for every movie star you could name to traipse around a roomy dance floor—and winding up at seven-thirty in the morning with Bing Crosby, Hoagy

Carmichael, Duchin and others taking their turn at the piano and singing departments. It was the same night that Virginia Cherrill (now Lady Jersey) returned to Hollywood after several years in England—and everyone thought she and Cary would resume with that "old feeling." But Cary was devotion itself to Betty Hensel all that evening. Rita Hayworth, in a simple, very low-cut slinky dress was with Jimmy Stewart. The most avid dancers at the ball were Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Peter Lindstrom—they even jitterbugged together and seemed to have such fun. But the rumba that Ida Lupino and Bing put on together was really something.

Then there was the very gala opening of the "Ziegfeld Follies" right in the heart of Hollywood (for a change!) and the lens boys had fun snapping so much beauty. And (Continued on page 10)



Glamour corner at Ciro's. Charming Mrs. Gary Cooper lends a festive ear to serious conversationalist Clark Gable

WOW!
WHAT A
LESSON IN
CARESSIN'!

THE SCREEN'S
FULL OF
STARS WITH
THEIR ARMS
FULL OF
LOVE!



JACK CARSON
A weed in their garden of love!



OH, WHAT ANNIE DID TO THE "XMAS IN CONNECTICUT" KID!
ANN SHERIDAN and **DENNIS MORGAN**



ALEXIS SMITH
Everybody's sweetheart—all at once!

JANE WYMAN
She's been around so much
she's dizzy!



IT'S THE BIG LOVE AND LOVE-IT SHOW FROM WARNERS!

ONE MORE TOMORROW

with
REGINALD GARDINER

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman & Catherine Turney • Additional Dialogue by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein • Based on the Play by Philip Barry • Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY
PETER GODFREY

PRODUCED BY
BENJAMIN GLAZER

The hit with the
Hit Parade tune
"ONE MORE TOMORROW"

1946 — 6 Academy Awards including best picture, "The Lost Weekend," and best male performance, Ray Milland!




Paramount
the
Academy
Award
Company
Brings You
Two great
new hits!



1945 — 8 Academy Awards including best picture, "Going My Way," and best male performance, Bing Crosby!





*OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND... AND THE MOST
DYNAMIC MALE STAR DISCOVERY OF OUR TIME...
BRING YOU A STORY THAT RANKS WITH THE
TWO UNFORGETTABLE ROMANCES IN SCREEN HISTORY!*


Olivia DeHavilland
in
"To Each His Own"

with Mary Anderson • Roland Culver
Virginia Welles • Phillip Terry • Bill Goodwin
and introducing John Lund

A Mitchell Leisen

Production

Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Jacques Thery



*THEIR "HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"...
AND NOW THEY'RE HAVING TWICE AS MUCH FUN
WITH A COLLEGEFUL OF MEN... TAKING OVER A
PRINCETON HOUSE-PARTY, LOCK, STOCK, AND BARITONES!*

*"Our Hearts Were
Growing Up"*

Starring

GAIL RUSSELL • DIANA LYNN
and BRIAN DONLEVY

with BILLY DE WOLFE • WILLIAM DEMAREST

James Brown • Bill Edwards

Produced by Daniel Dare • Directed by William D. Russell

Screen Play by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Based on a story by Frank Waldman

*Wash away
Unsightly Hair!*
ZIP
CREAM
Hair Remover



You can have satin-smooth arms and legs—free from unsightly hair, with ZIP. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly. Your skin emerges petal-smooth.

3 Sizes—28c 55c \$1.10

Many Women Prefer
ZIP
HAIR REMOVING
Lotion

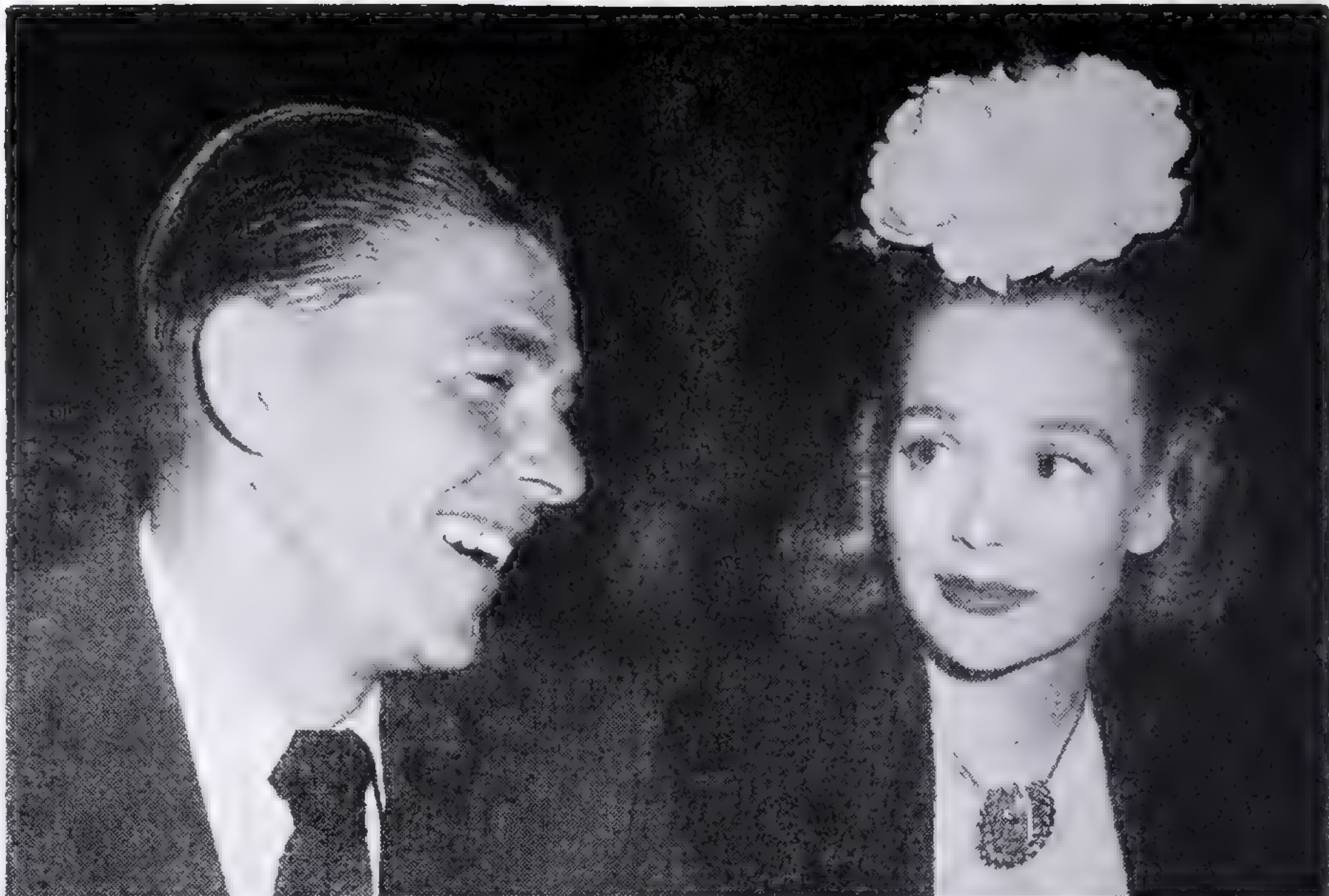
No ugly cuts or scratches.
No stubble or shadow.
Keeps skin lovely longer.

**QUICK!
EFFECTIVE!**



At drug and cosmetic
counters everywhere.

Treatment or Free Demonstration at my Salon
Madame Berthé, Specialist, 608 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Laugh line—or is it? Jane Wyman, dining out with husband Ronald Reagan at Ciro's, isn't so sure. No doubt about Ronnie!

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 6) just for added measure there was Mickey Rooney, with his wife—Mickey back from his overseas stint and making his first "public appearance." Audrey Totter and Ross Hunter showed up as a new combination that evening—and have been doing a lot of dating since.

Then there was the huge dinner dance that producer Hal Roach gave for the briefly visiting General Carl "Toohey" Spaatz. Again very dressy and celebrity studded—and it was the first chance that David Niven really got a chance to introduce his wife, Primmie, to a great portion of Hollywood all at once. She charmed people. And her story of how she got to her Davie on this side of the pond (along with their two kids) on a freighter that took eighteen days to cross the Atlantic proves the gal really has a lot of patience and spunk.

With the smallpox scare, people in smallish groups were giving "vaccination parties" all over Hollywood. The gag was to invite a bunch of friends in—then send for a doctor or a nurse and have all the guests vaccinated after dinner—and everyone went for it in a big way.

Bachelor Bob: You mustn't faint if Bob Walker turns up as a bridegroom soon. And if he does the gal will not be any one of the many Hollywood starlets with whom he's been linked in the columns. She will be Betty Furness, who at this writing is up in Las Vegas divorcing Bud Ernst. Walker made four trips in three weeks up there just to see her.

British accent: Latest rave among the Hollywood belles is a guy who isn't even within (Continued on page 12)

Profile view of a not-so-serious conversation. Handsome Tony Martin listens with a smile to charming Ida Lupino while dinner-dating at Ciro's



Fun-for all!



© WDP

WALT DISNEY'S

Make Mine Music!

THRILL to the
TALENTS of

Benny GOODMAN and the Pied Pipers sending solid in "All the Cats Join In"!
Dinah SHORE enchanting in a sparkling Ballad Ballet, "Two Silhouettes"!
The ANDREWS SISTERS singing the love story of "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet"!
Nelson EDDY singing *all* roles in the amazing "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met"!
Jerry COLONNA starting a mirthquake in the immortal "Casey at the Bat"!
Andy RUSSELL spellbinding in the lovely lyrics of "Without You"!
The KINGS MEN reviving the rip-roaring feud of "The Martins and the Coys"!
Sterling HOLLOWAY telling the story of Prokofieff's famous "Peter and the Wolf"!

*Tania Riabouchinska and David Lichine in a
never to be forgotten Disney Ballet!*

A COMEDY MUSICAL FEATURE IN TECHNICOLOR

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES

P



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



GO IN SWIMMING...



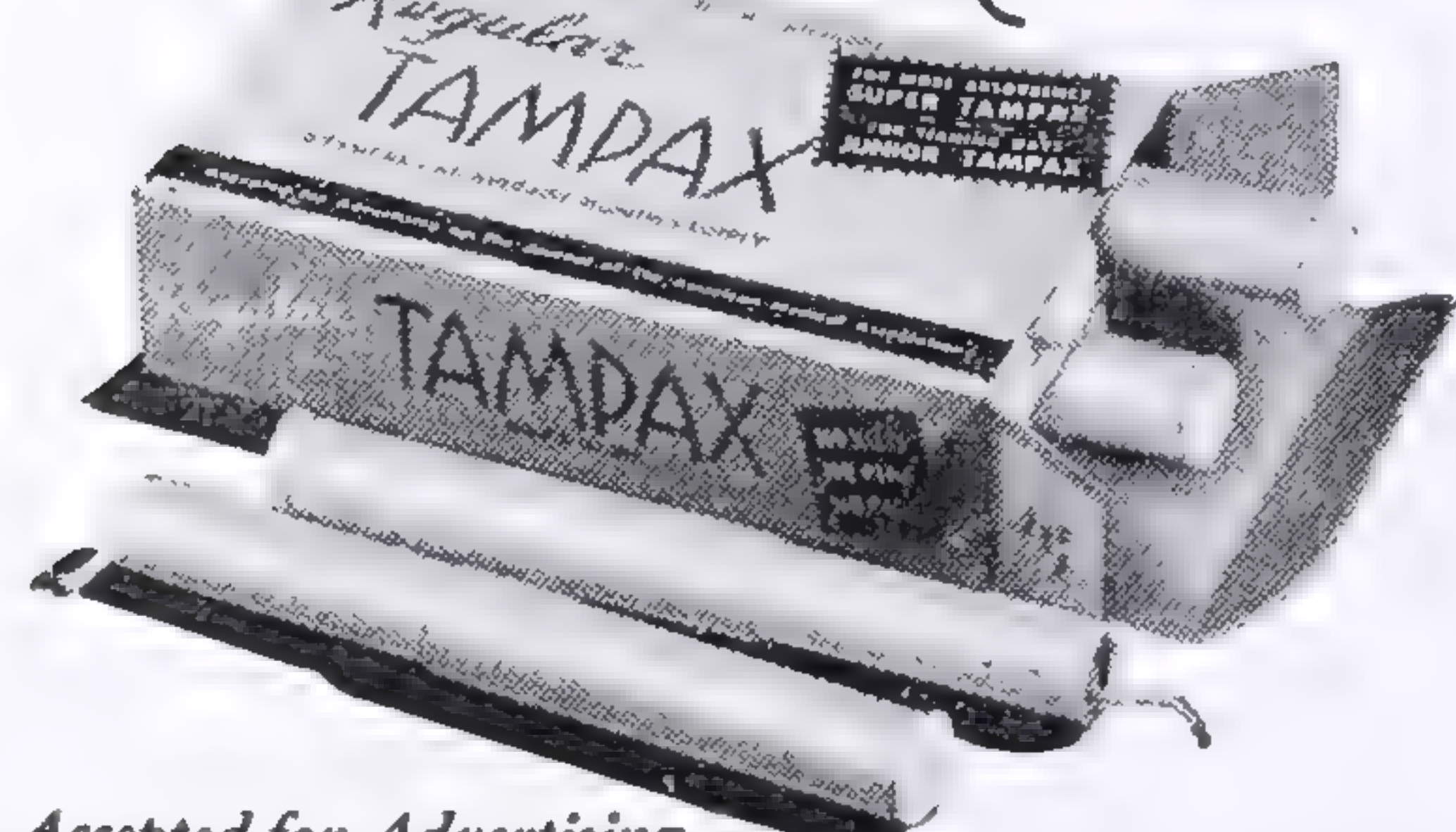
WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR**
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Out Hollywood Way—Helen Gilmore, Photoplay Editor, lunches at Eatons with Catherine McLeod, embryo star of "I've Always Loved You"

(Continued from page 10) three thousand miles of them! We mean James Mason, English star of "The Seventh Veil", and he's taken the cinema city by storm. Every studio, plus hordes of agents, is trying to sign him—and wherever you go his name is sure to pop up over the lunch or dinner table. He will definitely be coming to Hollywood in the fall—and, of course, has his pick of offers.

Hollywood Scene: Children with their nurses were playing on the green lawns of Roxbury Park in Beverly Hills just a few blocks from Cal's door. On the other side of the park a baseball game was in progress. A tall, thin man was about to come up to bat when a little tow-headed girl trudged over dragging a bat behind her.

"Here, Daddy," she exclaimed proudly. "Thank you, dear," he said and

smiled at the pretty blonde in the front row bleachers who went into screams of encouragement when the thin man hit the ball for a two-bagger.

When the game was over, the batter, the pretty girl and the little towhead climbed into a car and drove away.

"Who was that?" a tourist asked.

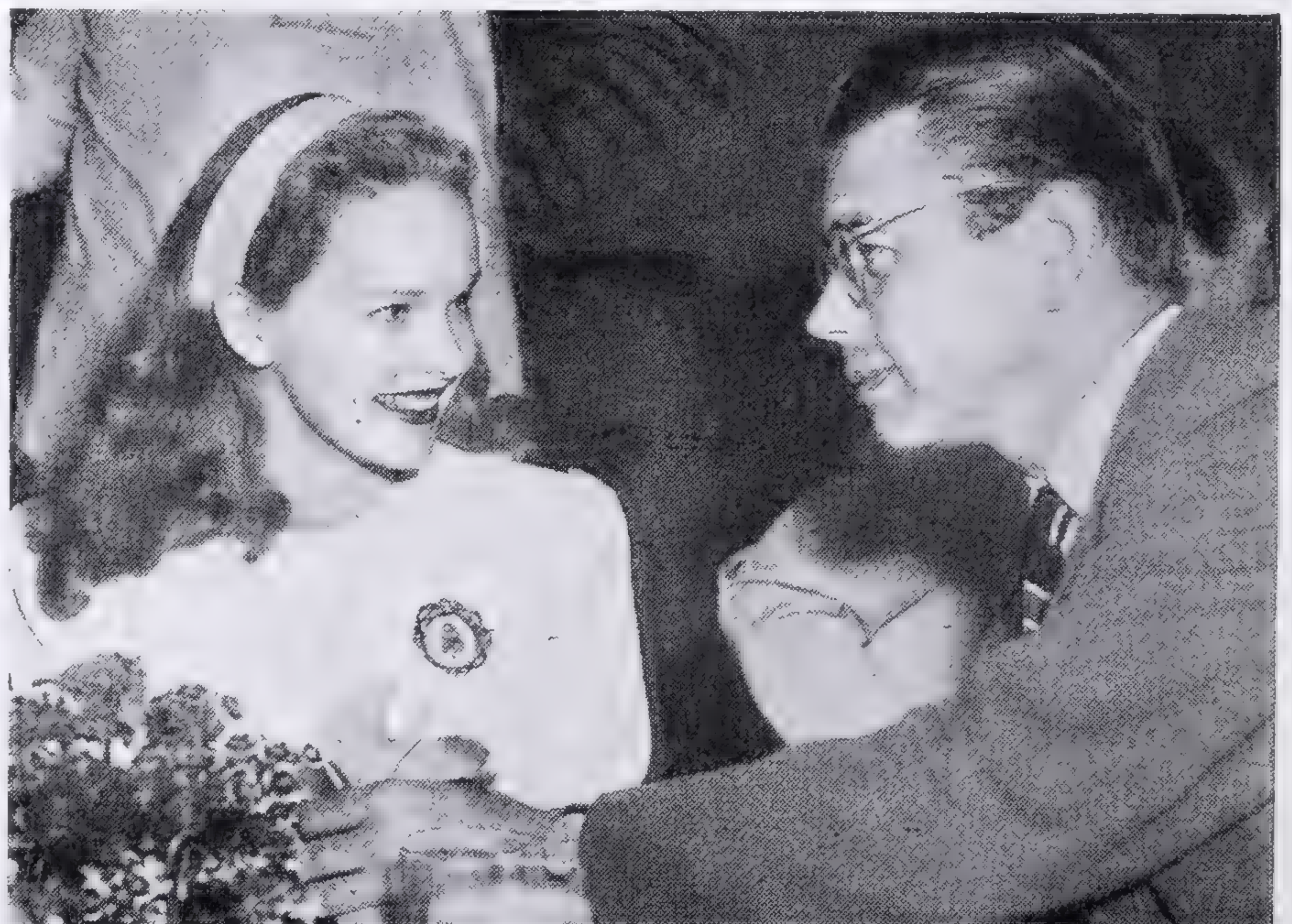
"That! Oh that was Harry James, his wife Betty Grable and little daughter Victoria. They're here every Sunday," we told him.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," said the tourist, shaking his head.

Our Mr. Goldwyn: At a buffet dinner party recently Mr. Sam Goldwyn approached blonde June Haver with a smile. "Why, Miss Grable," he beamed, "you look radiant tonight. And by the way, tell that little partner of yours in 'The Dolly Sisters' she did a good job."

June re- (Continued on page 14)

Bob Landry gets a special smile from Peggy Cummins





*Where GOLD
was king...
and LOVE
was queen!*

Out of the turbulent
era when the West
was coming of
age... here
is thrilling,
romantic
adventure!

IN OLD SACRAMENTO

starring

WILLIAM ELLIOTT and **CONSTANCE MOORE**

with

HANK DANIELS • **RUTH DONNELLY**
EUGENE PALLETTE • **LIONEL STANDER**

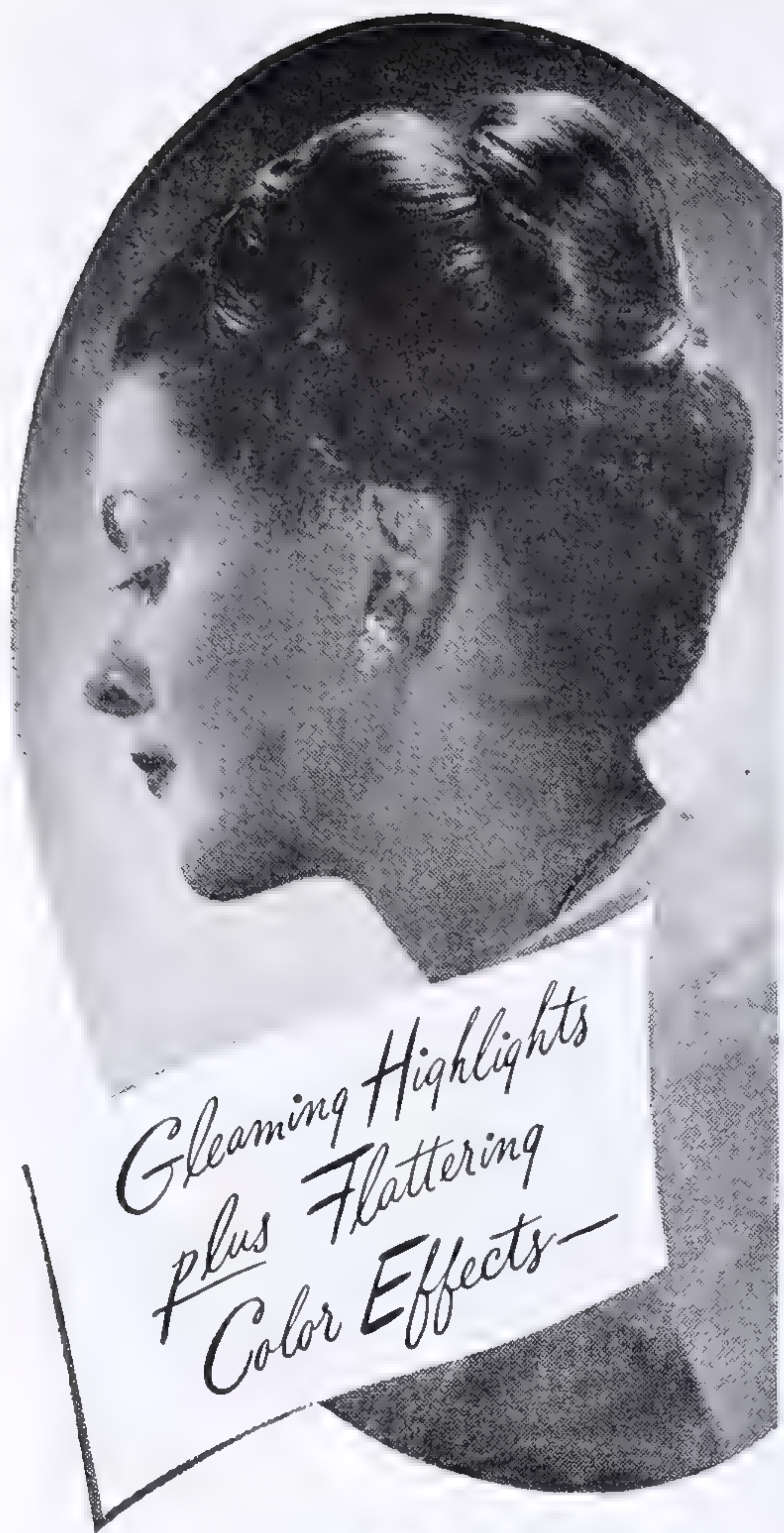
and

JACK LARUE • **GRANT WITHERS**
BOBBY BLAKE • Screen Play by

Frances Hyland • Adaptation by Frank Gruber
Original Story by Jerome Odlum

Associate Producer & Director Joseph Kane

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



—with "Make-up" for your hair!

Complement your coloring . . . No matter what color your hair may be, one of the 12 smart Marchand's Rinse shades is just right for the effect you want to achieve. For example, you can highlight and brighten your natural hair color . . . or by using a different rinse shade, you may add an attractive coppery sheen.

Make the most of your hair . . . This modern hair cosmetic not only adds lustrous highlights and accents your natural hair coloring, but certain of the Marchand Rinses may be used to blend gray streaks in with your original shade.

Absolutely harmless, too . . . that's Marchand's Rinse. Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this rinse is made with Government-approved colors. It's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar . . . and does so much more for your hair!

After your next shampoo . . . dissolve a package of Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all trace of dulling soap film vanishes. Your hair is easier to manage, alive with new color; you're prettier than ever.



INSIDE STUFF

Time out for laughter: Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Rooney celebrate his homecoming at Ziegfeld Follies Premiere



(Continued from page 12) turned the beam. "Thank you, Mr. Selznick. I'll tell Miss Haver."

"Why can't these young actresses get names right?" Mr. Goldwyn complained to a friend. "Betty doesn't even know me from David Selznick."

Observations: Artie Shaw and Ava Gardner aren't behaving like honeymooners—but are expected to straighten things out . . . Bob Hutton is being very devoted to June Haver—even though he stepped out with Lana Turner shortly after she got back . . . Jane Greer is getting much attention from Howard Hughes who doesn't like publicity about that sort of thing. But Cal has seen them together too many times not to catch on . . . Joe Cotten has departed for England to co-star with Margaret Sullavan in "The Voice

of the Turtle" on the stage there . . . Martha Vickers and Jack Buetel (wonder if he'll ever live "The Outlaw" down?) are sort of steady dating these eves . . . The Joan Crawford-Bette Davis feud blew sky high when the two of them posed together for a twin magazine layout . . . Looks as if Madman Muntz, the Zany and rich auto dealer, is a cinch to be Mr. Three for Lois Andrews.

Hard Luck, Freddie: From the moment he landed in Hollywood, Freddie Bartholomew has known only grief and hard luck. Any success he attained on the screen has been counterbalanced by a series of law suits instituted by his parents in England against his faithful Aunt Cissie who brought the lad from England to play the boy David in M-G-M's "David Copperfield." After the endless years of suing (Continued on page 16)



Bad-boy Dan Duryea on good behavior accompanies Mrs. Duryea to the same premiere

She goes "Wolfie" ... to show him
the kind of Kissing he's Missing!

... so for every blonde he
fondled—she went out and
found 6 feet of man ...

Oh, Man!



UNIVERSAL presents

George Lucille
BRENT BALL
Vera ZORINA

with CHARLES WINNINGER

CARL ESMOND RAYMOND WALBURN ELISABETH RISDON

LOUISE BEAVERS WALLACE FORD FRANKLIN PANGBORN

in
*Lover Come
Back*

A FESSIER-PAGANO PRODUCTION

Original Screenplay Written and Produced by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Executive Producer: HOWARD BENEDICT

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

FAITH Hope AND CHARITY

... combined to make Bob Hope's bazaar fun-ful profit



Bob hoped for a high bid on the horse. He turned over his place to the Immaculate Heart College for the bazaar, proceeds went to needy children in Europe

Ann Sothern's smile might have influenced Zachary Scott to buy preserves. Tickets cost \$12 a couple and for that guests were fed. There was quite a chow line!



Margaret O'Brien bought a puppet and decided to play with it before making further purchases. The lad was only too willing to help her



The Bells of St. Mary's weren't on sale, but Bing sold religious articles—and with success. When the last guest had gone, what a heap of money they had!



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 14) and counter suing, Freddie seemed to attain a measure of peace when suddenly he was plunged into trouble again—his car and one driven by a friend of Joe E. Brown's collided in Beverly Hills and for weeks and months Joe's daughter fought for her life in a hospital. Freddie was plunged into gloom and sorrow despite the fact he was exonerated of blame.

And now Freddie at twenty-two is married to a twice-married older woman—and against Aunt Cissie's wishes. He promised her they'd wait, but impulsively he and Maely Daniele, his press agent, changed their minds and eloped to Las Vegas. Hollywood hopes Freddie and Aunt Cissie will patch it up. They've been through so much together.

Amber notes: "Forever Amber" seems to be taking forever in getting under way. Now it's postponed for a few months—and when it's again under way there'll be a new *Amber* because the studio felt Peggy Cummins didn't have the *Amber* note. Not that Twentieth are dropping the innocent-faced, little blonde beauty. They're not. She's going into "Bob, Son of Battle." Bosses know they've found real talent in the young lady and intend using her where she'll show to best advantage.

Peggy's made a lot of friends since she's been on the lot. In the publicity department they swear by the little English girl who knows everyone by name. "Hello, Johnnie, "Hello, Nat," she'll call. And those friends are pulling for her good luck in the next venture.

A Line or Two: Tom Drake and John Dall have hair alike—a protruding bang like *Alvin* in the *Blondie* comic strip . . . Off the screen, Mark Stevens is a mild, self-effacing chap. On screen, his is the perfect marriage of celluloid and personality. How it happens no one knows . . . Gregory Peck is a favorite among the Latin Americans, who can't understand the popularity of Van Johnson . . . Diana Lynn is still wearing Henry Willson's ring on her finger but in her heart she wears the symbol of another beau . . . Jack Benny, the proud godfather of Bob Cummings's baby boy, presented his godchild with a miniature violin that does not automatically play "Love in Bloom" as reported.

Van and Frankie: Cal was about to attack his steak at a local bistro when who strolled over to our table but Frank Sinatra in for a quick broadcast.

"Guess who chaperoned Van Johnson on that San Francisco junket?" he grinned. "Who?" we asked. "I did," said Frankie. "You should have seen me trying to get Van past the bobby-soxers. Thought he'd get killed. 'And you had to have freckles yet,' I told him."

Cal allowed as how Frankie hadn't exactly passed unnoticed.

"With Johnson around?" he snorted. "Don't be silly." (Continued on page 18)

So NEAT! *So* SWEET! *So-o-o* INDISCREET!

Ginger in Paris...
running away from
her past... stumbles
smack into her future
... a tall, dark and
handsome future!

ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM
present
GINGER ROGERS
in SAM WOOD'S
Heartbeat
JEAN PIERRE AUMONT
ADOLPHE MENJOU
Melville Cooper • Mikhail Rasumny
Mona Maris • Eduardo Ciannelli
Henry Stephenson
and
BASIL RATHBONE
Produced by
Robert and Raymond Hakim
Directed by Sam Wood
Adaptation by Morrie Ryskind
Director of Photography
Joseph Valentine, A. S. C.



← Meet Jean Pierre Aumont - He's Ginger's new "Heartbeat" - Yours too!

Lovely hair deserves fine care

... use a **Du Pont Comb**



THE GIRLS MEN CARE ABOUT are fussy about all the little things that are part and parcel of good grooming. Hair kept in shining order, for instance! Your best beauty bet for that is a Du Pont comb! Its rounded teeth won't worry your scalp, the smooth washable plastic just glides through your hair. And the colors are gay, enticing—colors to match your purse, your room, your mood! Du Pont combs—in exclusive Du Pont designs—10 to 50 cents, at good dealers everywhere.

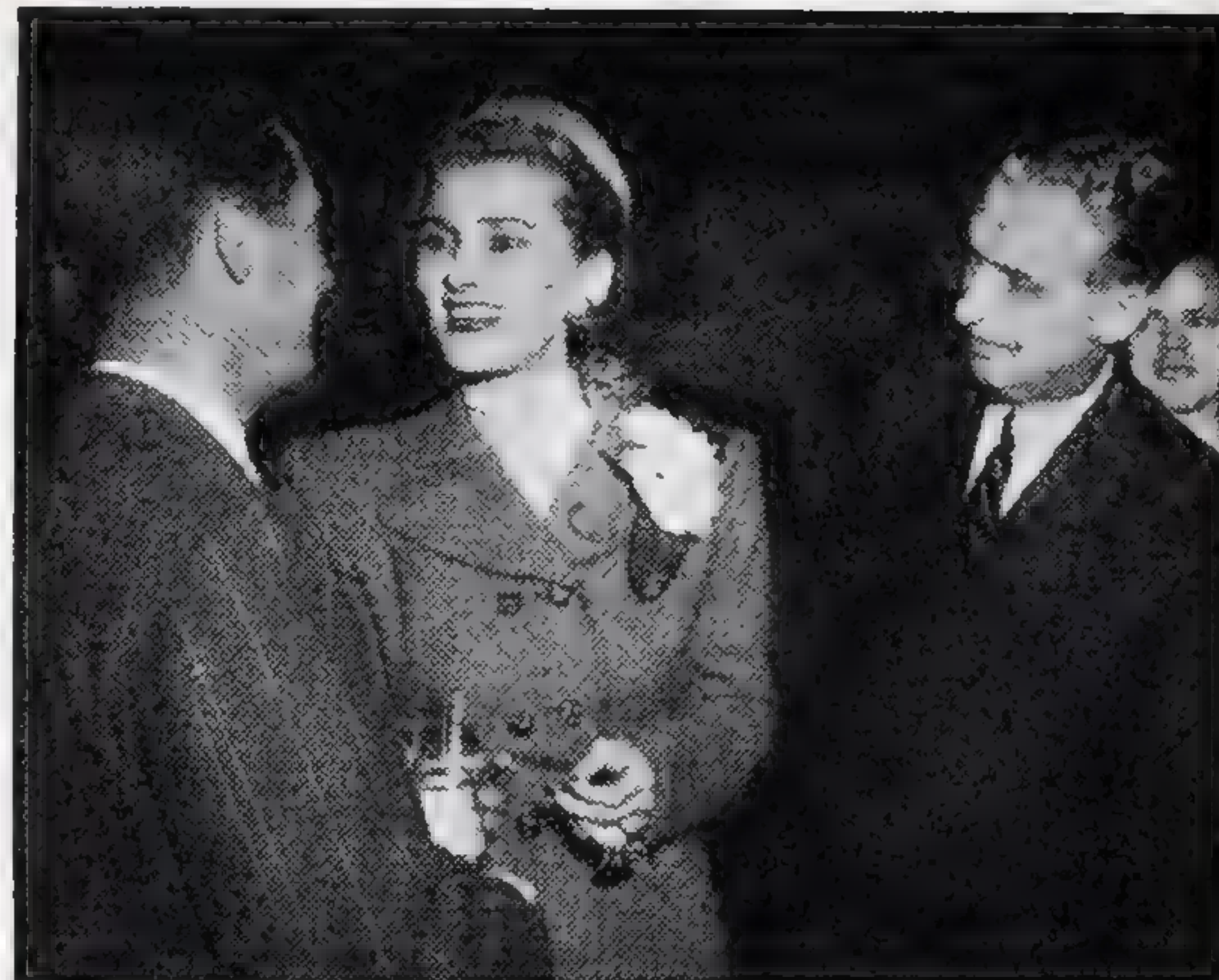


Du Pont Combs

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



INSIDE



The Face beautiful, Anita Colby, Photoplay's new Beauty Editor, chats with Bob Reimers and Macfadden's Harold Wise

The Face in Photoplay: Here's a beautiful surprise. Anita Colby is to be Photoplay's new Beauty Editor!

Naturally such good news called for a celebration, so we welcomed Anita with a cocktail party. From five to seven o'clock—and thereafter—one hundred guests, including Carole Landis and Bonita Granville, toasted the guest of honor.

Anita, whose lovely beauty made her the most famous model in the beauty and fashion world and labeled her "The Face," (over which she makes a wry face) has a simple and direct approach to all subjects which work together to make a woman beautiful and we believe our readers will be inspired and excited—as well as benefited—by the things she has to suggest. She'll be giving you the same advice she gives such glamorous Selznick stars as Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple. You'll be seeing her soon.

Flynn and Nora: Hollywood is enchanted with the very endearing spectacle of Errol Flynn falling more and more in love with his wife, Nora, day by day. Nora has behaved so beautifully. She has carried herself with such dignity and integrity throughout their marriage that the town is happy for her sake that Errol is at last beginning to appreciate his lovely wife. Flynn even tossed a surprise party for Nora on her twenty-second birthday. He took such pains to make it really a surprise that Nora turned up in slacks with no inkling that a party had been planned for her. High spot of the evening was when their darling fourteen-months-old daughter, Dierdre, appeared with her grandparents.

Home on the Range: When George Montgomery and Dinah Shore sold their home and bought a six-thousand-acre ranch in Encino, their troubles really began. Longing for the wide open spaces, they found themselves with a

STUFF



Beauty thoughts—Bonita Granville and Florence Pritchett are glamour pair chatting with Photoplay's Fred Sammis

two-room-plus-kitchenette shack on the ranch. That was all right, even though their oversized bed wouldn't fit into the bedroom, and neither the stove nor the refrigerator would fit into the kitchenette. They'd just move their belongings into the barn and sleep there.

"But it got too cold in the barn," says George, "so we moved the bed into the living room and put the refrigerator in the bedroom. We couldn't find room for the stove, so we got a little two-burner for the kitchenette."

Thereupon Dinah's sister and brother-in-law, with their two children, joined the household until they could find a home. Then George's nephew, just out of the Navy, moved in with them too. This made matters a little complicated.

So they put the bed back in the barn and moved seven cots into the living room, thereby neatly filling up all the available space. So now George has to get up an hour earlier than usual so he can shower and shave before the children awake. Dinah has to get up at the crack of dawn in order to prepare breakfast for George and the children. No one can help her with this chore because there's just room for one in the kitchenette.

Spur-of-the-Moment Party: It was the big gathering at the Bing Crosbys. Now you know the Crosbys never throw a party. It's been years! But Dixie was fresh out of the hospital and feeling fine again and suddenly the two of them just up and invited about a hundred and fifty people over to the house—black ties, formal gowns and all the trimmings. Bing furnished a lot of the trimmings by singing for hours on end—and no one on earth is going to kick about that! And guess who came together! Jimmy Stewart and Betty Hensel—and now once more her romance with Cary Grant is supposed to be on ice. Or could be a guy parking his gal with a pal while he takes off for England.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES

Natural, Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES

Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES

*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Famous artist, Coby Whitmore, shows how subtle brunette skin tones come alive with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

How can a brunette become more beautiful? Here's how: apply Rose Brunette, an exciting new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. A joyous shade to brighten your brunette coloring. And *do* see how this smooth, smooth face powder masks your skin with a silk-like finish. It veils tiny blemishes, clings for hours on end. There are other "Flower-fresh" shades of Cashmere Bouquet to complement every complexion.

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

Where Beauty "reigns"

**No other shampoo leaves your
hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage**

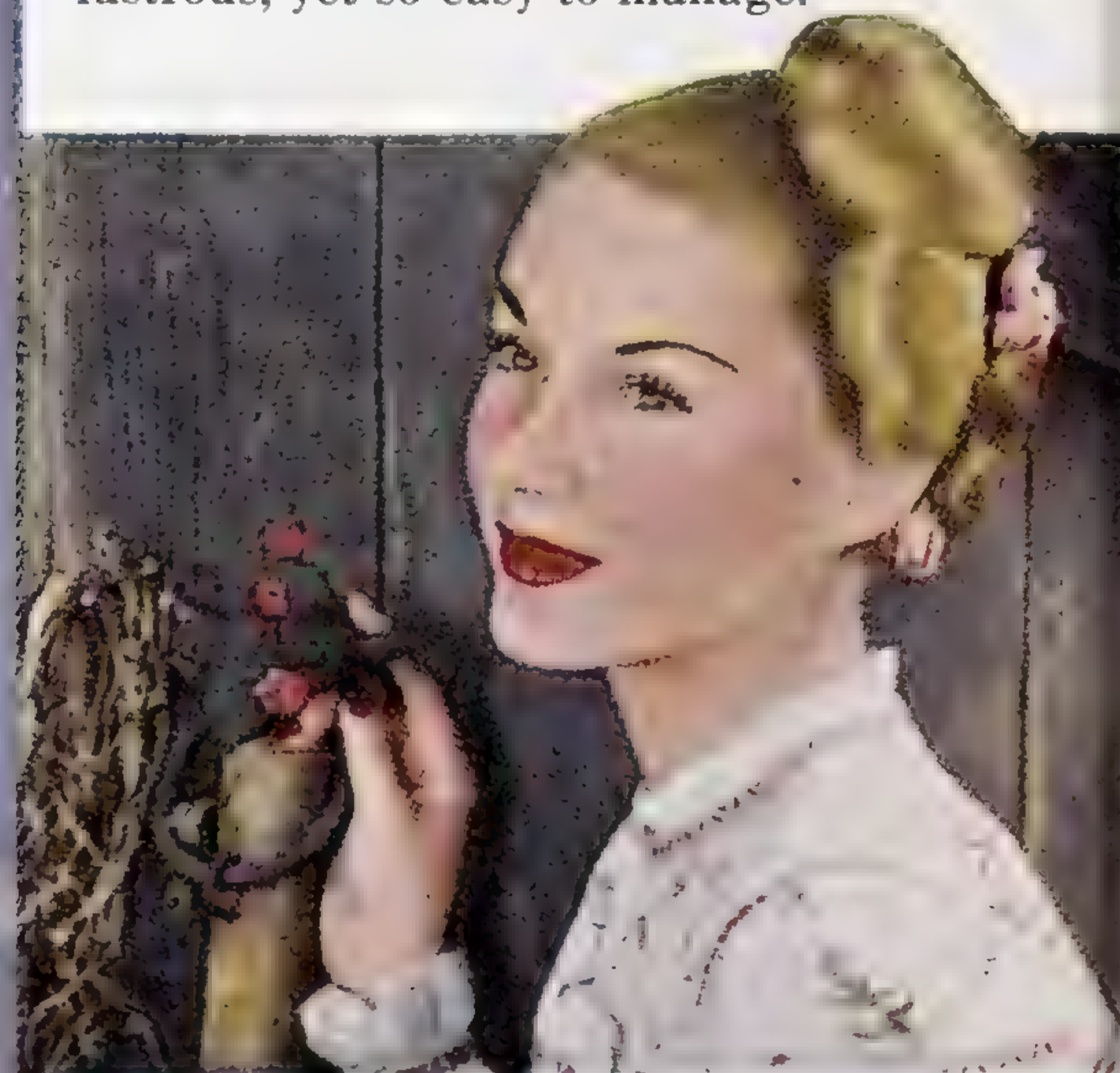


IT'S SHINING BRIGHT! It's beautifully behaved! It's Drene-lovely hair! Yes, you bring out all the natural beauty of your hair, all its alluring highlights... when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"I always use Drene," says glamorous fashion model and Cover Girl Lisa Fonssagrives, "because it reveals far more sheen than any soap or soap shampoo." As much as 33 percent more lustre! Drene is not a soap shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film on your hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you use Drene, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Here you see Lisa at the shore with her gleaming hair in a practical, fetching top-knot. Below she shows you another favorite hair-do you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use the wonderful improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ AT THE SUMMER PLAYHOUSE, you're the evening's star with lovely, lustrous hair. "This dramatic hair-do is so easy to fix," Lisa says, "right after shampooing with Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Just comb all hair back to point below crown, tie firmly and form three large buns. Don't forget the rosebuds!



Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ To Each His Own (Paramount)

THIS overlong tale of frustrated mother-love frustrated us, too, because we couldn't help tiring of poor Olivia de Havilland's vain attempts to catch glimpses, a few times a year, of her son, whom she nobly gave up to keep him free from the taint of illegitimacy.

During World War I, Olivia falls completely in love with a handsome young flier with whom she spends only a brief but ecstatic few hours.

The picture may be commended for its forthright and sympathetic portrayal of the facts leading to Olivia's facing the tragic necessity for her baby to be reared by a friend, excellently played by Mary

Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry.

The picture introduces John Lund as the doomed flier, who imparts to his brief appearance on the screen a living vitality and a deep understanding of the cynical, war-weary lad.

Roland Culver as the English lord, Griff Barnett as Olivia's father, Bill Goodwin as her persistent suitor and Victoria Horne as the nurse who befriends her are all excellently cast. Olivia's "ageing" is done to absolute perfection.

Your Reviewer Says: Women will love this tear-jerker.



Olivia de Havilland and John Lund know love in this World War I epic

✓✓ The Green Years (M-G-M)

M-G-M, A. J. Cronin and a multi-million budget are blended in a long and lavish dramatization of the novel about a middle-class Scotch family into whose penny-pinched bosom is thrust a young grandson from despised Ireland.

Charles Coburn has the role of the year as the great grandfather with a taste for tall tales and Scotland's native brew. Tom Drake has for the first time as the grown lad been given a role that utilizes his acting skill as well as the boyish charm that won him his first popularity. The many others in the cast perform with equal credibility, mixing warmth, humor and pathos skillfully.

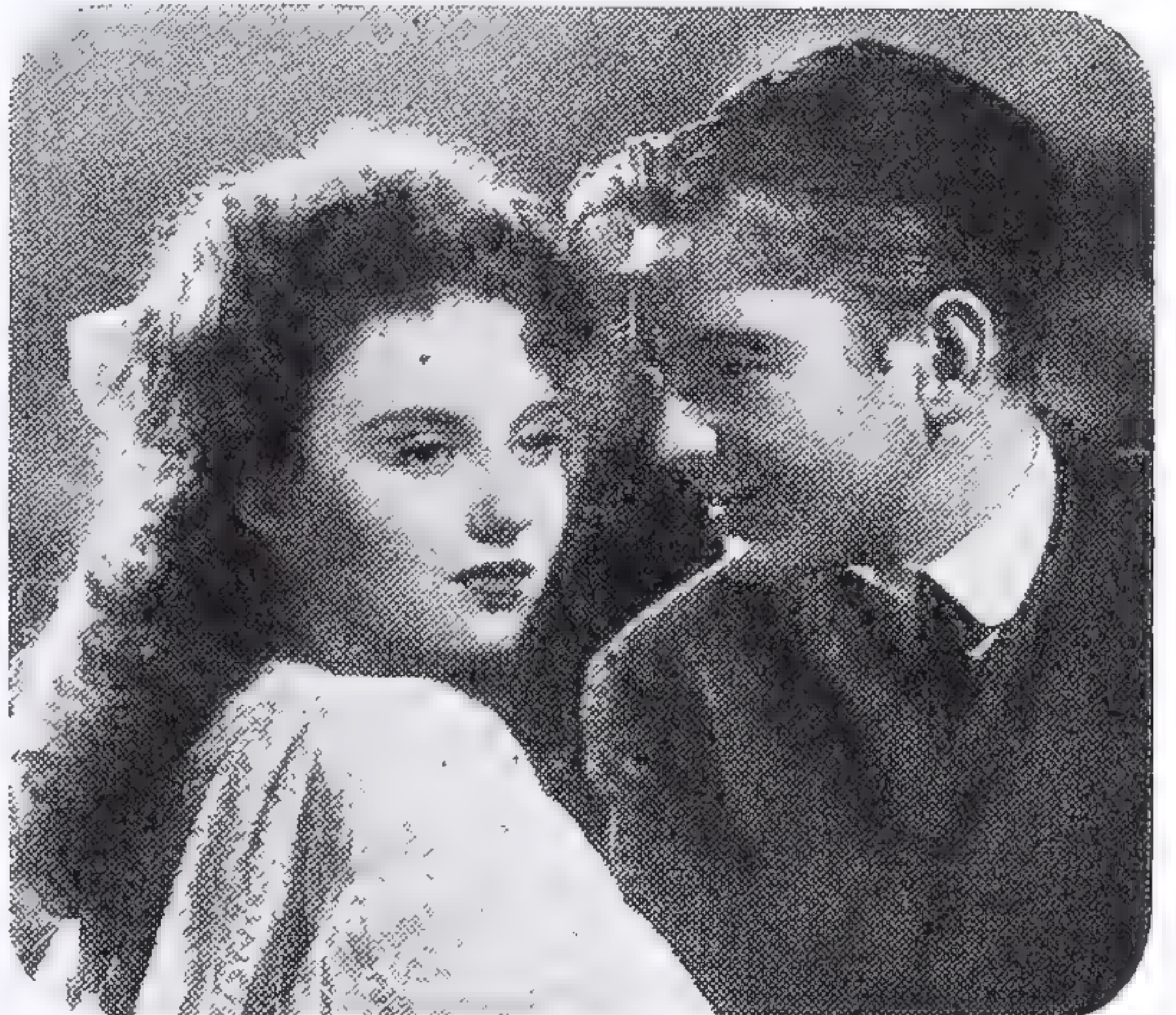
Deserving of special note are Dean Stockwell, who plays Robert Shannon as a child, Hume Cronyn as *Papa Leckie* and

Richard Haydn in the role of the schoolmaster.

If the film, advertised by its studio as "a great motion picture," suffers a lack, it is in the quality of the story that is told. The drama has an obviousness not usually found in Cronin novels and an artificiality in the contrived climax. So loaded is the picture with delightful moments along the way, however, that audiences will spontaneously applaud at the curtain.

More accurate perhaps than the studio's advertising claim might be the forthright claim that here is a satisfying film for all the family, with poignant moments and memorable acting.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture you won't want to miss.



Beverly Tyler and Tom Drake share tender moment in this touching film

✓✓ Specter of the Rose (Republic)

THIS strange death-dealing love story of the ballet has a number of original touches. It will either move you deeply or leave you completely cold.

Little ballerina Viola Essen's whole being is absorbed in the half-mad genius, Ivan Kirov. He is rightly suspected of having murdered his first wife, *Nina*, who was his dancing partner in the "Specter of the Rose" ballet. Viola's once famous but aged ballet teacher, played superbly by Judith Anderson, tries to save her protegee from a tragic fate and to save at the same time Kirov's genius from relentless stalking by the police.

When the two dancers do marry, Viola's

(Continued on page 24)

determined devotion to Kirov and his own will to remain sane overcome his temporary fits of madness and they both star in triumph in a new ballet, financed by Michael Chekhov. But Kirov's murderous nature is too powerful a force to be conquered for long.

Ben Hecht who wrote, produced and directed the film has brought two new vivid personalities to the screen in the ballet stars. Lionel Stander plays a poet also in love with Viola, and Chekhov's role of the impresario is full of colorful whimsy. The musical score is powerful.

Your Reviewer Says: It will be talked about.



Viola Essen and Ivan Kirov dance to death's music in unusual picture

By Sara Hamilton

For Best Picture of the Month and Best Performances See Page 25

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 129

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 130

Smart Headwork



To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for . . . They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to there...



Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
 BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
 SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
 HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
 SANITARY BELTS

Party Roundup

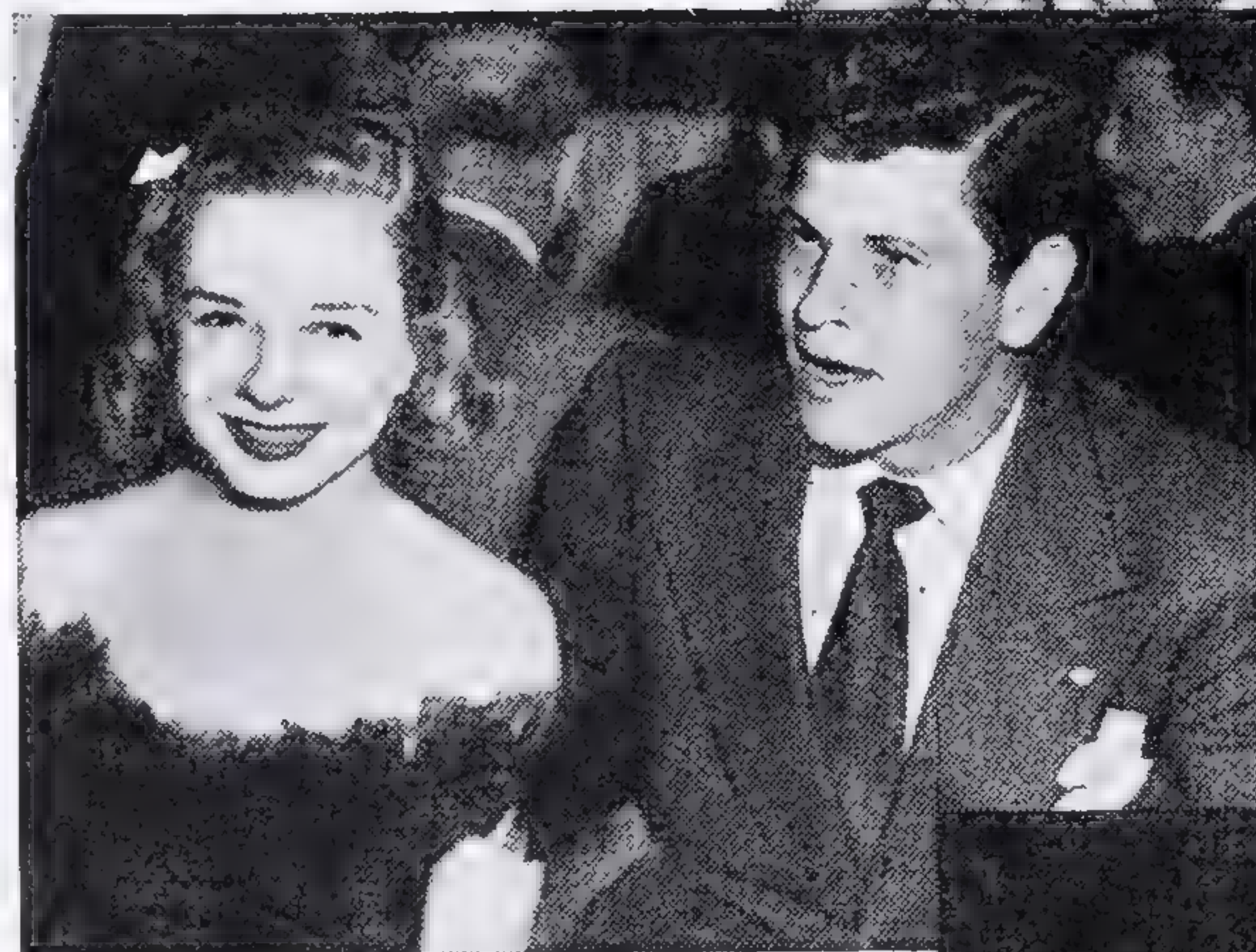
Twenty candles on the cake, gay young friends to toast Jane Withers out of her teens



Special light for a sailor—Jane autographs his match book at her birthday party at Ciro's. Before nightfall Jane and her gang spent the day at the beach for swimming, sunning and picnicking



With all the trimmings! Flowers, soft lights, sweet music, Farley Granger and John Dall add exciting moments for Jane



Two-ed for a special event — Diana Lynn and Loren Tindall together again for Jane's birthday party



It could be love for Audrey Totter and Ross Hunter. It's party fun for Joan Caulfield and her date, Frank Westmore, as they share a tidbit for two





“There she was waiting at the church!”

THERE she was waiting at the church... because the cutest boy of the neighborhood playing “groom” to her “bride”—walked out on her . . . *and told her why.*

Lucky little Edna—to learn so young what some people never realize at all—that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a fault not easy to pardon. It was a lesson she never forgot. Later in life, attractive and sought-after, Listerine Antiseptic was a “must” before every date.

How is Your Breath?

Can you be sure that at this very mo-

ment your breath is sweet and agreeable? You can't always tell!

Why take chances . . . why risk offending others needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic so often offers such an easy, delightful precaution?

Simply rinse your mouth with it morning and night and especially before any appointment where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath is fresher, sweeter . . . less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of unpleasant breath, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial

fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Lucky for you, Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic; it's part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Before every date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

✓✓ Without Reservations (RKO)

SO light, so frothy, so appetizing is this nifty little box-lunch affair all tied up with blue-ribbon performances, that one feels a trifle undernourished when it's all over. It's the old "leave 'em wanting more" philosophy, we suppose, and for our money they could have eliminated the slow draggy middle and given us more detail at the end. Being a nosey kind of movie-goer, we like to know what eventually happened to everyone and why.

Claudette Colbert, the successful but stuffy author who experiences all sorts of revolutionary emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, is so delightful she practically shakes a scolding finger at the thread-thin yarn for not providing a story equal to her abilities. But golly, we'd love to know how Miss Colbert manages to look so neat and Vogue-ish after days of the hardest travel through rain, in haystacks, in jails and over desert roads. It's a plain caution, that's what it is.

John Wayne as the Marine captain whom Miss Colbert decides to cast in the screen version of her book has never been more natural, more charming or better cast. He's so darned right for the role somehow. His pal, Don DeFore, another Marine flier who plays cupid between the principals, is an ingratiating chap who also fits his role the way he fits into that handsome uniform, and that's good.

Interesting people—such as Cary Grant, Louella Parsons and Jack Benny, playing themselves, flit briefly through the story lending a note of authenticity to the Hollywood background.

Anne Triola is the "beetle" whose comedy routine wasn't too clearly defined, somehow, but who could be very funny,

we'll bet a dollar. Dona Drake is the Mexican charmer, Thurston Hall the producer and Phil Brown the soldier.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy in the best manner.

✓✓ The Dark Corner (20th Century-Fox)

FILLED to the hilt with names that count, this tense killer-thriller may prove a death or two confusing, but you'll be too weak from terror to do much about it.

Mark Stevens, released from a phony prison charge, is trailed by Clifton Webb, society art dealer, who wants him to suspect his ex-law partner who framed him, Kurt Kreuger, of the haunting job. Webb's jealousy that his wife, Cathy Downs, is in love with Kreuger leads to the hired murder of his rival—with the rap pinned on Stevens. When Mark finds he loves his secretary, Lucille Ball, he is spurred by her to avenge himself but is balked at every turn by a net of baffling secrets he can't solve.

It's a chase right up Suspense Alley, and the complete cast carries it shrewdly.

William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb, ill-fated killer, and Lucille Ball is so right as an earnest wise-cracker. Clifton Webb displays the same sophisticated brittleness he put over in "Laura" and newcomer Mark Stevens makes his mark neatly and powerfully for sure stardom.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll need a good arm to clutch at.

✓✓ Easy to Wed (M-G-M)

GEE, that Van does everything—he sings, dances, makes love, and even shoots ducks. Just anything the script writers

provide Van does while the fans scream in sheer ecstasy.

The story begins when Van agrees to help his reporter friend, Keenan Wynn, out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who is suing. Well now you know from years of movie going how a thing like that turns out—everybody finds it's love after all and everything gets ironed out including us—we got flattened by an over-enthusiastic bobby-soxer right behind us.

The experiences of Van, who pretends to be an expert hunter in order to intrigue Esther's father, a *real* hunter, are very funny. But it's when he takes to the floor to trip the light fantastic that the females in the audience swoon.

Lucille Ball, girl friend of Keenan's who never quite makes the marriage grade, is right on the—oh no, we couldn't pun like that—so we'll say beam. And Keenan, as usual, is so good. That very fine actor, Cecil Kellaway, is Esther's father. Ethel Smith at the organ and Ben Blue at the comedy, but never quite reaching it, complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: It has Van—what more do you want?

✓✓ Somewhere in the Night (20th Century-Fox)

MAYBE as an amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seemed to be an out and out criminal, John Hodiak was too stunned to stir a muscle. Heaven knows we would have been. Nevertheless the picture maintains an aura of suspense, thanks to the story and director, and one is never bored. Nancy Guild (rhymes with Wilde) as the girl who aids Hodiak is new and shows it. Arresting in looks,

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"Why, Minnie Huckleberry! Hollywood hasn't changed you a bit!"

her acting leaves something to be desired.

Josephine Hutchinson as *Elizabeth*, the lovely one, turns in a swell bit. Fritz Kortner, the fortuneteller villain, is a menacing old rascal and Margo Woode, his stooge, a naughty girl indeed. Richard Conte is always good and is good again, but why was Lloyd Nolan wasted as a detective when he should be pitching in the big league?

Your Reviewer Says: Better than average mystery thriller.

✓ Her Kind of Man (Warners)

WITH a little more effort, time and cash, Warners could have turned this frustrated little B into a happily contented A. The talent is there—Dane Clark, Zachary Scott, George Tobias and Faye Emerson, plus two newcomers, Janis Paige and Harry Lewis. Miss Paige has a pleasantly appealing singing voice but, oh, how she can't act yet. Given time and practice, she'll undoubtedly blossom into a fine little performer, but the burden of that leading role fell too heavily upon her. Lewis, the *Candy* of the tale, comes out a little better, but then the requirements aren't too heavy.

The story is familiar but unconvincing. Fact is, nobody really cares what happens to whom. Zachary, a scamp of the first order, seems to inspire an unreasonable sort of love within Miss Paige who is led by its chains into all sorts of turmoil. Dane is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite it all. George Tobias in a straight role and Faye Emerson as his wife just sort of wander around getting shot and things. Too bad, too, when the possibilities for better entertainment are there.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, okay, but no repeats, please.

✓ Our Hearts Were Growing up (Paramount)

THEY'RE at it again—Diana Lynn as Emily Kimbrough and Gail Russell as Cornelia Otis Skinner—those enchanting young winsomes of the early twenties.

This fluffy sequel to "Our Hearts Were



It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

No one overlooks underarm odor—
so look to Mum for protection

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

* So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give un-

derarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins — Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.



Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers.

Best Pictures of the Month

To Each His Own

Without Reservations

The Dark Corner

Best Performances

Olivia de Havilland in
"To Each His Own"

Claudette Colbert in
"Without Reservations"

Mark Stevens in
"The Dark Corner"



THERE...he sees it

AO Polaroid* Day Glasses filter blinding, reflected glare... enable him to see details clearly, without strain. These scientific glasses also absorb ultra-violet (sunburn) rays, admitting only useful light.



GLARE...she doesn't

Why is she missing so much? It's because she's never discovered how AO Polaroid Day Glasses cut reflected glare... Ask your dealer for a demonstration and begin to enjoy the world outdoors!



AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES

**Only AO Polaroid Sun Glasses
FILTER REFLECTED GLARE**

AO Polaroid Day Glasses... \$1.95

**American  Optical
COMPANY**

World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Materials

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

"Young and Gay" skips merrily through more adventures of two young ladies for whom the trellis-bars of a sedate finishing school do not a prison make. Eager to foster their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls pick on Brian Donlevy, a bootlegger, to pretend he's their chaperoning uncle and help them get their men. After a series of hilarious trials and errors, they wind up in Greenwich Village, determined to gain recognition on the stage, with Donlevy commandeering his raucous buddies as their only boosters.

Diana and Gail are disarmingly charming as the conspirators, and Donlevy's portrayal as the comic, captivated crook is excellent. Billy De Wolfe as a wacky artist inhabitant of Greenwich shines in some funny scenes. Lending strong support are Sharon Douglas, William Demarest, Sara Haden and Mikhail Rasumny. The atmosphere of the years-ago days is beautifully infectious.

Your Reviewer Says: It's an all-family picture.

Behind the Mask (Monogram)

WHO'S to say whether this comes out a murder yarn or a comedy? With both factions trying hard, it's obviously intended to be both, but the fine hand that mixes the two is conspicuously missing. It's another of the *Shadow* series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who dons a mask and becomes the ubiquitous *Shadow*, baffling police and criminals alike on a moment's provocation.

This time he and his fiancée, Barbara Reed, are out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Before they're through, they uncover a few more rackets, too, with the help of George Chandler and Dorothea Kent, who only serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans.

Your Reviewer Says: This holds a dummy hand.



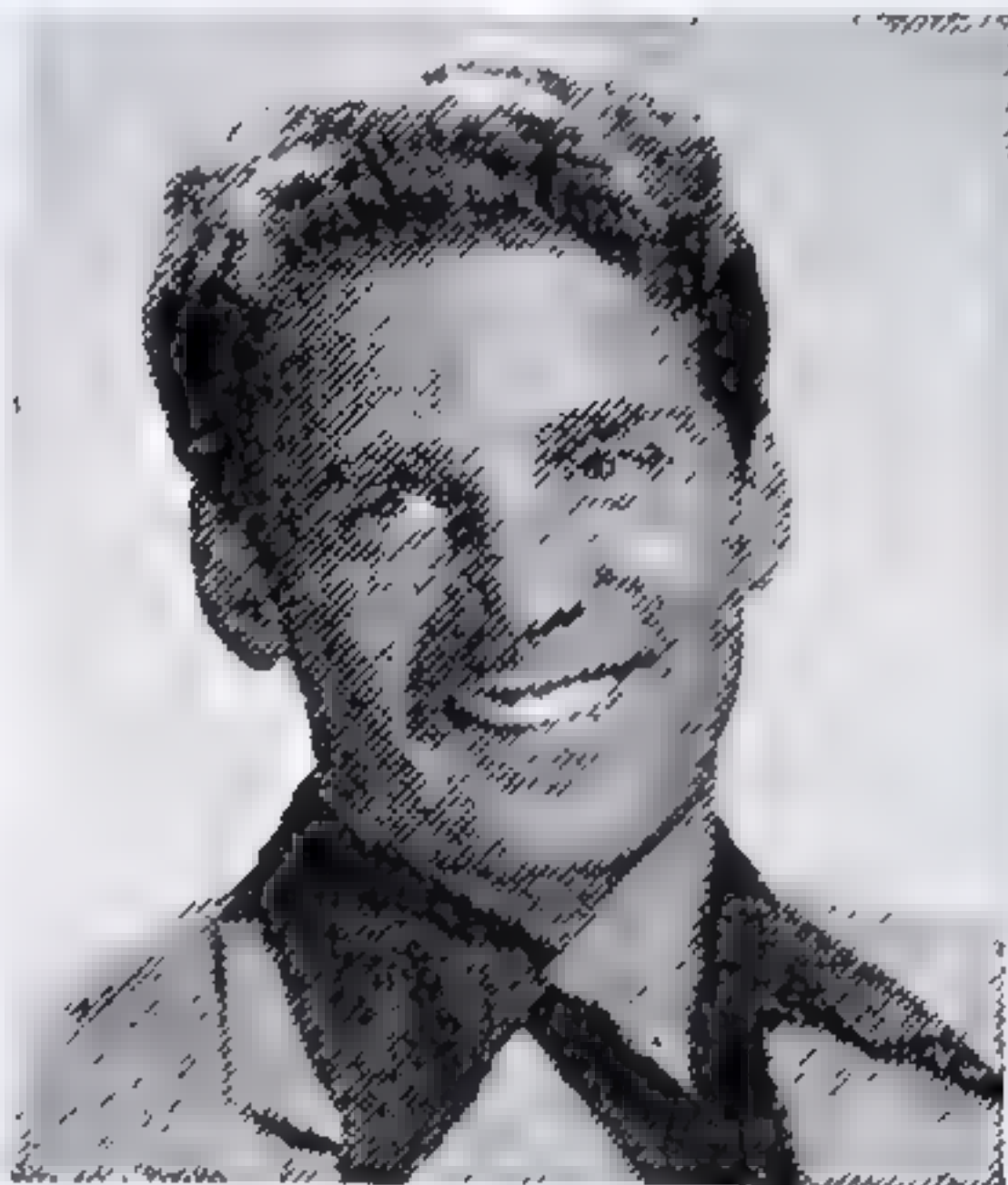
Mark Stevens is the exciting object of Lucille Ball's affection in the intense Fox murder drama, "The Dark Corner"

Abe,

The Understudy

The then and now of
two good friends

By
Jean Pierre
Aumont



Jean Pierre Aumont,
star of "Heartbeat"

MY personal future looked black, indeed, when I landed in New York in 1941. I had been fighting with a French tank corps when my country was defeated by the Germans' overwhelming odds. I refused to stay under Nazi occupation and escaped to America. I could read English but spoke scarcely a word when I finally landed here. Four days after arriving in Manhattan Katharine Cornell offered me a role opposite her in "Rose Burke."

When I joined the company I was immediately struck by the personality of the assistant stage manager. Oddly, he was also assigned as understudy to Philip Merivale and me. The personalities and appearances of three men could not have been more diametrically different. The understudy was very tall, rangy, looked like pictures I had seen of Lincoln. I nicknamed him "Abe."

We became friends. He helped me with English and invariably before each performance would whisper to me in the wings, "Don't say 'mudder,'" to remind me of my faulty pronunciation of "mother."

Miss Cornell assured me that "Abe" was a brilliant though unknown young actor, so I could never understand why he kept begging me not to get sick. I learned his reason when we reached Detroit in February, 1942, in a snowstorm.

My watch had stopped. I was calmly sitting in the lounge of the hotel when "Abe" came looking for me frantically at 8:15. We started across the icy street; I slipped and fell flat.

"Are you all right?" he pleaded as he pulled me to my feet. "I could never go on in your place. I couldn't manage a French accent and I have no decent clothes. I own exactly two suits, both only \$27.50 when I bought them a year ago, and your suits would be inches too short!"

"Abe" never did play my role nor Merivale's either before the show closed in Toronto; we never reached New York. I went to Hollywood for a film contract, then in 1943 to Europe to join the Fighting French, never having seen "Abe" again.

Returning to M-G-M late last year I visited the set. There was "Abe," a star! He saw me, waved, but was unable to leave the scene just then. Before I left I received a note which read, "Do you still say mudder!?"

I had not known that in two short years my understudy had become a star. Of course you know him. Gregory Peck.

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON



Once around the park—

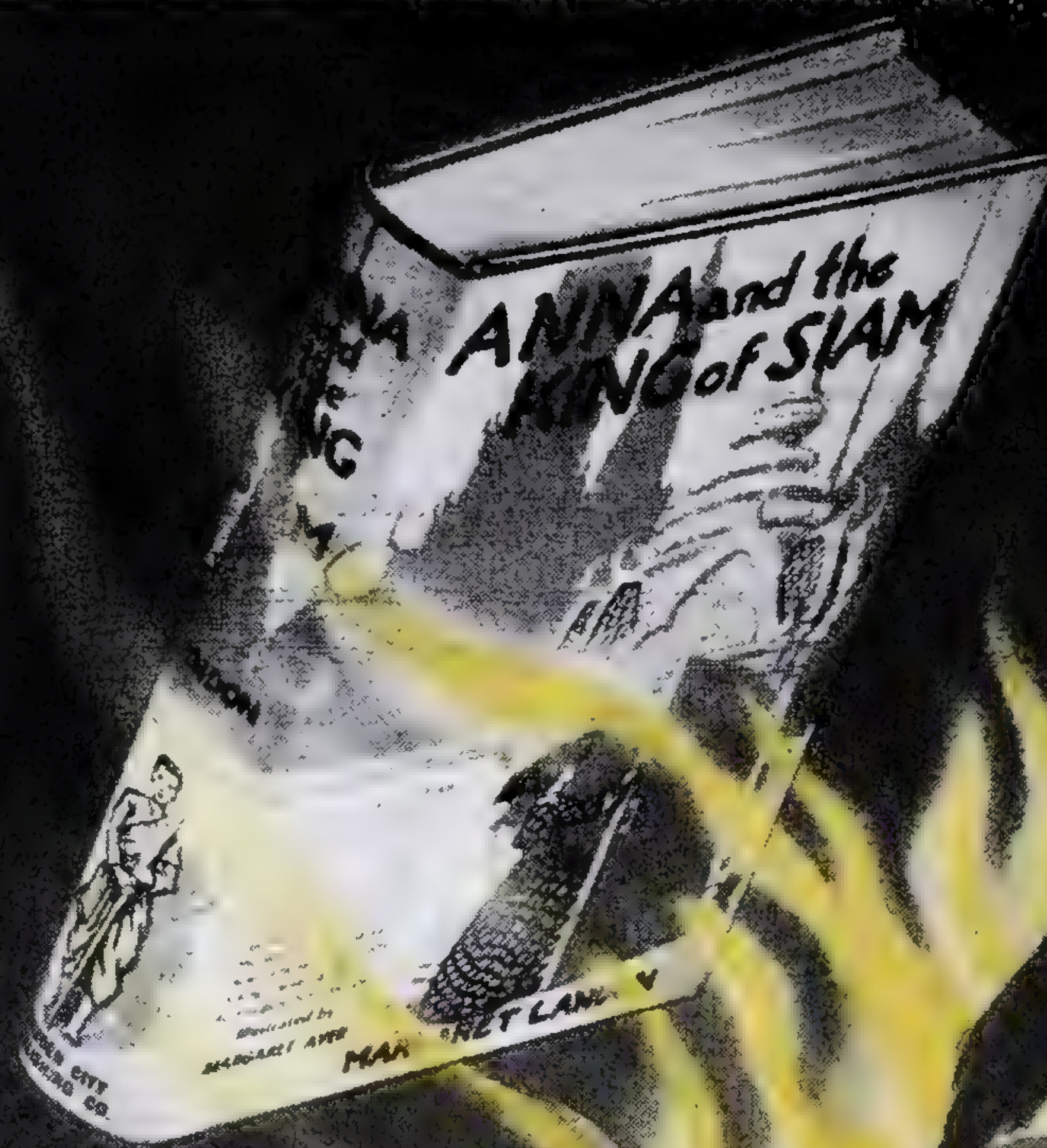
And then, once around the park
again! Some things, being young and fun, simply
beg for more—and surely, Yardley English Lavender belongs
first among them! As long as trees are
green and laughter sweet, this joyous scent
will go on spreading delight about you
all the bright day through.

Yardley English Lavender,
the gay-hearted fragrance, \$4.75, \$2.50, \$1.50
Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c
box of three tablets \$1
Prices plus tax

YARDLEY
ENGLISH
LAVENDER

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished
in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining
imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc.
620 Fifth Ave. Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

FROM the top of every
best-seller list it
comes... to top all
screen entertainment
with its warmth and
splendor!



Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

IRENE DUNNE
REX HARRISON
LINDA DARNELL

IN

**ANNA and the
KING of SIAM**

with

LEE J. COBB · GALE SONDERGAARD · MIKHAIL RASUMNY · DENNIS HOEY
TITO RENALDO · RICHARD LYON · Directed by JOHN CROMWELL · Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson · Based upon the Biography by Margaret Landon

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Into His Strange Exotic Kingdom Came Anna...
Bringing The Wonder of Her Western Beauty...
The Flame of Her Courage...The Weapon of Her Wit!

The Hilarious History of a Wayward Impulse!

It's he-man Wayne . . . coming to the rescue of captivating Claudette . . . who first forgets her reservations . . . then loses her reserve! (Brother, so will you!)



JESSE L. LASKY and WALTER MAC EWEN
present

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • JOHN WAYNE

in MERVYN LEROY'S production of



Without Reservations



with DON DeFORE • ANNE TRIOLA and Miss LOUELLA PARSONS

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Screen Play by ANDREW SOLT



Parting *Without* Tears

Tom and Chris Drake had to give up a marriage
to hold a friendship

BY SARA HAMILTON



Tom, of "The Green Years," and Chris during time of second try

"IT was no tragic break-up when Chris and I separated," says Tom Drake, quietly. "Neither of us is hurt or angry. Neither of us carries a torch.

"Rather something good has come of our plan to divorce—a feeling that by the very effort we made to save our marriage we have the right to remain the friends we've always been."

This personal revelation from Tom Drake is startling. For the quiet, attractive lad who has raised such hopes in the Metro bosom is inclined to live his life deep within himself. No matter how bitter his

personal or professional disappointments, he has always hidden them beneath a James Thurberish sense of humor which, being at once bewildering and distracting, has protected him against intrusion.

Now, however, he is speaking out with amazing candor.

"We tried, Chris and I, not once, but twice. When we parted the first time and she returned to her mother in New Rochelle, I felt that I was letting marriage, which meant a great deal to me, slip away when it might have succeeded if more effort had been put into it.

"When I told Chris this over the

long distance telephone she agreed. So, after a two months' separation period she and her little daughter came home. I shall never forget the day I went to the station to meet them. With my heart hammering in my throat, I determined they never would leave me again while there was any way on earth for Chris and me to make a happy marriage.

"We both tried—to the best of our ability. But at last, with the calmness that comes when you honestly know you've done your best, we accepted the fact that it just was no go for us and never would be."

Tom granted (*Cont'd on page 72*)

Latin's Love

Over desert and jungle she flew—to South America,



Rio—and exuberant Brazilians mobbing the airport to greet Lana, a *bela*

and Lana

to Carnival, to the holiday she had dreamed of for years



Gala gaieties to celebrate her birthday at Brazil's mountain castle hotel, Quitandinha

TO three million sleepy Los Angeles citizens it was just another late winter's night, warm and clear. But to the two friends walking under the night skies out to a giant airplane at the Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank, it was the beginning of the great adventure.

All day they had been packing the wardrobes of princesses into their new airplane luggage; now, dressed in trim new wool suits, they stood looking up at the Pan American World Airways Clipper poised for flight, ready to sweep them off into the starlit sky toward South America and their royal holiday.

Lana Turner caught her breath with pleasure and turned to her companion.

"At last," she told Sara Hamilton, "I'm going

on the vacation I've dreamed of for years," and Sara nodded, thinking of the time she had known Lana, first more formally as writer and associate editor of Photoplay, but now more intimately as the friend with whom Lana had chosen to share the golden days ahead.

"First stop, Mexico City," Lana said softly. They were aboard now, their ears throbbing with the roar of the plane's motors as they lifted from the familiar ground of California and swung off through the darkness to the south.

Quietly Lana flicked off the light over her seat and sat looking out at the stars that polka-dotted the window. "Tomorrow?" she asked her dreams and, sleeping, awaited the answer.

As if in reply, the ancient winding streets and



Hello from Linda Batista, Brazil's radio singer, to Lana



Sara Hamilton of Photoplay and Lana embark at the Burbank airport for "the adventure"

colorful architecture of Mexico City were waiting for her arrival the next day. But first there was an astounding ocean of Mexican faces at the airport turned up to the circling plane—and then as they skimmed down for their smooth landing, there was the swelling roar, "Viva Lana!"

For twenty-four hours Mexico City poured out its friendly heart. There were protestations of love for the little white queen, mid Latin dance rhythms and Latin partners—and then it was time to go back to the hotel, lie down for an hour's pretended sleep and out to the airport where the plane waited to soar up and south once more, to Balboa, in the Canal Zone—Balboa, with all its haunting mixture of races and heavy odors of semi-tropical jungles, a Casablanca of the Western Hemisphere. And here again, thousands jammed into the airport to see Lana—all screaming, all shouting, with the Canal Zone police half carrying her through the tidal wave of grasping hands and waving autograph books.

Whereas they had been able to linger only a day in Mexico City, there were forty-eight hours in the Canal Zone before they were flying again, heading now for what was to be their first stop in South America—an emergency one—the small town of Cali in Colombia. Then Lima, Peru, and a whole new world for the asking . . . (Continued on page 101)



"Miss Whirlwind" diplomatically clears up misunderstanding with the press



Men and more men! These were Lana's most familiar sight in South America. Here she signs autographs at her birthday ball

Swimming duet superb—Esther and Ben Gage, radio singer and announcer, who's considering a New York play offer



FIESTA!

... is the word for Esther.

Successful, loved and gay

she turns life into a holiday

A GIRL who can hang two bloody bull's ears on the corners of her mirror and drape the defunct animal's tail artistically between is an artist with stamina.

"Bravo!" said three bullfighters.

Bravo was not the way Miss Williams felt, but international courtesy makes demands. These elegant young toreadors had called at her hotel in Mexico, where she was filming exteriors of "Fiesta," to present the conventional tokens of the bullfighters' highest esteem. That afternoon she had seen them meet the bull, then in full possession of his appendages, and had applauded their grace, art and courage, qualities she strove queasily to emulate as she handled the late bull's remnants.

Though tenderly feminine, Esther Williams is



plash, and he's in while Esther hesitates



Cover Girl

BY HERB HOWE

no sissy. She's a gutty artist. As testimonial of devotion to her husband Ben Gage she made a lamp out of his ancestral cuspidor, precious heirloom from his family's garret. On it she painted petunias which were not what used to be there, though Ben says his ancestors never missed, and you can't prove otherwise now because all tell-tale stains are lovingly buried under Esther's flowers.

Mexico's best bullfighters say Esther is gifted specifically for *la fiesta brava*, as their national rodeo is known south of the border. Success depends on the hips, they say. You must flip them faster than a hula dancer to elude a bull in a snit. Miss Williams flips hips like a fish. At seventeen she was America's swimming queen. Now she is the First Lady Bullfighter



Swimming time for two of champion form and forms



Esther adds a head-hold to her heart-hold

Esther Williams





The gay Gages dine out, love to dance together

FIESTA!

of the screen which is really quite an honor.

Miss Williams has, as our Mexican amigos say, architecture.

O. Henry said that Californians are a race of people, they are not merely inhabitants of a state. And Harry Carr added, "A race of gods is being bred here."

If you would like to see young gods and goddesses being spawned to beat the Greeks, trolley out to Muscles Beach by Santa Monica. There at age two Miss Williams's hips made their first impression. Some old beachcombers and figure fanciers swear they saw her rising from the sea at practically 0. Miss Williams herself says she did not ride the breakers in till eight. Whatever the figure, Miss Williams has it. Botticelli's "Venus Arising From The Waves" has nowhere the oompf Esther has everywhere.

When Aphrodite Williams swings into Romanoff's there's rhythm like the ruffle of drums. She lights up the old groggery like Liberty with the Torch. Men leap to their feet as for the Star Spangled Banner which they possibly would sing if they knew it. Among the tuna leaping this day were Mr. (Continued on page 78)



The figure beautiful—Esther pauses before the swim

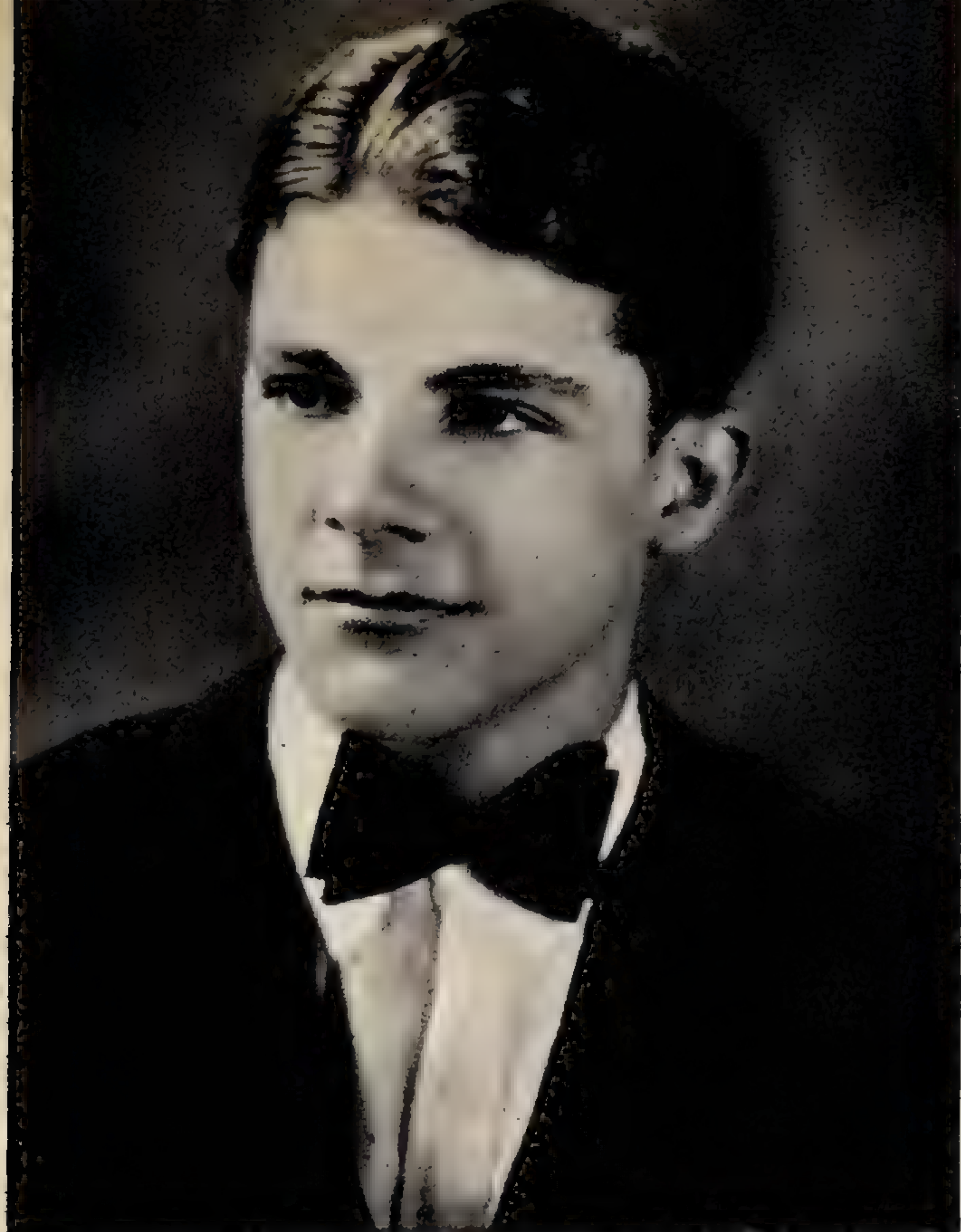
Summer symphony—Esther Williams of "Fiesta"

Now... Dana has found the pot of gold. He's in "Fallen Angel" and "The Best Years of Our Lives"

Engstead

Dana Andrews





Runaway

The youthful Dana meant to make the family rich

The freight train's desolate whistle echoed
through the night. And in an empty car a
small boy shivered with the cold



As kids—Dana between brothers Harlan and Wilton

CARVER Dana Andrews lay in the warm dark, listening to the breathing of his brothers. Listening for the last time, maybe.

It was a big room, like all the other rooms in the best parish house the Andrews family had ever lived in. Over in the bed by the windows, Harlan and David puffed the air evenly in and out, their brown, sharp-ribbed chests working up and down like healthy young pairs of bellows. Lying next to him, Charles stirred in his sleep and flung an arm outward, across Dana's face. . . .

He let it stay there. Tomorrow night Charles would fling the same fist and his, Dana's, nose would be somewhere else. It was sort of too bad not to take Charles with him. Closest of all his seven brothers—the one who always took half the blame and half the lickin', even though it was none of his idea to steal old lady Barnfall's peaches or "borrow back" the penknife out of teacher's desk. This greatest of all adventures, however, was something Charles wouldn't understand:

"I don't think you ought to do it, Carv—" he'd say, "I'm goin' to tell Mom." Charles would tell her, sure enough. . . .

On the bureau the clock ticked excitedly, like his own heart. Together they started counting off the things he had all packed and ready in his two imitation-leather suitcases. Clean shirts, three—besides the blue one he'd be wearing. "You're doing your ironing early this week—" Mom had said; "Guess you've finally decided there's no use kicking like a snared jack-rabbit about it, long's you have to do it anyhow!" Stockings and underwear and plenty of food. (Continued on page 111)

BY
DOROTHY DEERE

Ingrid Bergman



Her sense of humor is
hearty, spontaneous . . .



Engstead

Fair-minded, democratic, woman with vision . . . Ingrid, starred in "Notorious"

The Intimate Story of Ingrid

**Close-to-the-heart incidents in the life of Hollywood's
ten-strike Bergman of the coral cheeks**

"WHAT did we do before Bergman. . . ?"

This singular tribute was uttered by Cary Grant about two weeks after filming started on "Notorious," the Alfred Hitchcock postwar spy story.

The casting of these two—tall Cary with his chestnut tan, blue-black hair, Ingrid of the full red lips and coral cheeks—was more than a box-office ten-strike; it was sheer inspiration, as it turned out.

For an extraordinary thing happened in the making of this picture; the vehicle that started out to be a typical Hitchcock thriller presently found itself a runaway, irresistibly drawn by the two dominant personalities. What was frankly conceived as an out-and-out spy story suddenly was overwhelmed by the fusion of two dynamic elements. The plot yielded to the love story and gracefully accepted second place. The Pouting Buddha of Bel-Air, shrewd Alfred Hitchcock, quickly readjusted his sights, with the result that the master of mystery is going to astonish Hollywood with his understanding and direction of those gossamer and violent emotions peculiar to man and woman.

Anyone who has seen it will tell you conservatively that the love scene in "Notorious," between Ingrid and Cary, "is the greatest since Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert." Conservatively, that is.

I can tell you that the scene (which was filmed three months after Cary's forthright observation) runs close to three-and-one-half minutes on the screen. During the entire scene—their lips never more than an inch apart—they discuss dinner, answer the telephone and walk around the room.

However, I seem to digress.

It was during the second week of "Notorious" and Cary and I were standing offstage watching Ingrid work. Her scene finished, Cary turned to me and said: "She's wonderful! She works so easily—almost without effort. She gives (Continued on page 115)



Husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom, that fugitive from a camera, is caught off guard by Hymie Fink as he laughs at the crowds besieging his wife

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



They're off at famous Griffith Park! Douglas Dick, new Hal Wallis find, Diana Lynn and Billy De Wolfe, both in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," and Olga San Juan

PICNIC ON WHEELS

A happy Hollywood foursome
takes to the road for a strictly
laughtime frolic



First stop—tree top. Diana saw a bird's nest! Patience, Billy—what goes up *must* come down—even the cute Miss Lynn



Blister inspection for Diana's pedal-tired feet



A slight matter of balance—or what some guys won't do for a laugh. De Wolfe does it de hard way and the girls sympathize



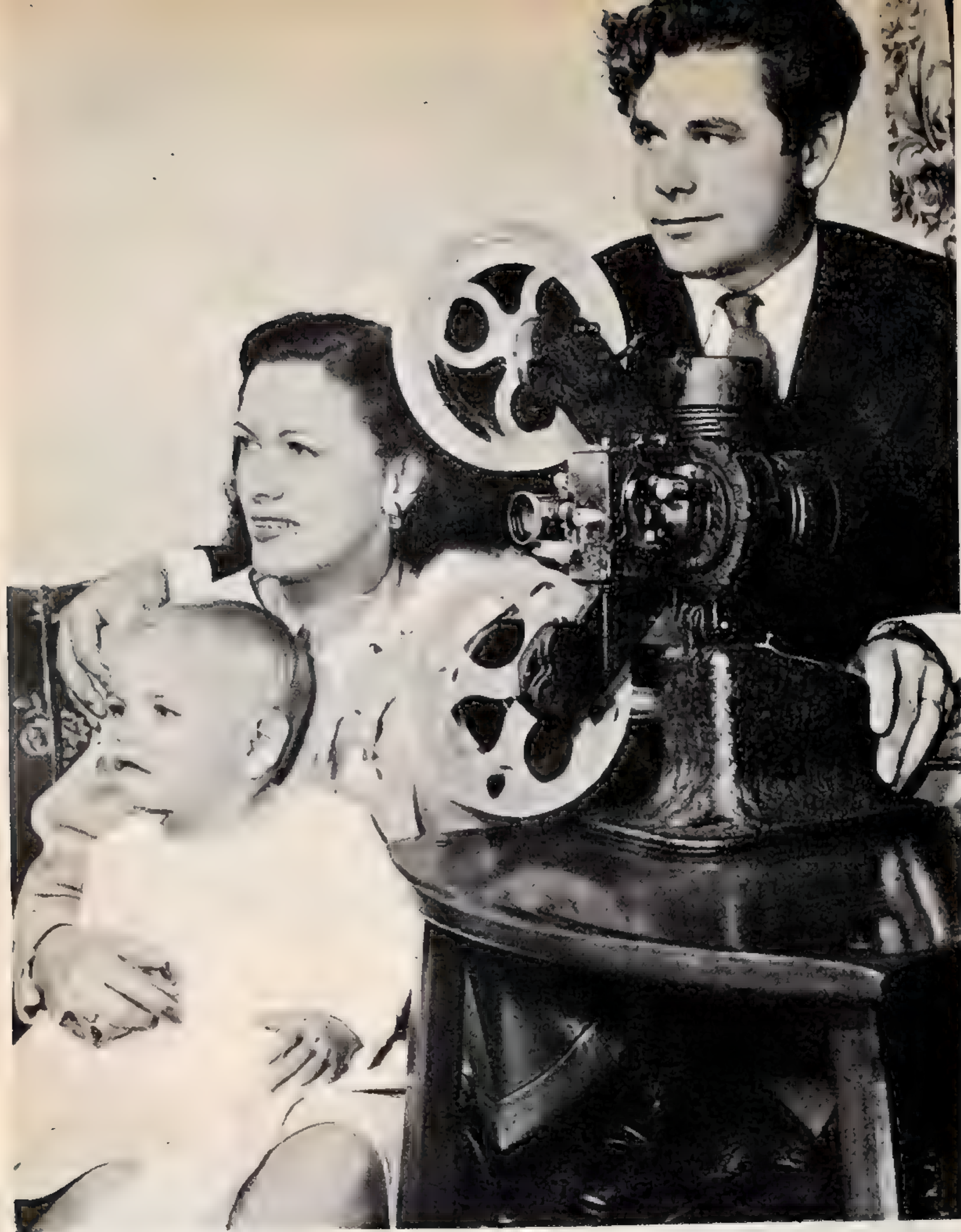
Zoo-time. Olga, who's in "Blue Skies," does the coaxing while Diana, Billy and Dick, who's in "The Searching Wind," look on



Stop-over for refreshments. Hope there's enough there for Hymie and Sterling—for even photographers get hungry



Color Pictures by
Fink and Smith



Preview for Peter—The Fords run off movies of young son

GLENN FORD, Marine, had come home from the war. The studio stage, the huge bright lights, the men on the catwalk high overhead, the intent group around the camera, the grease-painted faces—all these things once so familiar now were strange. He was being tested for Bette Davis's leading man in "A Stolen Life." The part called for dignity, a quiet gentlemanly quality, an actor who could look like a New Englander and, in passing, an actor who could act.

Just before they made the test, Bette took Glenn to one side. She might have said she was afraid he wasn't the right type or experienced enough as an actor. Instead she told him:

"I never saw you on the screen. But I've heard you're an excellent actor. It may be you'll look too young to play opposite me. But if not, if we really look all right together, I see no reason why you shouldn't be perfect for the part."

There are not more than two or three actresses in all Hollywood who would have been as honest about their age.

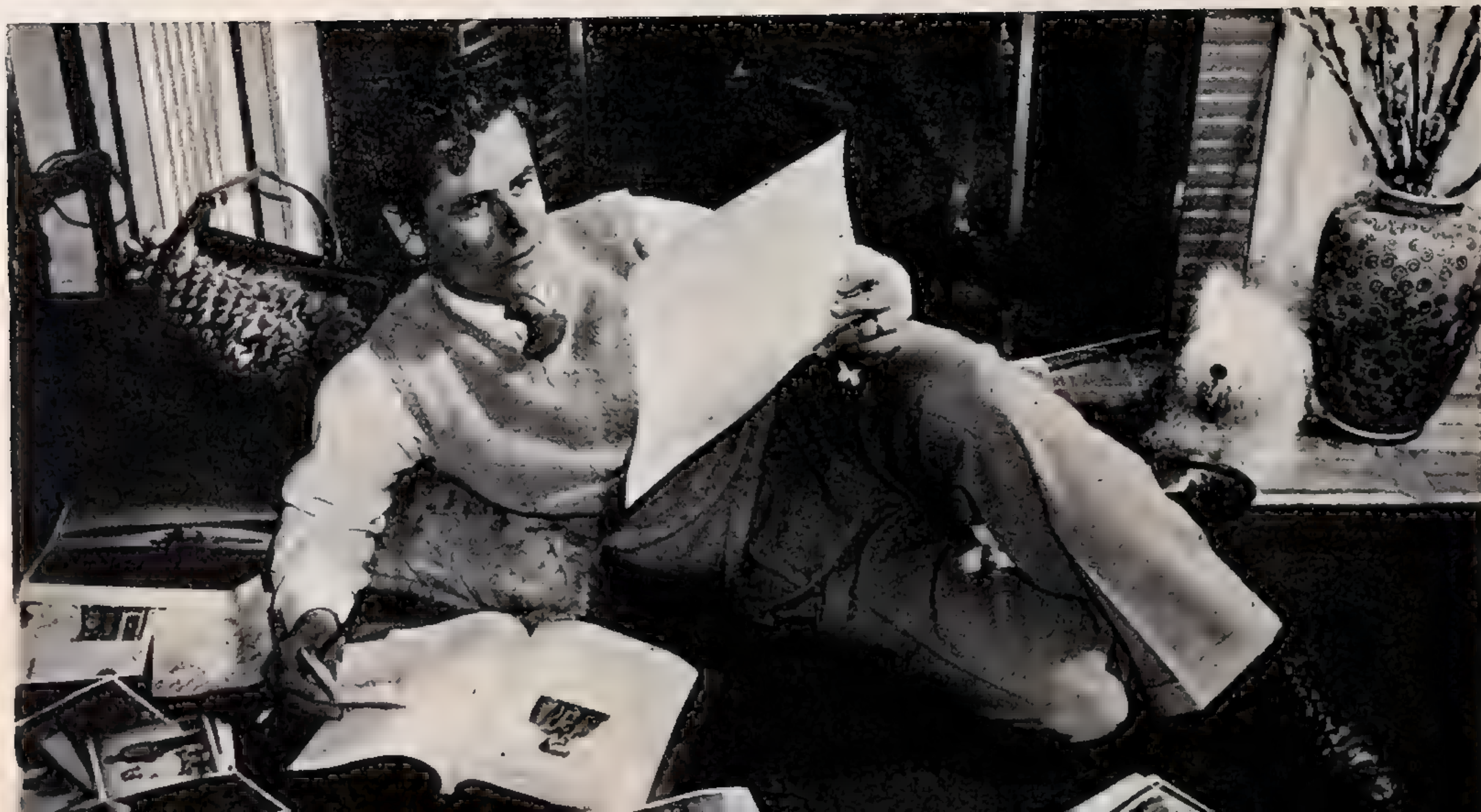
Bette, however, in spite of the unalterable fact that she is always doing this sort of thing, brushed it (*Continued on page 74*)

Watch Glenn Ford Go By

He's man appeal at high speed—this ex-Marine who brought romance to "Gilda"

BY JERRY ASHER

Journey in paper—Glenn does research for role of John J. Montgomery for "Gallant Journey"





Cronenweth

Glenn Ford—rugged good looks, high-powered personality

K-K-K-KATIE!

Unpredictable tomboy with God-given voice,
she's a melodious minx who meets life on tiptoe



Katie and Johnny Johnston met in a duet on the set



Upsy daisy! Time out for play with nephew Jeffrey

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

IN the Palms Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel a vivacious young singing star was thrilling invited guests with a golden rendition of "Musetta's Waltz Song" in Italian.

Halfway through the aria Kathryn Grayson forgot her words. She kept repeating variations of la-bta-mo sia-sot-til. Then she mumbled some Italian never heard before or since Caesar. It sounded like a hopped-up helping of spaghetti.

She looked down hurriedly at her studio boss, who was sitting at the front table watching her proudly. She looked at the other important executives in the room. And she looked right into the eyes of a puzzled Italian cello player in the orchestra. Suddenly she remembered the words, finished the aria triumphantly and took her seat amidst a tumult of applause.

Her boss rose to address the audience and paid special tribute to her. "Kathryn," he said fondly, "tonight you are a great artist!"

The "great artist" all but swallowed her demitasse and ducked out hurriedly when the dinner was over, lest she run into the cellist again.

Later she told her boss what she'd gotten away with and rattled off some pseudo phrases for him. "Oh, Katie," he said, laughing (Continued on page 106)



Kathryn Grayson, saucy-faced thrush of "Two Sisters from Boston"



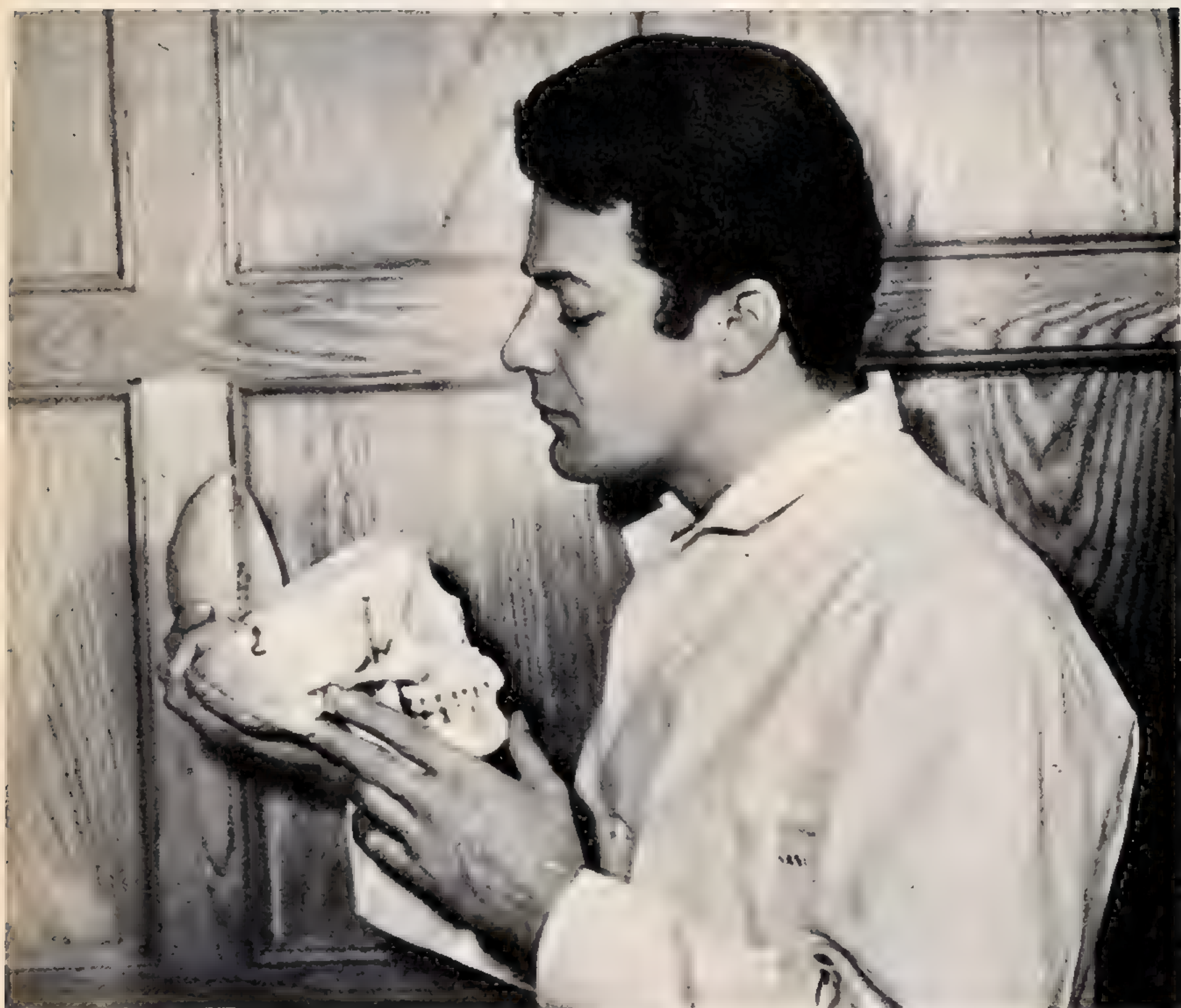
Treasure trove—Katie loves antiques, handles carefully



Garden time for Katie, who loves to rake leaves, transplant roses

*Color Pictures
by Fink*

Cornel's life has been a series of changes. After his last trip to Europe, in 1931, his father was taken ill and Cornel had to support the family. One of his jobs was selling toys at Macy's

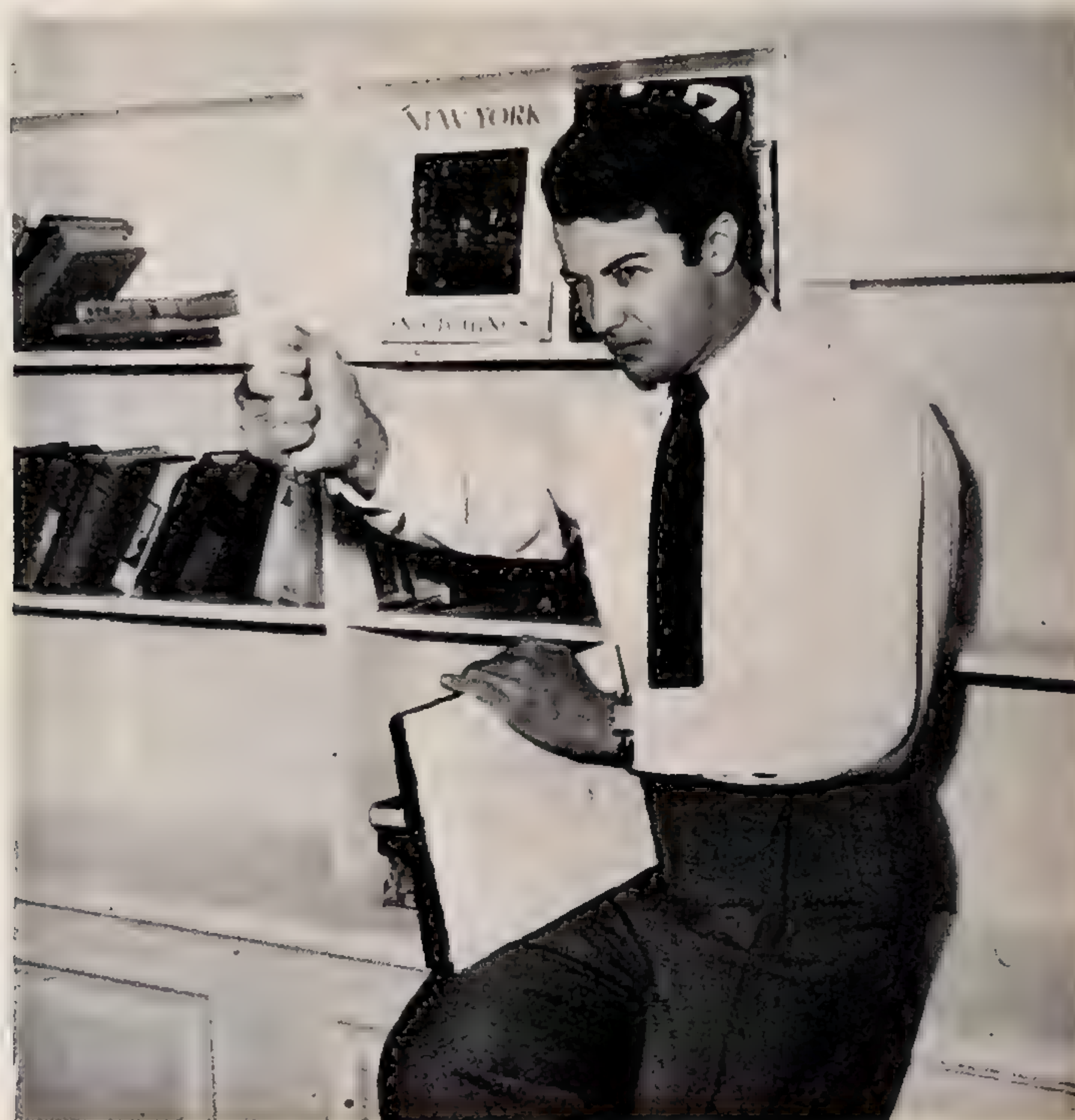


He had a yen for medicine. In 1933 he enrolled at City College for the medical course, became an expert on human anatomy. He made a three-year course in the record time of two years

This was only the beginning of his varied activities. Meantime he'd had a whiff of grease paint. One job—bawling over public address system on the stage



He'd studied art in Budapest and it came in handy, equipped him to join the staff of a leading (it later turned out lagging) advertising agency doing layouts



THE many talents, the changing moods of Cornel Wilde make him what he is—and explain the reason for his dazzling success. Here he re-enacts for Photoplay the high points of his life. He was born in New York City on October 13, 1915, went with his family to Europe for four years, returned, attended school here. Another trip to Europe followed and for six months he traveled, studied art and learned fencing. Then back to the United States to odd jobs which finally led to Hollywood. As *Bruce*, in "Forever Amber," he reaches a career high. Cornel's own restlessness will find perfect expression in this role of unresting adventurer and empire builder. Cornel has found his greatest job—that of motion-picture star.



Engstead

Cornel Wilde, whose tempestuous life led to Hollywood stardom

Photoplay's
PHOTOLIFE OF CORNEL WILDE

BY LYNN PERKINS



Broadway called and he faced the uncertainty of following his chosen dream. One day at a drugstore counter he saw a beautiful blonde. When she left the drugstore so did he and pursued her down the street

It took some doing but after ten months he persuaded the aspiring actress, Patricia Knight, to elope to Elkton, Maryland



At first Hollywood was cold. Times were tough and discouraging. Finally he got a break and went into "Life Begins at 8:30" with Ida Lupino

Cornel's a family man. His greatest admiration is his lovely wife, Pat Knight, who is to have a career of her own—with Cornel's complete cooperation and enthusiasm. He has great faith in her ability, dating back to the time in their leaner New York days when they played together on the stage. In fact, he would like to make a picture with her and it is quite probable he will since Pat is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox too. When Hollywood first took notice of Cornel, they felt he should not play romantic roles. But he has proved his ability in the varied roles he's played. In "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" he's the swashbuckling son of *Robin Hood*. In "Leave Her to Heaven" he's the serious young writer. In "Centennial Summer" he's the lover superb. At home Cornel is a family man who pursues his varied hobbies, painting, writing and fencing—who adores little Wendy and beautiful Pat—who looks back darkly on defeat, but smiles with confidence on what's ahead.



Finally the struggle paid off. The Wildes, Pat, Wendy and their pooch Punch, live quietly in their beautiful Canyon home—just the way they dreamed it



It was as Chopin in "A Song to Remember" that Cornel really made time and movie history

Photoplay's PHOTOLIFE OF CORNEL WILDE

Cornel is a versatile young man—among his many talents is writing. These days he's screen-writing the life of Byron, wants to play the lead himself



A real skill, one he learned in Budapest, is fencing. Was selected for the U. S. Olympic team in 1936. Now he keeps in practice by morning duels with Pat

Preston Sturges—just a step from bar to pool



Ginger Rogers—had the strangest pool problem in town

Come On In!

It's not the house you live in but the pool

you dunk in that rates your social standing



Paul Henreid—fenced them out, as do all smart stars with their children

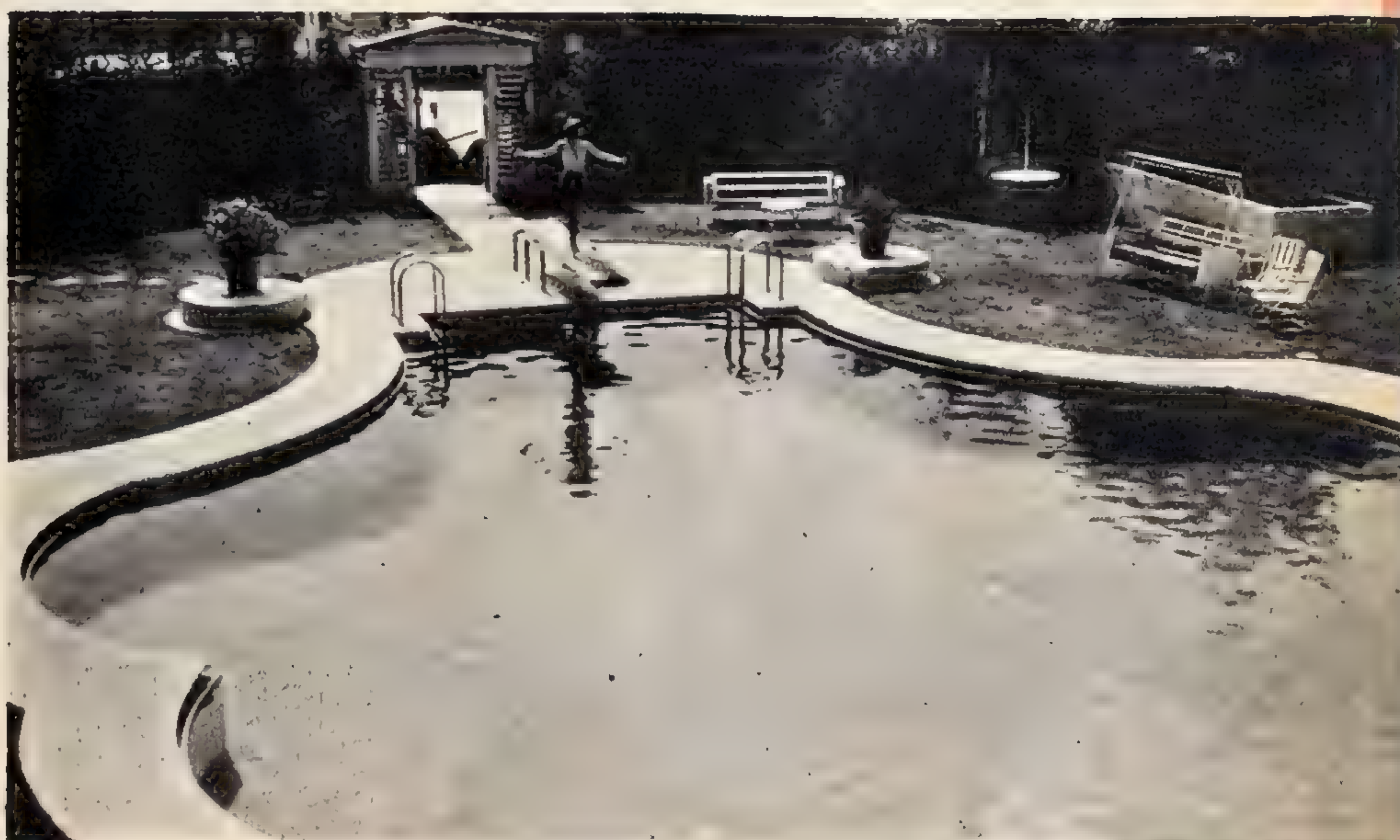


Kurt Kreuger—swims with a view of Hollywood from his pool in the hills

IN the dear days—temporarily beyond recall—when house-hunting was a pleasure, not a desperate rat race, Hollywood housewives were as particular about the swimming pool on a property—it's size, shape and decor—as housewives elsewhere were about closet space. For in the film colony you are in the swim or out of it. Literally!

Betty Hutton turned down one dream house after another because the pools weren't what she wanted. Betty, who swims the year 'round, sought a pool that would offer not only an adequate area of H₂O but barbecue facilities on the side. When she saw the house in which she now resides as Mrs. Ted Briskin, with its tiled pool lying at the far end of a typical California garden, she knew instantly it was for her. Her shriek of joy echoed in the hills for miles around. And shrieks of joy from her guests have been echoing in those hills ever since over Betty's barbecued steaks, chickens and spareribs.

Surroundings, which can make or ruin a party, do perfectly wonderful things for the Hutton-Briskin fiestas. Betty has furnished her pool terrace with deep squashy white chairs and sofas upholstered in yellow canvas. She's (Continued on page 94)



Joan Caulfield—has a share-the-swimming plan



Sonja Henie—takes the honors in elaborate pool beauty

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Joyously together again—Ann Sothern whose next is "Bunco Maisie," and her Bob Sterling

it's still the

Sterlings

IF Ann Sothorn and Robert Sterling did not think this story would help—perhaps help *you*—they would not have given it to me.

They want to forget as soon as possible the unhappiness that parted them for even a brief week.

And, if I didn't sincerely believe every word they said to me the afternoon they came to my home, I would not be writing this. For, frankly, I have grown a little cynical about patched-up Hollywood marriages. The nine separations and reconciliations between Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton are enough to have curdled the trust of an angel. And I'm just a newspaper woman.

But I would stake a lot that Ann and Bob, who parted in anger so deep they both said it was over "forever," have learned a valuable lesson in tolerance and are now together until "death do them part."

I say this because people cannot talk as Ann and Bob did and not mean it.

They hadn't wanted to talk at all. When I telephoned and said, "Annie, will you and Bob come to my house for a cocktail? I want to do a story about you two for Photoplay," she said at first, "Oh, please—nothing about our separation. We want to forget it as quickly as possible. It was so wrong." Then, suddenly, her hand went over the phone and I could hear her talking to someone else. In a moment she was back with me. She said, "Bob thinks, perhaps, we should talk to you. Maybe we can help other people in the same boat. If we could help just *one* other couple, it would be worth it." I think Ann was also influenced by the fact that I was the first person she had told that Bob had quarreled with her and moved his clothes to the home of a friend. When they reconciled again I had another exclusive story.

I had been sad with them and then glad with them and I hoped they had sensed my sympathy.

When they came in, holding hands, I thought what a handsome pair they are—Ann, with her (Continued on page 125)

This isn't just the story of Ann Sothorn, star, and Bob Sterling, veteran. It's a story happening everywhere—not always with a happy ending. That's why you'll want to read it

BY

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

The key to his heart and house—Bob gave Ann this key which is inscribed, "Darling, won't you come and spend a lifetime?"





Judy Garland



Joseph Cotten



Lana Turner



Errol Flynn

1. Likes Dislikes
(Fill in correct name)

To argue
Gardening
Gloves
Tennis
Potato salad
A cigar after dinner
"Terry and the Pirates"
Dominoes
Orson Welles
Paper-and-pencil games

Doing plumbing
Horseback riding
Cutting grass
Luke-warm food
Acting in B pictures
People who whistle in dressing rooms
Doing dishes
Bad breakfasts
Games like charades
Second-best in anything

2. Likes Dislikes
(Fill in correct name)

To sleep in a double bed
"Baby"
Turkish baths
Steak and onions
Political arguments
Broadway plays
Newspapermen
Ribbing anyone I like
Women in tailored clothes
Boats

Snobbery and pretense
Extravagance
Garrulous people
The German language
Wearing shoes
Women's hats and snoods
Going to the tailor
Getting haircuts
Playing love scenes
Actors with a "message"

Play "LIKES"

3. Likes Dislikes
(Fill in correct name)

Writing poetry
Walking in the rain
Baby chickens
Anything chocolate
Crying at the movies
Playing guessing games
"Over the Rainbow"
Christmas Eve
Radio "soap operas"
Bonfires on the beach

Dull pencils
Affected accents
Salted peanuts
Waiting for a phone connection
Attending to details
Home-made mayonnaise
Popcorn
Getting up early
Wearing a watch
Waiting for dawdlers

HOLLYWOOD has a new fun game, "Likes and Dislikes." You can play it too—right now! Just decide to which of the eight stars pictured here each listing of likes and dislikes belongs. The stars, who have made up their own lists (of thumbs up and thumbs down), have given you plenty of clues. When you've decided which star wrote the likes and dislikes numbered "1" fill in his or her name on the dotted line. Then go on to the

4. Likes Dislikes
(Fill in correct name)

Reading in bed
Pie for breakfast
Bright lumberjack shirts
Anything cooked with cheese
Outdoor girls
Old-time movies
The Beach at Newport
Dancing the rumba
Autograph hunters
Tennis

Telephones
Practical jokes
Crowded rooms
Vegetables
Houses without fireplaces
Onions
Dress clothes
"Window closers"
People who talk in the movies
Up hair-dos on girls



Bette Davis



Humphrey Bogart



Lauren Bacall



Van Johnson

5. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Acting
Fog and rain
Hot dogs
Camping, pine woods,
open fires
Traveling by auto
Playing and singing
hymns
Ethel Waters
The New York Times
Being suntanned
New Hampshire

Beauty parlors
Traveling by plane
Road hogs
Elaborate food
Formal living
Crowds
Being alone in a house
Men who are rude to
waiters
Houses without flowers
Heavy perfumes

AND DISLIKES"

next one. If you've been a faithful reader of Photoplay you should be able to identify them all.

Check your score by turning to page 121 for the answers.

Why not try the game at your next party. Just have your friends make up lists of their own special likes and dislikes—and then watch the fun as you all try to guess to whom the lists belong!

8. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Tennis, boxing, riding
Writing
Travel to out-of-the-
way places
Boating
Exotic food
Small parties
Gambling
Doing what I please
when I please
Animals
Practical jokes

Routine work
Regimentation
Publicity
Being treated like
a star
Being exploited
Having my privacy
invaded
Too-formal parties
Humorless people
Lounge lizards
Helpless women

6. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Milk with ice cubes
in it
White-walled tires
Irish stew
Murder mysteries
Home-made bread
Sweaters
Macaroni and cheese
Fortunetellers
My baby
Extreme hair styles

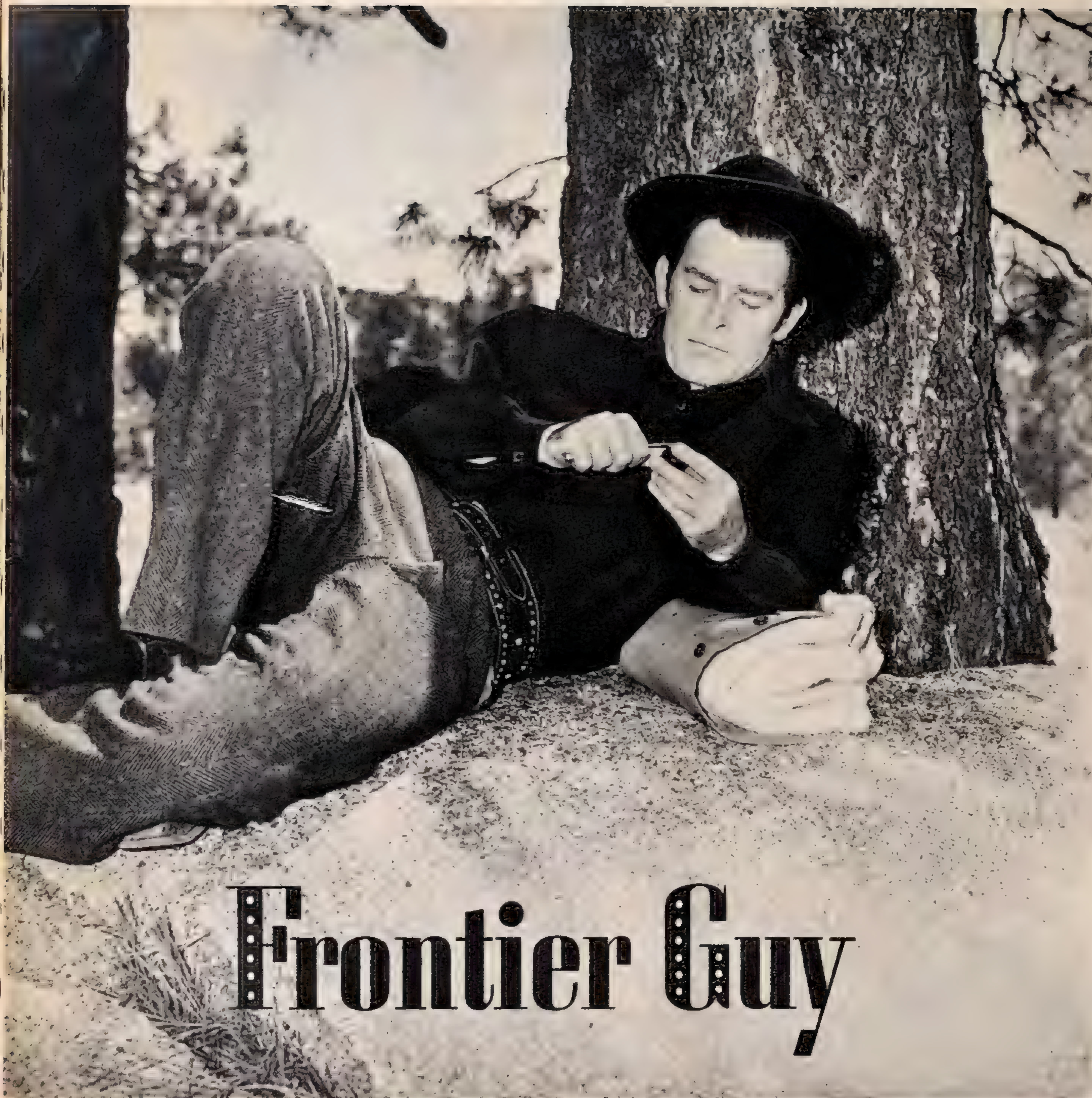
Routine
Sea gulls
Cold plunges
Cider
Fishing
Lumpy oatmeal
Mustard greens
Being hurried
Hearing a woman
swear
Insecurity

7. Likes Dislikes

(Fill in correct name)

Movies
Artichokes
Shoulder-strap bags
Neatness
Basking in the sun
Dancing
Sailing
Good music
People who show
genuine affection
Bette Davis on the
screen

Night clubs
Insincerity
Women who drink
too much
Loud music
"Confidential Agent"
People who gossip
Sham
Cafe society
Frilly clothes
Living in apartments



Frontier Guy

When a sandhog comes up for air, he's sure to look starward—i. e., Rod Cameron

The lady and her likeness—
Rod airbrushes a just-finished portrait of his mother





Rod—and reel with “Frontier Gal” Yvonne De Carlo

THE Marines occupied Nicaragua, and Rod Cameron was fifty feet under the Hudson River, digging a hole. Captain Charles A. Lindbergh flew from Mineola to Paris, and Cameron was 100 feet nearer the Jersey shore when the afternoon extras hit the street. Herbert Hoover announced that the Kellogg-Briand Pact would outlaw war forever, and Rod Cameron was hacking at hard clay with a pick, in a subway tunnel under 34th Street. The stock market collapsed with a loss of fifteen billion dollars, but Cameron didn't hear it. He was under the East River burrowing in the direction of Long Island.

Cameron was in California, pouring cement under pressure in 1932.

Seven years, altogether—seven years underground.

“Why did you become a movie star?” we asked the star of “Frontier Gal.”

“Got tired of working,” said Rod.

Rod has almost forgotten the seven lean years under dirt and water and some of the lean years that fol-



A ride around for King and Rod, of “The Runaround”

BY CAMERON SHIPP

lowed. His current concern is that he is too big for airplanes.

That's a fact. Look at him: Six-feet-four, 190 pounds, lean and hard as a Canadian hockey player—he was that, too—dark as a Saracen in make-up, a handsome dog, a bigger and brawnier combination of Cary Grant and Randolph Scott, with brown eyes and his eyes on the skies.

He recently saved up money to buy a house—one of those pre-fabricated ones, the kind you are supposed to set up in the side yard in a moment's notice, or at most, a jiffy. But he stopped at an airport on his way to the pre-fab factory and bought a plane instead, a pretty, fast-flying two-seater. The papers were signed and the money paid before Rod discovered that he was too tall to get into it. He'd like one to transport him to hockey games in Toronto, hunting trips in Oregon and prize fights in Manhattan. Meantime he'll keep on looking until he finds a plane sized to Cameron. That is, when the time comes that it isn't illegal, according to his (Continued on page 91)

BABIES, BABIES,



Y Johnny has sex appeal—already!" sighs Dorothy Lamour.

"Little 'Tish' is so intelligent," murmurs Ann Sothorn.

"Daria has an aristocratic nose," insists Gene Tierney.

"My Maria-Christina, she is the most wonderful bebbie in the entire world, yes!" It is not a question, it is a statement from Maria Montez.

"I wish I had twelve children," says Rita Hayworth.

"One more for me," says Rosalind Russell.

"Three more," says Maureen O'Hara.

"Lots of little Briskins," shrieks Betty Hutton, who will settle for twins to begin with.

"One more, just like Vickie," croons Betty (Legs) Grable.

Formulas, theories, drooling, teeth cutting, should you smack it, should you love it, should you force food, or starve it out. Adults talking baby talk. And babies, babies, babies everywhere.

What's happened? It could be a lot of things. Ego, loneliness, laziness, (Continued on page 120)

It's nursery time in Hollywood

with star-studded dialogue

of diets and diapers



John Ridgely Howard got Dottie Lamour nicknamed "Sarong Mama"



Miss Denise Loder is lady-producer Hedy Lamarr's idea of the super baby production

BABIES

Rebecca is Rita's reason for thinking in terms of a round dozen

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



Ann Sothern's little Tish takes honors in the beauty department



Maria Montez insists her brunette baby'll be blonde

“All Actors Are Bums”



Vincent's retreat—his “shack” atop a hill

It was in the script that he'd get the “Dragonwyck” role

So quoth Vincent Price, who
may be. But if he is, he's given
the word a new meaning



He'll top this labor with a foaming tankard

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN





Hollywood wonders sometimes, for Vincent Price is tops in unpredictability and nonconformity

NOT so long ago a couple of Hollywood gendarmes espied with considerable misgiving the approach in their direction of a long, lean and lone hitchhiker. He was headed for Hollywood.

Quickly they came to an illuminating conclusion: This was a bum, if ever there was one! Then, glancing hastily into the back of the patrol car to see if he'd fit—the bum was all of six-feet-four—they leaped out and, accosting the human scarecrow, went over him for concealed weapons. They soon found out that, gatless, he was also anonymous, but what was worse, far worse, he was bereft a draft card.

"And what may your business be, bud?" asked the law.

"Actor!" said Vincent Price, for it was he.

"Oh, a movie actor!" The gendarmes exchanged knowing looks, and the larger of the two said, "A romantic hero, I presume?"

Not so fond memories of what Hollywood had done to

him tempered the smile. "Ah, if they would only make up their minds!"

A little while after that Mr. Price reposed temporarily, but quite merrily, in the clink.

But if you ask Vincent Price, the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Dragonwyck," why such things happen to him, he will probably tell you it's because he would much rather be himself than the character Hollywood would like him to be. And that is fifty per cent *au naturel*, thirty per cent Thespian, and twenty per cent pure, unadulterated bum.

Consequently, and to the consternation of most everyone, including his employers and his friends, Vincent Price more often than not dresses in the tradition of the latter, talks enjoyably and enthusiastically in the picturesque patois and grows horrified whenever the studio wants to streamline him—which is about once every three weeks.

Some of his happiest moments are when he can go

"All Actors Are Bums"



She was actress Edith Barrett and he wouldn't leave New York without her. Result: Three Prices in Hollywood

He's an ardent art collector, opened a shop



He does his sculptoring (a hobby) with a screw driver

unshaven for days on end, slip into his sloppiest clothes, let his hair grow and quaff foaming tankards of beer with fellow bums like painter John Decker. Heaven help the dowagers of Beverly Hills, then, who would throw a party and invite him suddenly. Likely as not he would appear at his door to accept the invitation stripped to the waist, his aesthetic, rather handsome face smeared with paint, lipstick and egg. But you could be sure of one thing, he wouldn't go. That would mean wearing a tuxedo, or at least a bow tie, and such things he would rather leave to Errol Flynn.

The kind of party he would rather go to generally lasts until the dawn and what starts as a purely desultory conversation about the arts, ends with a breakfast in the dawn, actress Edith Barrett hopelessly kissing her husband goodnight, and Vincent and John et al spending the rest of the next day in the garage painting the (Continued on page 80)



He loves permanency—loves puttering around his home

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS

ANSWERED

BY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



Claudette Colbert, star of
"Tomorrow Is Forever"

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My mother died when I was six and my father, being a reckless, irresponsible person, never gave me the love and understanding I craved.

Albert and I were only fifteen when we met and became the very best of friends. I knew almost at once that I was in love with him, but I knew that he cared for me only as a friend. The two years Albert was overseas I went out with other boys and even became engaged, but my long friendly letters to Albert never stopped. My engagement had been broken only five weeks when Albert returned to the States. Of course he wanted to hear all my problems and even questioned my broken engagement.

For the next two years he was on the West Coast, where he met a girl, fell in love with her, asked her to marry him, but was refused.

Last fall, Albert was transferred to a base only a few miles from home. He asked me to marry him. I wanted to wait, but Albert didn't agree, so we were married a week later. There is no need to explain the happiness I knew. Albert was the perfect husband in every respect. I had love, understanding, a home, security—everything. Too good, I guess, to last.

We had been married four months when Albert told me that he had received a letter from this girl on the West Coast saying she had changed her mind and now knew how much she really loved him. Albert said he liked me, respected me, and would always be concerned about my future, but that he wanted me to get a divorce.

I love my husband and I want to preserve our marriage if it is humanly possible. What should I do?

Mrs. Victoria T.

If one may judge by your patient waiting, it would be assumed that you are a steadfast person. I approved of your suggestion that you and Albert wait a bit before marrying; that would have been a very wise plan.

However, he seems to have hurried you into marriage. Your entire description of Albert persuades me that he is quite as irresponsible as you are dependable; quite as emotionally adolescent as you are mature.

One thing bewildered me: You neglected to tell me whether Albert had told this girl of his interim marriage. To judge from your letter, I would presume that he had not.

Ordinarily, I believe that when a man wants his freedom and asks for it, there is little a woman can do and retain her dignity and self-respect, except to accede to his demands.

However, in your case, I think you have the character to tell your husband to wait until he gets out of service before seeking his freedom. He hasn't given your marriage a chance to sink its emotional roots; he really doesn't know his own mind, I'm afraid. Help him to grow up and to stand by his decisions.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

As you have probably noticed from my address, I'm a WAC. I love it, and my work, which is very interesting.

My father died when I was just a child and my mother married again. My stepfather has always been a very heavy drinker, but in the last few years he has grown gradually worse. In the course of these years my sister, my brother and I stopped having friends visit our house because of the terrible embarrassment connected with their visits.

In 1940 my brother could endure it no longer and went overseas to join the RAF. My sister waited for a year, then jumped into an unsuitable marriage just to get away from home. Since I was the youngest, I stayed at home until I graduated from high school. Just before graduation I received word that my brother had been killed in action; shortly after that, my sister secured a divorce.

After the death of my brother, I joined the Corps.

Since the war is over, Mother seems to think that I should come home again. I love my mother very much, but life in that house is something you can't believe unless you have lived in it. I would like to remain in the WAC and apply for overseas duty, but I know that Mother would be deeply hurt to learn of such a decision.

Perhaps you can help me.

Corporal Eva K.

There is one thing about your letter that bewilders me: Why, if your mother could see her children being driven away by their stepfather, has she persisted in remaining with such a man?

There may be some extenuating circumstance, of course—some fact that keeps her with her husband, yet a fact of which you know nothing. How- (Continued on page 70)

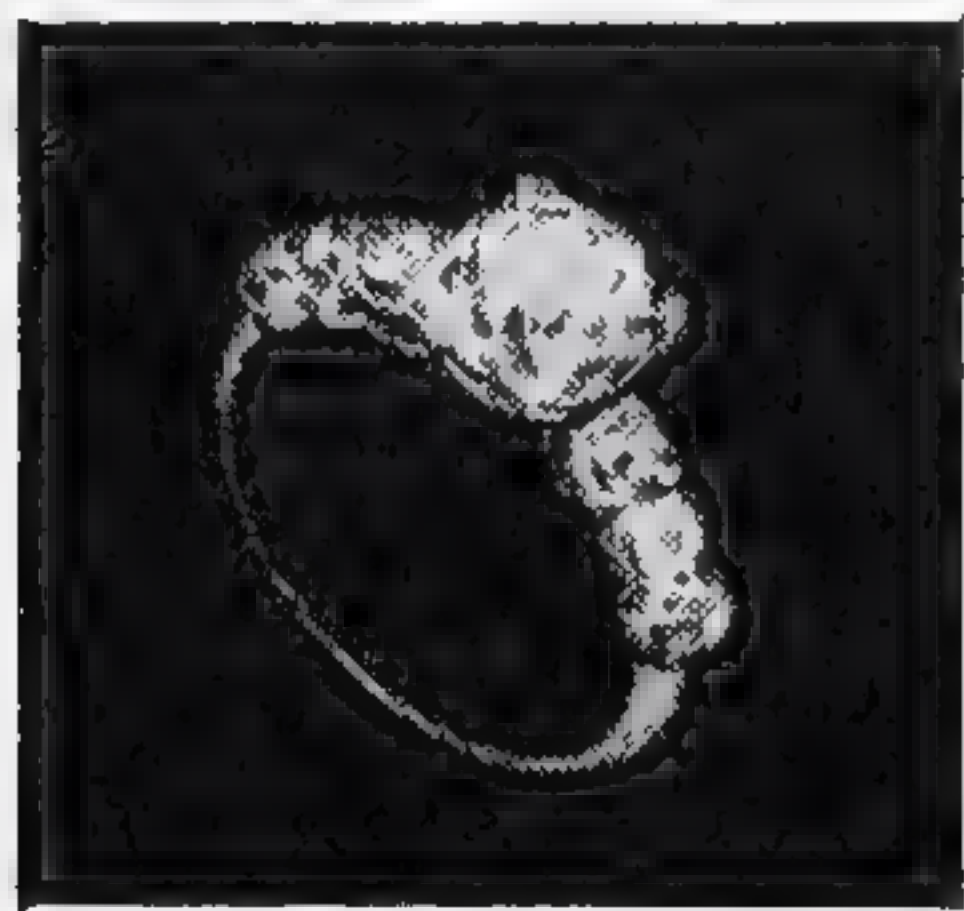
Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 83



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

SHE USES POND'S!



Her ring, seven diamonds set in platinum



Her beauty is gold and rose—aristocratic as an exquisite Venetian painting.

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

**DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. DAVID THOMAS II, CHESTNUT HILL, PA.,
ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE**

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. Another Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat

—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Ask for a big luxury size jar of Pond's today.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville*

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 68) ever, it is difficult to imagine such a thing.

It would seem to me that, since appearances lead one to believe that your mother prefers to remain with her husband while sacrificing the comfort of two of her children and the very life of another, you owe her only your love and loyalty on whatever basis you choose to give it.

If you want to sign for overseas service, it seems to me that you should do as you think will serve your future best. By all means, you should write to your mother as often as possible, and you should see her when you can, but it doesn't seem fair for you to have to be miserable in a home you abhor.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Mom and Dad were separated four years ago through the fault of my Dad and partly of his daughter, my step-sister. I'm very devoted to my step-sister and my dad, but my mother loathes my step-sister.

I have spent quite a bit of my life with other relatives, but I have graduated from high school and got a good job. I went to live with Mom again because she wasn't making much and was unhappy. I buy her a ticket whenever she wants to take a train to see Dad over the weekend. When I don't have the money she accuses me of hoarding my money for a trip to see Sis.

Now about my romance. I met Tom three years ago. At that time I was sixteen; he was nineteen. We were together for a year, then he went into the Army and we have corresponded regularly ever since. I promised to marry him as soon as he was discharged. At least, that was the understanding until recently.

Mom has said repeatedly that Tom is too good for me and that she was going to write to him and tell him all about me. I don't know what she could say because I'm a nice girl.

Tom has been back in this country almost a month now. The first letter I had from him was wonderful. Then he simply stopped writing. I know from Mom's sly smile that she has done something. I can't get an answer from Tom; I don't know what to do next.

My brother will be home from the Navy in about a month, so perhaps I should leave home and get along without a family. Mom and my brother are devoted, so she's going to be very happy to have him at the house.

Laura Louise L.

Since you are self-supporting it seems to me that you should strike out for yourself. Find other living quarters; maintain cordial relations with your mother from

a distance. Since your brother is coming home, she will have his companionship, as you have suggested.

As for the boy: If he doesn't think enough of you to write or to appear in person and ask you for a full explanation of your mother's accusations, he isn't worthy of you. For a man to believe derogatory information about another human being, without getting both sides of the story, is stupid, but still human.

After you have moved and established yourself in a new environment, why don't you write this boy frankly, telling him as much of your family problem as dignity will allow. Don't blame your mother too

Gray hair certainly shouldn't be allowed to cause anyone unhappiness.

If you wish to retain its original color, try a good dye. However, there are some people who have an allergy to hair dye. You should investigate this possibility carefully first. Personally, I think there is nothing lovelier than a youthful face framed by white hair. One of the loveliest women in Hollywood is Mrs. Ray Milland, whose hair is prematurely gray; she has never done anything about it except to keep it handsomely groomed.

It seems to me that, in the final analysis, dealing with gray hair is like dealing with any other item of one's personal characteristics: One should determine how that characteristic can be turned into an asset, then be grateful for it.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a WAC and have been for eighteen months. I have enjoyed my work and my companions very much, but the insults we have been forced to absorb are terrific. Men in service as well as civilians are constantly belittling us and making the most degrading accusations.

It is true that an occasional girl in uniform behaves in a common manner, but from the things I have heard from honest men in service the civilian girls of a certain type are not angels. Ninety-five per cent of the WACs I have met have been fine girls with sincere ideals. They joined up to wait for sweethearts in service; most of them have male relatives in service.

There are quite a few girls, like my-

self, who stay in barracks every night in preference to going out on a date and being insulted.

One girl who was discharged on points, applied for a responsible secretarial job in a large corporation (she had been secretary to a general and is a brilliant person), was interviewed by a corporation officer. Leering at her when he noted that she had spent two years in service, he said, "Well, you've had enough experience with men to know how to handle a little night work around here when it becomes necessary."

She simply arose and walked out on the interview.

If there is any way in which you can come to the rescue of a much-maligned and misunderstood branch of the service, not only I, but thousands of girls will be forever grateful.

PFC Earline W.

First of all I would like to say that all corporation officials aren't vulgar. Just as you are willing to admit that perhaps five per cent of womankind (whether in or out of uniform) behaves in an unfortunate manner, so you must admit that (Continued on page 103)

PORTRAIT PICKING TIME

All set to enter the race again this month to get the picture in color

of the woman star and the man star you wish to see in Photoplay?

Add your vote to help your favorite win!

Fill out the coupon below and mail to:

Color Portrait Editor

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please print color portrait of

(Man) _____

(Woman) _____

(My Name) _____

much; simply say that she is a difficult person with whom to live and that there has always been a clash of personality between you. If it is true that your mother has interfered, he may take your letter as a cue to write or to see you.

If you don't hear from him, it's possible that your mother had nothing to do with your severed love affair, and the boy simply has found someone else.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is that my hair is beginning to gray prematurely. I am twenty-six, single and in excellent health. Each night I massage and brush my hair religiously, yet the gray hairs are multiplying in alarming numbers.

As I look younger than my age in other ways, this condition is a source of great embarrassment to me and draws a good deal of comment from well-meaning friends. As I am a very sensitive person you can imagine how much unhappiness this causes me.

Would you advise me as to a possible solution? I hesitate to use dyes, not knowing much about such things.

Maybelle B.

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!

You who value your precious clothes, will adore the wonderful new, improved Postwar Arrid! It gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety for your clothes and skin. This new smooth, creamy Arrid is the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!



Fine Fabrics Return

Pure linen . . . pure organdy! These wonderful fabrics, which were war-time casualties, are now available again in summer clothes! Don't let perspiration mar their beauty. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. Our tests show it!



★ All Postwar Arrid packages have a star above the price.

FOR FORMAL EVENINGS, this stunning white linen dress . . . with transparent midriff and drop shoulder of organdy! To guard your precious clothes against perspiration, use Arrid daily. Arrid gives *maximum protection* against perspiration with safety to clothes and skin!

**Only safe, gentle Arrid
gives you this thorough 5-way protection:**

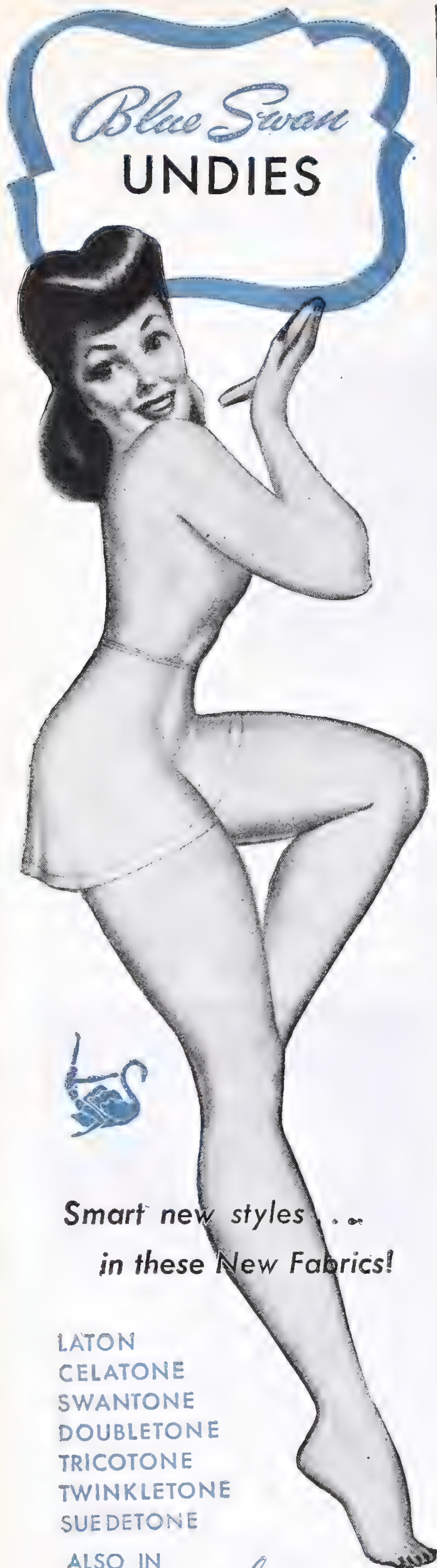
1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. Does not rot clothes. Does not irritate the skin.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too. Antiseptic.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

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A DIVISION OF McKAY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

Parting without Tears

(Continued from page 31) my request for an interview to talk about his marriage, largely because his friendship for Chris demanded it be clearly understood neither he nor she is at fault in any way that it is possible to remedy.

They wanted different things of their marriage, you see. Tom, shy and retiring, above all wanted a wife who would be an anchor upon all of those occasions when he is hurt and puzzled.

Chris was not such a wife and never pretended to be. She wanted the successful career which a series of unfortunate circumstances so far have denied her.

"Had a career worked out for Chris in another way I wouldn't have objected," Tom insists. "But I knew the stock contract offered her was not good from any point of view since, nine times out of ten, these contracts lead to nothing but disappointment and disillusionment."

That nervous shyness which marks Tom's personality and reactions springs, likely enough, from his youth. For he was only seventeen when he lost his parents and found himself suddenly facing insecurity.

As Alfred Alderdice, he knew all the comforts of a boy living in the midst of a well-to-do family. For instance, his father, a linen merchant, often would say at dinner, "We're using the linen that was woven for Buckingham Palace, I see." For should the slightest imperfection appear in the linen loomed for the English Windsors the American Alderdices used it instead.

Tom went to good schools, Iona in New Rochelle and later Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania where Jimmy Stewart had been a student before him. Then, when he was seventeen, his father, mother and older sister died. He and his other sister, Clare, found themselves alone with only a small income to keep them. Theatrical careers, they decided, were the thing.

It was that same year, 1936, working in summer stock at Poughkeepsie, New York, that they met Chris. In those days, however, her name was Isabelle Dunn. She changed it later to Christopher Dunn to have the same name which Clare, happily married, gave her baby daughter.

After that summer in Poughkeepsie, Chris went to New York and the musical comedy stage. And, finally, bouncing back and forth from a flop show to summer stock, Tom landed in New York too, in the hit, "Janie." Whereupon Chris's mother, who liked the two Alderdice kids, more or less placed Chris in their care. The three lived together in a New York apartment house, with Clare and Chris sharing a flat identical to Tom's on the floor above. And, soon enough, neighbors grew accustomed to Tom's poking his head out of the window to call to the girls.

The following year, Tom, off on a summer tour, learned Chris had married Michael Ames and gone to Hollywood

with him. They didn't meet again for two years when Tom too journeyed west to make "The Howards of Virginia." It was not a happy reunion, for Michael Ames had asked for release from his contract and Chris was dancing at the Florentine Gardens. Tom found himself heavy hearted over the plight of his old friend.

It was much later that Tom, who had been in New York, returned to Hollywood to make his hit in "Two Girls and a Sailor" and to learn of Chris's divorce. Then almost immediately both knew a flare-up of "that old feeling."

Lonely and bewildered as they both were, it was easy for them to convince each other that their lives would have been happier had they remained true to the attraction they had known for each other when, seventeen and fifteen, they had had their first kiss behind a flat of scenery up in Poughkeepsie. No need to wait to marry, they argued. Having been kids together, struggled together, taken disappointments together, surely they knew each other well. Too late they discovered how far apart the intervening years had left them.

We suggested to Tom that the housing shortage had worked against his marriage too. For, unable to find another house, Tom had had to take Chris and her small daughter to the house he had been sharing with Clare and her two youngsters.

But Tom shook his head. "At the top of the house Chris, her daughter and I had our own big room with our books and records. There was no need to care who was below or what went on. I didn't even mind when there were three Chrises in the house—my wife, my stepdaughter and Clare's child. Although when Clare told me she had hired a cook named Chris I did think we might be overdoing it."

We suggested his wife might have objected to so many under the same roof.

"I think not," he said, "because Clare and her husband got a house out in the Valley after not too long. And we still didn't make a go of it."

"Chris and I just didn't have what it takes to make a good marriage. We were, above all, friends. That was why it was so important for us to save our marriage, if we could; not only for ourselves but for each other. That is why I speak as I do now; so it will be understood that neither of us suffered any emotional anti-climax, called names or made accusations. A belief to the contrary in any quarter might harm the friendship we've always had."

Thus speaks Tom Drake. Only twenty-seven years old and one of the best looking lads in town, he makes few dates these days. While others play he works. Perhaps until he finds his ideal, Tom Drake will have to take his share of happiness in a career. And it won't be such a mean share if he has the opportunity to live up to the promise he shows in "The Green Years."

THE END

There's a **DARK HOUR**

in Gregory Peck's *past*

a time when the gods turned their backs and life was black.

DOROTHY DEERE got the dramatic secret from him and she'll tell you about it in an exciting story

NEXT MONTH

"Captivating!"

says Mrs. Gary Cooper,

"And that's why GAY-RED is a sell-out in Hollywood."

Wherever the elite of Hollywood gathers...you'll see alluring Tangee lips capturing admiring glances. Usually the cause of all the excitement is the thrilling new hit-color—Tangee Gay-Red. So let *your* lips go gay with Gay-Red, the light-hearted, carefree lipstick color *that gives you a lift!* And don't forget—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish—long-lasting and lovely-to-use.

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Look cool and inviting all summer long...by using the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. This Tangee triumph does not get "streaky" from perspiration—lasts for *extra hours* no matter what the weather man says.

Presented in six fascinating shades.

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MRS. GARY COOPER—
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YOU TOO CAN HAVE
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Watch Glenn Ford Go by

(Continued from page 46) aside by saying: "There's something about Glenn Ford—an air of loneliness, a sort of helplessness—that makes you want to do everything within your power to help him."

People have felt this way about Glenn ever since he can remember. Needlessly. Because it so happens that he has an independent streak which bears a close proximity to Gibraltar.

Soon enough, Bette, looking at Glenn's test, which proved to be slightly sensational, discovered this for herself. Other stars, however, failing to reverse their first opinion of Glenn as quickly and as astutely, have let themselves in for a number of Hollywood headaches.

It started way back when Margaret Sullivan was painfully tolerant of the "little theater actor" making his screen debut in "So Ends Our Night." So the story goes, Miss Maggie barely recognized Glenn's enthusiastic existence. Then they previewed the picture! In his charming, disarming, unobtrusive way, the same "little theater actor" stole every scene. Glenn Ford has been committing grand larceny ever since.

CURRENT and most conclusive "job" pulled by Glenn takes place in "Gilda." During production his name was listed along with other members of the supporting cast, so far as billing was concerned. The morning following the night of the preview, the front office made a revision. It's now Rita Hayworth with Glenn Ford in "Gilda."

"I look forlorn, I guess," Glenn muses, "because up until the time I went into service I was inclined to brood, subject to spells of depression. I had never learned how to have fun, you see. Being an only son, my father's death made me head of the family when I was just out of high school. I grew up by myself. I didn't make friends easily and I wasn't considered good company."

"I've always known it was a sense of kindness that prompted people to help me and when I discouraged them I robbed them of some kind of personal satisfaction, really. But there are times, of course, when I have to prove I can look out for myself."

Eighteen months have elapsed since Glenn resumed civilianship. Now that the pain of the past belongs to the past, he can afford to be philosophical. Compensations, though costly, he manages to find comforting.

Says Glenn in reflection: "In the Marine Corps, for the first time I lived side by side with fellows my own age. By learning about them, I learned about me. For example, I used to be afraid to say no to people. Afraid of hurting their feelings. As a result, I was constantly obligating myself to go places, do things, mingle where it made me uncomfortable. The Marines changed all that. I used to trust everyone. I was brought up to believe that all people are basically good. Today I can spot a phony. And I've learned to laugh at myself. Before I was inclined to give inconsequential things too much importance."

The change in Glenn is apparent in his reflected happiness. Together with Eleanor Powell and young Peter Newton, life is full and fascinating. Like so many service men, when he got out Glenn couldn't find a place for his little family. So he had to buy a house he could then ill-afford.

"My salary was small before the war," Glenn explains. "Naturally, I couldn't save on a sergeant's allotment. Eleanor had been living with her mother. But the house wasn't big enough for all of us. Our new home is too big for Eleanor to run alone. We could only afford one servant, so we de-

cided it was best to have a good cook. So we got Agnes who turned out to be a mere genius. This left Eleanor free to run the house, take care of Peter—which she wanted to do most because she had given up her career to enjoy a home and children."

From Glenn's point of view it seemed like good sound reasoning. But how it back-fired! On Friday nights Glenn has a standing date to go to the fights with Robert Walker. Otherwise he never goes out alone unless it's on studio business. Either Eleanor was so tired she had to stay home and go to bed early or they couldn't find a "sitter" for Peter. So they were seldom seen out together. Tongues began wagging. It's the one flaw in their happiness but they're determined to rise above it. With current domestic conditions, there's nothing they can do about it anyway.

Stripped down to his infectious smile, Glenn weighed 155 pounds when he enlisted. He came out weighing 170, still smiling. Today he is one inch taller. Glenn claims they just trained him to stand up straighter. Wearing spotless, non-starched white shirts he considers his biggest privilege as a civilian. Fortunately, he owned a good selection. He's been able to have them altered to fit his new body measurements.

Where his memory is concerned, Glenn claims kinship with an elephant. Consider his first day out of the service when he visited his favorite pipe shop. Four years previous he set his heart on a rare and imported meerschaum. He just had to add it to the 150 pipes already in his collection. The proprietor refused to sell it. Still optimistic, Glenn made inquiries. It meant so much to him. He did seem so eager. Overcome with the pleasure of greeting his old customer, the proprietor relented. Glenn made his purchase.

THE Fords also collect records. They actually own over 7,000, all catalogued and bound in red leather albums. Glenn's recording machine is equipped to take air-checks from broadcasts. As a result, you can hear almost every famous person or piece of music when you visit with Glenn and Eleanor. He doesn't like cats because they seem "so bored with everything but their own existence." Glenn loves dogs and right now is in the process of looking for a mutt and not a thoroughbred. "Like high-bred people, thoroughbreds are difficult. A mutt is simple." Glenn loves simplicity.

Seeking out new eating places comes under the heading of adventure. A current Ford discovery is the "Sportsmen's Lodge," situated amongst miniature hills and forests in San Fernando Valley. Pools of fresh-water trout actually make it possible for a guest to fish for his supper. Glenn and Eleanor love going to the movies. Ford favorites include Robert Donat, Claude Rains, Anton Walbrook, Raimu and Ralph Richardson. Glenn never misses them when they play at the local Esquire Theater.

Glenn's favorite review is one in which the critic referred to him as "A gnome-faced actor who has a way of standing up and sitting down—in pieces."

Glenn's one regret is that his father didn't live to see his progress and enjoy his family. Glenn's chief worry concerns his son Peter. Of this blue-eyed, healthy young individual, Glenn grows quite mellow.

"I hope Peter will never be spoiled," Glenn reflects. "So much is happening around us. I'm wondering what kind of a world is waiting for him. He'll need lots of stability to see him through. That's why, in a way, I hope he won't want to be an actor. If he does, naturally I'll help him all I can." (Continued on page 76)

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you...to him
don't spoil their charm
with lipstick smears

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appearance, on all occasions.

Don Juan stays on and your lips
stay lovely, when you eat, drink or
kiss, if used as directed. Don Juan
Lipstick is smoothly applied and is
not drying or smeary.

In fashion favored shades: try new
Medium Red, a true red, flattering,
youthful looking, or Raspberry,
darker, exciting. Other shades, too.

be sure yours is...

Don Juan
THE LIPSTICK
THAT STAYS ON



Matching pow-
der, rouge, nail
enamel & cake
make-up — for
beauty's sake.

Sold in Canada

(Continued from page 74) Despite his well-organized determination to be a positive kind of fellow, Glenn still can't resist a sales talk. So the closet in his bedroom is filled with hats. He never wears hats because, "they make me look like Charlie McCarthy." Speaking of his bedroom, Eleanor says that it looks as if it's been struck by a cyclone three minutes after Glenn walks into it. He hates wearing pajamas. Long before morning the lone sheet that covers him—doesn't! The cold night air pouring through three open windows stimulates him like a double martini—"made with Vodka, please."

Glenn has never quite gotten his fill of the taste of ice cream, the smell of baking bread, night driving with his car top down. "It's the happiest time of day for me, living on a hilltop and being able to look down on Ciro's," which is as close as he wants to get to a night club. Glenn has a recurring dream about houses and streets in Russia and China. He's never been there, yet twice in newsreels he's seen the very same places *after* he's dreamed about them.

AMONGST his dislikes are people—people at large gatherings, people who are late, people who are loud and make him feel conspicuous, any group of people that dedicates itself to small talk that proves nothing. Glenn dislikes *himself* because he can't learn to jitterbug and doesn't really want to, *himself* because he can't get up in front of people and play parlor games, *himself* because, "When I'm thinking about things, I look like I'm wandering around in a fog and unintentionally snub people." Glenn's one great suppressed desire is to give a banquet for all the Hollywood casting directors who warned him to get out of town because, "With that face of yours, you haven't a chance in the movies!"

So far as the public is concerned, "Gilda" is Glenn's first post-war picture. Actually, it was "A Stolen Life" with Bette Davis which is still to be released. Playing opposite Bette proved a milestone and a turning point for Glenn. Typical of Bette Davis, Glenn got every break.

As a result of playing opposite a star of the Davis magnitude, Glenn won a new contract at Columbia, a triple raise in salary and the role opposite Rita Hayworth in "Gilda." It was nice working with Rita. Also a source of great satisfaction. Back in 1940 when the world was young, they worked together in a quixotic little quickie called "Lady in Question." Said question, it seems, was a moot one. Glenn, thin to a cadaverous degree, nervous and self-conscious, was anything but happy in front of the camera. The plump, plain, pensive, black-haired (then) Rita was equally ill at ease and frightened.

"We played two spineless French people," Glenn remembers, "young, wistful Paris in the spring and all that sort of thing. We had a love scene outside, in front of a church. I gave Rita a gentle peck on the cheek. She lowered her eyes and blushed. Automatically, she drew away from me and I had to continue the love scene standing a foot away. The censors had nothing to worry about."

It was just at this stage of their respective careers that Rita was asked to category the ten male companions she'd select, if stranded on a desert isle. All good, clean, wholesome fun. Natch!

Glenn headed Rita's list of Lotharios. After his name, she wrote: "I'd select Glenn Ford because he knows how to make a fire with two sticks—and *that* can be very helpful."

Let us remember the year was 1940, B.O. (Before Orson!) All of which had nothing to do with one Glenn Ford when he read the story. Those two sticks were superfluous. Smoke poured out of his pores! In "Gilda," as the adventurer-gambler, Glenn spent three days loving Rita, hating Rita, smacking Rita. Charles Vidor (who also directed them in "Lady in Question") made sure that Glenn didn't pull his punches. Glenn himself, tall, terrific and tantalizing, sent Rita home at the end of each day, feeling as if she had tangled with a tornado.

Two sticks to make a fire—*indeed!*
Today, Rita is a much wiser woman!
THE END

ALL OUT FOR WILDE

Cornel wins the votes of two ardent fans

Gentlemen:

We have just heard the "returns" on the Academy Award Dinner, which has prompted us to relegate this tale of woe to you.

How the Hollywood masterminds could have passed up Cornel Wilde's performance as Chopin in "A Song to Remember," and instead given the coveted award to Ray Milland for his performance in "The Lost Weekend," is a little beyond our comprehensive powers. With due respect to Mr. Milland, who has been one of our favorites for years, we do believe that the "Oscar" was given to the wrong actor. The role of Chopin was no easy task; and Mr. Wilde did not just portray Chopin, he *was* the famous composer. Certainly no other actor could have given the role more finesse and appeal than did Mr. Wilde. Granted Mr. Milland did turn in a very good performance and, were it not for the Chopin role, we do believe he would have deserved the award.

To say the least, we were very disappointed with the outcome of the Academy Award Dinner.

Very truly yours,

Anne Medic - Betty Bates

Albuquerque, New Mexico

P.S.—There is also the school of thought that Cornel Wilde should get an award on the strength of being Cornel Wilde.

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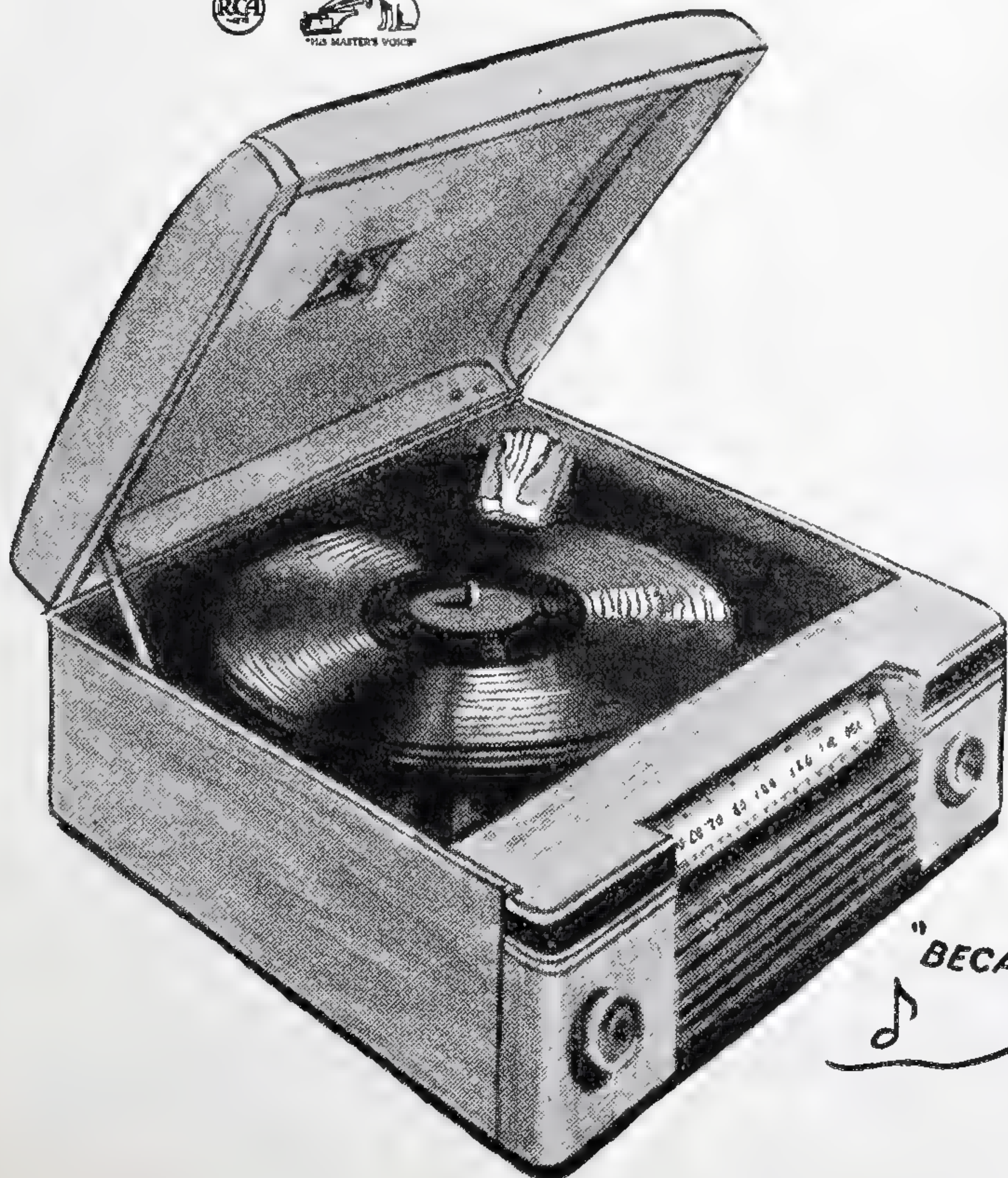
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"MOON BEAMS"

"I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU"

"THE ISLE OF OUR DREAMS"

"EVERY DAY IS LADIES DAY WITH ME"

"WEDDING BELLS"

"WHEN YOU'RE PRETTY AND THE WORLD IS FAIR"

(Continued from page 39) Frankie Sinatra, Mr. Bob Hutton, even Prince Mike Romanoff, that democratic, self-made prince.

There's a luminous aura hovering over Esther, golden in spirit and flesh—gold strands in brown hair and gold bubbles in gray hazel eyes under black brows and lashes. She reminds you in beauty and natural charm of Ingrid Bergman. In days of the Greeks she would have brought down the gods from Olympus who were most democratic, you remember, in dallying with earth maidens having auras and hips. As it is, she brought down Mr. Gage from Evanston, Illinois, bigger than Apollo and undoubtedly a better character. A radio singer with range both vocal and physical, he looks down fondly from an altitude of six feet five on his toy wife, just five feet seven.

For luncheon at Romanoff's Mrs. Gage, as our Beach Venus likes to be called, was dressed. This was disappointing. But that's the law. Still, with imagination and sharp eyes, you could see her as she disported in swimming pools and Billy Rose's Aquacade, making money, medals and so much commotion that Leo the Lion roared and licked his chops. She now exhibits exclusively with him.

IN "Bathing Beauty," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Thrill of a Romance" you appreciated her swimming form if you are a man, her breast stroke particularly if you are a sportsman. What probably you haven't noticed is that she has been slipping into clothes all along; she's that good an actress.

On seeing "Easy to Wed" her mother, who had been critically reserved till then, said, "This is Esther; the butterfly is out of the cocoon." What Mrs. Williams meant was that Esther's personality had emerged at last. The girl's a siren even under wraps, such as the mink dangling from her shoulders. Her unexpected frock was appropriate sea blue. Tillets of Mexico designed it and then threw the pattern away. None but our Esther could wear it. It was handblocked all over with white seaweed, yellow fish, pink lobsters and bug-eyed creatures that might be relatives of Eddie Cantor. All this seafood along with her tasty self made a bouillabaisse superior to any dish that day in Romanoff's. Indeed the other feminine diners suddenly looked sad and dehydrated, having spent their time mistakenly under lamps and dryers instead of on the beach.

Miss Williams ordered shrimp salad to go with her dress while Mr. Gage took chicken wrapped in crepey blankets and cream sauce. Into this Mrs. Gage promptly forked. As so many dieting beauties, she eats off other people's plates. Abstaining piously from dessert herself, she ate half her husband's banana cake and half her guest's, being always the soul of democracy and tact. What she really goes for is roast beef and potatoes and milk. She is a regular 4-H girl. You know those wonderful head-hand-heart-and-home kids from our farm country—youths tall and golden as Kansas corn and beautiful as prairie flowers—America's own nobility with ancestral pride in cooking, gardening, building and stock raising.

Esther has all this 4-H industry. She cooks, she sews, she dusts, builds and bakes. Together she and Ben remodeled the house they bought on a hill looking to the ocean. He painted and she papered; he built a desk and she made lamps out of cupidors and coffee grinders.

"We have to budget ourselves," she says. "We both make nice incomes but there are many claims and taxes and we are saving.

We couldn't afford to lunch in Romanoff's more than once a month."

This aroused husbandly tribute.

"Esther can cook better than anyone in this world," said Benjamin soberly. "I have eaten in Ciro's in Mexico, Waldorf in New York, Romanoff's here and I say honestly Esther cooks the best meal."

"My family would not forgive me if I couldn't," said Esther immodestly.

Both her parents were born in Dodge City, Kansas.

"My mother was a school teacher at seventeen. Wasn't she wonderful?" says Esther, implying a teacher at seventeen rates a movie star at twenty-four.

Her father was a commercial artist.

"I have the most wonderful family," she avers happily. "Parents, brother, two sisters, nephews and nieces. When we were children we had very little. One year during the depression we didn't have enough to eat but with such wonderful parents we never minded, we had such fun always. Home and family mean everything to me. How can anyone be so mistaken as to put career ahead of these? You would have enjoyed our wedding. It was so homey with all the relatives on both sides, our parents, Aunt Nellie, Uncle Chester, nephews, nieces and Ben's wonderful eighty-two-year-old granny who flew here from Evanston because we said we would not marry without her."

"I am shocked how little it takes to make some girls lose their heads," she said, and added quickly, "I'm grateful to Mother for giving us a sense of true values. My married sisters feel sorry for me. Each has two babies, and I look longingly as they change didies. Babies always will be the most important part of life and I hope I have lots."

SUCH talk in Romanoff's, the last place you would anticipate the patter of little feet! What is Hollywood coming to? It wasn't like this in the old days when a star wouldn't have a baby for fear of breaking her contract and losing her sex appeal. If the simple-minded stork did drop one where he shouldn't, a star, like as not, would say it was adopted. But now, good heavens!

"Everyone should have variety of interests, especially in this business, to maintain balance," said she, nodding across at Sinatra who was pressed even thinner than usual between two large attentive business men. "Frank is well balanced, so interested in child-welfare and teaching of tolerance. When I was in Mexico City, I had Mother fly down. It was her first trip there and she was delighted with everything. I took her to Ciro's, a very gay and colorful night spot. Frank Sinatra was there and he and Mother spent the whole evening in a huddle talking child psychology."

Mrs. Williams is a psychology teacher. In her Inglewood home she holds classes twice a week. One hundred women are studying with her to become counsellors of family relations. Some have followed her for eight years. While she was in Mexico Esther asked Tillets to design a dress for her mother, the first she ever had made to order. It turned out to be an affair of black and cerise, gorgeously tropical compared to the sober little frock. Mrs. Williams had been in habit of wearing. "Oh dear," she said surveying herself uncertainly in the mirror, "Whatever will my ladies say?"

With sore misgiving she launched it before the ladies at one of her classes. Next day she phoned Esther happily. "My ladies love it. They say it takes ten pounds off me."

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Checks Perspiration!
ALSO
Prevents Odor!



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You get Long-
Lasting Protection
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Esther herself is a psychologist. She has the intuition of the sympathetic heart. And she can read handwriting. Asking for the notes a reporter had been scribbling under the table she viewed them without blanching and said, "Your margins are nice." Honest but kind, she contrives always the encouraging word.

Esther was somewhat discouraged herself after her first picture, "Andy Hardy Steps out." None of her precious family made a fuss about it. When pressed, her mother said, "It was good, but it was not Esther."

Esther decided the honorable thing was to release Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from its ill-advised contract. "Of course I couldn't wait for them to decide," she smiles.

Recently on the radio Mr. Louis B. Mayer told humorously of the episode. When she called on him to thank him and release him from his unhappy error, he listened solemnly, then asked her if she would be so kind as to wait in the outer office while he saw another person for a moment. The other party was Clark Gable.

"How is it, Clark, you never have discovered any talent for us?" Mr. Mayer asked. "You have been around here a long time. Most stars are forever discovering new leading women."

Clark was startled by such talk. "You might start by looking around the outer office," concluded the chief.

In a moment Clark was back with Esther. "I'd like to make a test with Miss Williams," he said.

"I think it can be arranged," said Mr. Mayer.

With Messrs. Gable and Mayer both beaming on her she asked herself who was she to be flunking the Williams girl.

WOULD you have felt badly had you failed?" she was asked.

"Not too badly," she replied with one of her gentle smiles. "I could have gone back to modeling in Magnin's. Instead of a picture a year now I could have a baby a year. Two or three perhaps," she added ambitiously, and then by way of explanation to a startled listener, "Twins or triplets I mean."

Again, how times have changed! Every old-time star was supposed to be a Virgin Queen; now every one wants to be Madame Dionne.

In "Fiesta" Esther appears actually in the bull ring as a girl who substitutes for her brother, a toreador. The brother is played by the handsome young Mexican actor Ricardo Montalban, who is married to Georgiana Young, Loretta's sister.

"I predict he will equal and possibly top any of our stars," says Esther. "He has the little-boy quality, like Sinatra here, that appeals to the maternal in women. When a man has that he's sold."

And when a girl has maternal warmth, appealing to the little boy in every man, he's sold. Esther is adored by every male in "Fiesta" including the bull who was supposed to bunt her behind but instead, being a manly beast, just sort of pinched her. As who wouldn't?

THE END

BEWITCHING

BEAUTY FROM EIRE

Maureen O'Hara

Comes To Photoplay

In The August Issue



... and Freedom from DRUDGERY

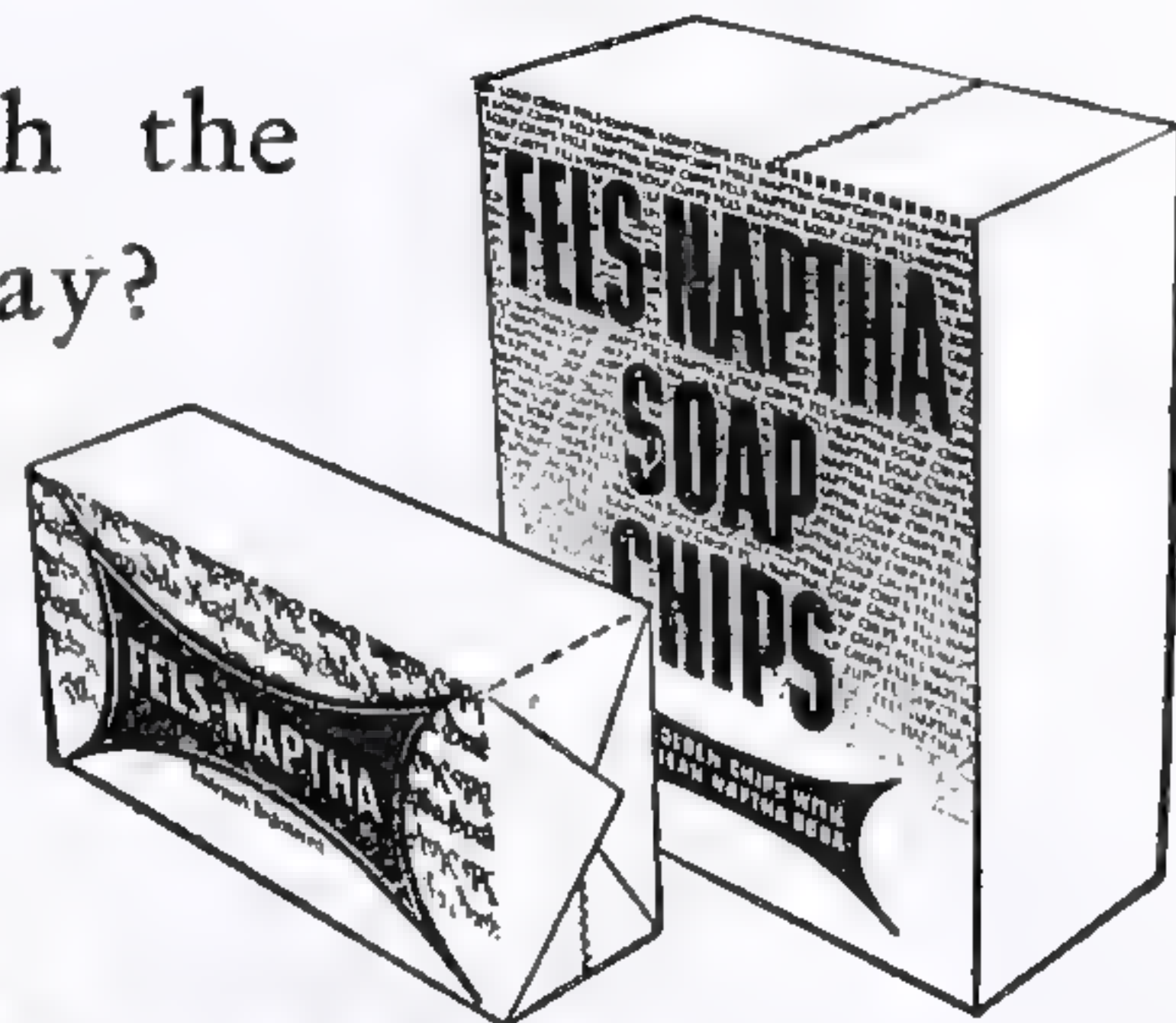
A married woman's life can't always be 'a bowl of cherries.'
But it needn't be just a tub of dirty clothes.

The up-to-date housekeeper tries to find a happy medium
between work and play. And on washday, her happy
medium is apt to be Fels-Naptha Soap.

To the safe and thorough cleansing assured by good,
mild soap, Fels-Naptha adds the faster, dirt-loosening
action of gentle naptha. This labor-saving
team can bring relief from the long, tiring
hours of ordinary washdays.

Why don't *you* do your wash the
easier, quicker Fels-Naptha way?

Remember — all work and no
play makes Jill a dull
companion, too.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

"All Actors Are Bums"

(Continued from page 67) back wall with Ciceran nudes. Then to round up the weekend, as it were, the actor plus whatever cohorts of the conscious Hollywood that are around, pile into his midget car called "The Bug" and to the resounding strains of the Valkyrie—led by Vincent's sturdy baritone voice—depart for his shack atop a hill overlooking the ocean.

There, for the umpteenth time and no matter how often they have seen it, Vincent Price shows his collection of pre-Columbian art, a fantastic family of small, squat and often rather hideous figures. "They could," says Vinnie, rather reverently, "have been producers. But the artists themselves—ah, what genius!" And the conversation that started a couple of days previously goes on as if nothing had happened to interrupt it.

Of this gay, rather unconventional pattern of existence, Vincent Price has but one thing to say, and not apologetically either. "All actors have something of the bum about them. And the better ones had more than a little of the trait. Like the late John Barrymore and Booth and Barrett and Cocquelin. All the greats have left behind them not only the memory of their art, but the richness of their lives."

THERE is nothing ponderous about Vincent Price, who would like to follow in the footsteps of those who have left their mark in the theater. He has quite a lot of ideas on how to go about this. But because Vincent Price doesn't believe in swimming pools, expertly tailored clothes and jowls trimmed up to look like the cheeks of a newborn babe, Hollywood wonders about him a little sometimes.

Then because Vincent Price loves art, he decided to open a gallery a short time back. This the studio didn't like at all. He was working just a little too hard at it, ferreting out promising young painters, catching all the art auctions from one end of the Coast to the other and, when the demand exceeded the supply, turning out a quite acceptable daub, himself.

In the heart of Beverly Hills, the gallery was an instantaneous hit, and actor-painter Richard Whorf sold thirty-four out of the thirty-eight paintings he exhibited. John Decker unloaded a whole month's supply and painters all over the country wanted to send in their work. That was when his studio started getting worried.

For one thing, there was a sudden, terrible fear that Vincent Price might set up shop in the neighborhood of his dressing room. The Twentieth Century-Fox lot, they pointed out, was not the Place du Tertre. Oh, it would have been all right if he had someone to run the place for him and do all the work. But no. Vincent Price not only had to talk to every artist himself, but what was worse he began to look like one.

Said one of the powers, "You're going to be a star and we're going to see that you not only behave like one, but look like one!"

The truth of the matter is they will never be able to make Vincent Price act like an actor off the screen. He wasn't able to do that when things weren't as bright for him as they are now. And when, instead of being seen in pictures like "The Eve of St. Mark," "The Song of Bernadette," "A Royal Scandal" and "The Keys of the Kingdom," he was dying a million deaths in a series of slow-moving, puffed-up B's, that he called TTTT pictures. They were Typical, Trite, Topical, Trivial, Terrible.

Blue-eyed, gangling, six-feet-four and fair-haired, Vincent Price was brought to Hollywood on the crest of a Broadway wave of public and critical acclaim.

"I learned that after 672 performances of 'Victoria Regina' I was all of three things: Another Gary Cooper, a new type of leading man and the most exciting acting discovery in years," says Vinnie, and adds sadly, "But after 672 days in Hollywood I was convinced of still three more things: A big mistake had been made, I should go back to Broadway and someone should apologize to Mr. Cooper."

In those early days, and many good notices notwithstanding, Vincent Price always kept his bags packed for a swift return to New York.

But the time came when the story was to have a happier ending. The actor signed a long-term contract with Twentieth, with the promise that he be accorded roles suitable to his talents. They made good their word by casting him in exciting roles in the aforementioned good pictures.

As the domineering, emotional *Nicholas Van Ryn* in "Dragonwyck," Vincent Price has been given Hollywood's acting plum of the year. It was both a crown and a challenge for everything that has come before. That he has emerged with flying colors very few have any doubt.

Vincent Price loves permanency. His family has had the same butler for forty years, the same laundress for forty-two years, and their chauffeur has been with them for forty-five years. However, the cook is new; she has only been with them nineteen years. Vincent thinks that most things, especially friendships, can be like that too. But Hollywood he wonders about sometimes.

Vincent Price was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on May 12, 1912, the son of Vincent and Marguerite Wilcox Price. His father was a wealthy biscuit manufacturer. By birth, he was not compelled to struggle for a living. He deliberately chose to struggle. But first he absorbed all the education he could at the exclusive Community School in St. Louis, the St. Louis Country Day School, Yale University and the University of London before he set foot on any professional stage. In case he failed to achieve his first ambition—which was to become an actor—he was prepared to become a professor of history.

AFTER winning his bachelor's degree from Yale, he became singing coach and in his spare time made the rounds of theatrical agencies with no success whatever.

It seemed to him that every time a boat arrived from abroad, down the gangplank walked some unknown who was immediately hailed by some Broadway producer as a "talented new discovery." It occurred to him then that it might be wise to go abroad for a year or so. Ostensibly, he went over to become equipped as a teacher. But he spent far less time at the British Museum than he did in the stalls of the London theaters. He also spent considerable time with a trio of young actors who lived next door to his lodgings.

Finally he was equipped to play Prince Albert in "Victoria Regina." Gilbert Miller, the New York producer, saw the production and sent for Vincent to repeat his role on Broadway.

Vincent Price walked down the gangplank of the ship that brought him back and was frantically hailed as a "talented new discovery"—a little more than a year after he had been turned down by every actor's agent in New York.

"Victoria Regina" kept him busy for three solid years, from 1935 through 1937. The movies couldn't help discovering him, but for a while he resisted all Hollywood offers. Principally, he was loathe to leave New York while a rising young actress, Edith Barrett, still remained single.

But eventually he won the girl—and they went west.

Now as the star of "Dragonwyck," Vincent Price might well relax. At the end of the long road there is, and heaven forbid, a swimming pool, a mink coat for Edith, a European education for Vincent Barrett Price, aged five, and possibly the Academy Award.

All is not grave that glitters in the merry blue eyes of Vincent Price. At moments when the talk gets a little too serious even for himself, he will say gaily, "Let's go quaff a tankard of ale." Then, likely as not, you will hear gayer stories from the lips of the young actor. How, for instance, he came to play the part of *Nicholas Van Ryn*. He had read the book one night and finally putting it down at midnight, he said to Edith, "This is for me!"

"Yes, dear," said Edith, smilingly, and wondered how lamb chops would taste reheated four times. She went into the kitchen and by the time she got back her actor-dreamer-husband had vanished. And the copy of "Dragonwyck." He had gone to bed to re-read it until dawn. The lamb chops stayed where they were.

THE next morning Vincent Price was up with the lark, and when producer Ernst Lubitsch arrived in his office at Twentieth Century-Fox he found the actor sitting there waiting for him. Says Vinnie, "He felt after I had asked him for a test that I was perfect for the part, except that I might not look romantic enough on film. I took the intervening thirty days before the promised test to lose twenty-five pounds—and when I appeared, made up and costumed for the test, Lubitsch said, 'Well, that's one worry over with. You look wonderful. I know you can act. Now let's find something to worry about.'"

But the worries that were to follow weren't those of Mr. Lubitsch or the director of "Dragonwyck" or anything to do with that picture. They were something that had the publicity department not only perturbed but baffled. Here in the making was a great new star. Only he didn't look like a star and sometimes he didn't even look like an actor.

Someone had the bright idea of talking to Vinnie about it. The press agent entrusted with the delicate mission knew how to go about it. "Let's go quaff a tankard of something cold," he said. Vinnie was delighted. There was a little place right on the beach, within a stone's throw of his hill-top cabin, that had a view of Catalina, green fields and boats lying in the harbor.

There the press agent, quaffing a tankard of Mexican beer, spoke subtly but succinctly of matters that were not only on his own, but on his boss's mind. Glibly he bandied the names of expert tailors, fine haberdashers, sleek used cars that ate up a lot of gas and huge annuities that would bring the Normandie, Biarritz and the Ritz bar within the grasp of the up and coming actor. It seemed to him that Vincent Price the star of "Dragonwyck," could hardly be happy with unpressed pants, unshaven cheeks, sports shirt open at the neck, eating in drive-ins. That and saturating himself from head to foot with the remnant of the paint with which he was painting an old house he had just bought.

"There's a whole new world opening for you," said the p.a. blithely.

"And you think I should dress formally for it?" asked Vinnie, anxiously.

The press agent nodded happily. Vincent Price leaned over and tapped the pewter tankard. "How did the pink champagne get in your cup?" he asked with a sly glance. (Continued on page 82)

who's up a tree!



when it comes to playclothes,
Jantzen has taken care of every angle
...and every curve, too...with
marvelous-looking things like this exclusive
printed cotton twill two-piece, rayon
jersey lined 6.95 (right)... "Clam Digger" (left)
long shorts of Juilliard Sanforized cotton
Jib Cloth 6.95, and many other such sunny jobs,
just as beautifully-tailored as Jantzens
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LORETTA YOUNG

. . . always decorative and delightful, soon to be seen in Paramount's, "The Perfect Marriage"

* * * *

To make you the loveliest—a Fred Perlberg Original of Bloomsberg Polonaise faille with matching gauntlets and rose-trimmed pockets. Also in heather or maize. 10-16 and 9-15. \$25.00 at Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 90)

(Continued from page 80) "But you're going to be a star," said the press agent, feebly. "You've got to look like one. Not like a—a—"

"A beachcomber?" smiled Vinnie.

"That's putting it rather politely," said the p.a.

A dreamy look came into Vinnie's eyes and he gazed out to sea. "Know what I'm going to do when everything happens to me you say is going to happen to me? I'm going to get myself a live bait boat and fish my way to South America."

"No yacht?" said the p.a. despairingly.

"No yacht," agreed Vincent Price, and said consolingly, "But I would like to own three homes." The press agent brightened, and Vinnie added, "Yes, three homes. A shack in town, a shack on the beach and a one-room apartment up in Central Park."

The story has it that at this moment the press agent exploded, "But you have all that now." Vinnie nodded and stared silently out to sea. He didn't say anything and even the press agent was silent. He must have realized that, after all, there really wasn't anything more to say.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions





ot his eyes with

For men love polka dots. These

will delight you too—they're so

new and cool!



Romance

LORETTA YOUNG in private life is Mrs. Thomas Howard Lewis of Holmby Hills—mother of Judy, ten, Christopher, going on two, and Peter, not quite one year old. To her family and friends Loretta is fondly known as “Gretch”

Left, a ruffled Bertha to frame a glowing face . . . This Colleen Original of “Regency” rayon crepe is the answer to summertime grooming. Gray, green, navy or luggage. 10-16. \$22.95 at B. Altman & Co., New York, N. Y.; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Right, Crisp and waist whittling . . . A Pat Hartley cotton with cap sleeves that ripple into a perky bow and *really* big pockets! In blue, pink or beige with contrasting dots. 10-16 and 9-15. About \$15.00 at Thalheimer’s, Richmond, Va.; Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 90)



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LISETTE VERA

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Summer

CAROLE LANDIS

... who stands 5' 6" and weighs a scant 110 pounds. She was born in Fairchild, Wisconsin, on New Year's Day. Her real name is Frances Ridste and her married name is Mrs. Horace Schmidlapp. And her new picture is United Artists' "A Scandal in Paris"

For summertime fun—hip slimming Juilliard corduroy pedal pushers and a Sanforized cotton blouse, by Korby. Each piece about \$6.00. In other colors. 10-18. Gimbel Bros., New York, N. Y.; Pfeifer Bros., Little Rock, Ark.

(For the store in your vicinity where the clothes on these pages will be available write the manufacturers listed on page 90)





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Bra swimsuit with a winged inner uplift to make your glamour soar! Gantner's suspended beauty bra raises your bust...even robs your hips of bulky inches. At finer stores everywhere!

Made by GANTNER & MATTERN CO.
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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

The most sensational and star-dusty party given lately was that at the Clover Club. The hosts were Cary Grant, Eddie Duchin, Jimmy Stewart and John McClain. And the sky was the limit for glamour. Never have the screen lovelies looked lovelier and we might mention that Hollywood has gone décolleté mad; the gals can't get 'em cut low enough. Most of the beautiful shoulders were bare with shoulder straps completely eliminated. "Stays" it seems are here to stay—we mean the kind that hold up those topless evening gowns.



At the party:

Paulette Goddard in a beautifully draped gold lamé gown. It clung to the well-known Goddard figure in all the right places and was slit in the front to the knees. Practically backless, it was softly draped across the bust with one shoulder bare and the other draped with a slim bit of lamé. Gold sandals. No ornament in her hair and NONE of her terrific jewels. She knew her costume itself was striking enough.



Rita Hayworth was a vision in a heavy white crepe gown which was beaded from neck to hem with tiny white beads and threaded with gold. There was a slit in the front of this severely cut gown to show the famous Hayworth ankles rising from white and gold sandals. No straps—no jewels—just a huge gold bracelet and a big square gold locket.



Norma Shearer, too, wore a slinky gown fashioned of a gold and white brocadish fabric. It also was strapless. It also was cut low and heart-shaped. It also was slit to the knees. Norma wore no jewels and her hair was piled high in a braided crown.



Randy Scott's wife and Henry Fonda's wife wore almost identical gowns—both so smart and both with the long slit. They were of black crepe

and featured tiny waistlines and snug bodices topped with huge black crepe ruching which accentuated their slimness. Both gowns were strapless (this is getting monotonous). Pat Scott wore no jewels. Frances Fonda, on the contrary, wore a gorgeous diamond and sapphire clip at her throat, earrings to match and a big oriental sapphire ring.



Joan Crawford enhanced a beautifully simple black net dance frock with her gorgeous diamonds and sapphires. She wore diamond and sapphire bracelets on both arms, a diamond and sapphire clip (about 80 carats) on a tiny black cord around her neck and an enormous star sapphire on her left hand. The skirt of her gown which gathered to a tiny waist was very full and flounced gracefully as she danced.



At a less formal party given by Veronica Lake and Andre de Toth for Howard Hughes at The Club, Veronica wore a brocaded lamé (silver and rose colored) cocktail suit, with gloves and draped turban to match.



Cornel Wilde's wife, Pat Knight, was as dramatic as usual in a two-piece cocktail dress. The jacket featured enormously wide black and white satiny stripes. The skirt was slim and black.



At the cocktail soiree tossed by Wynn Rocamora, who manages a lot of stars, the gals really outdid themselves in the fashion department. Diana Lynn, who helped Wynn "host" the party (though this doesn't mean they're "going steady" or anything like that), wore a short cocktail dress of black taffeta. A tiny black velvet band bound her hair and she didn't even take off her very short white gloves when reaching for the hors d'oeuvres. Zachary Scott had a wonderful time teasing Reggie Gardiner's pretty Nadia about the mad hat she was wearing. But who would mind that? Men just simply don't know.



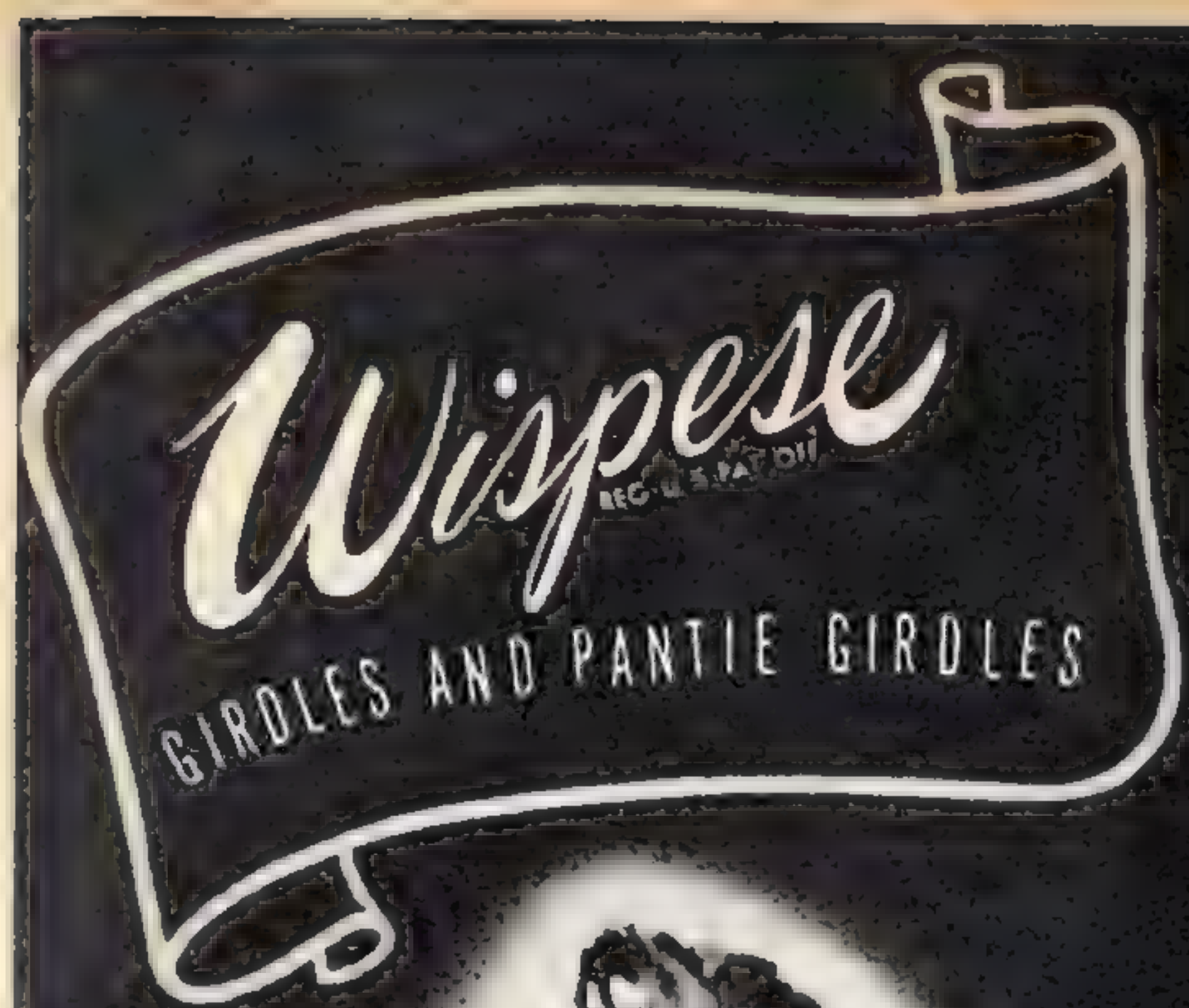
Vicki Lynn

South of the border charm...

A Vicki Lynn blouse in white,

maize, pink and blue. Sizes 32-38 only.

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Pin wonderful red roses at the belt of your basic dress. We promise you'll look anything but basic!!

For dress-up evenings go coquettish; carry a flirtatious fan.

Have you seen the exciting big squares of silk that can be worn so many different ways? As a gilet, turban, belt or just knotted and anchored at your waist letting the ends blow where they will.

Make a dinner blouse of striped satin and tint some white shorty gloves to match the blouse's predominant color.

Very warm for July item: Carry a parasol that will be color-right for all your little cotton dresses.

Wear a gay taffeta petticoat under your skirt and let it blow—let it blow—let it blow!!

Ever think of taking Grandfather's heavenly old-fashioned cane and having it made into the newest and smart-

est-looking umbrella of this year?

Why not make a little pouch bag to match your prettiest summer dress—just big enough for compact, comb and lipstick.

Does your last year's favorite summer hat have a crown? if so, remove it and have the newest hat! Just a brim and your own shining hair for the crowning glory.

If you're doing over your bedroom this summer get a little extra fabric and make a matching negligee.

If you belong to the up-swept hair-do school take your pearls and twist them in and out of your coiffure for the evening you never want him to forget.

Bonnets are the thing this season! So take a tip from your little sister . . . Wear the most romantic flower-strewn bonnet you can find. A bonnet shape, assorted flowers and imagination will produce one at little cost.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Evening dress

Fred Perlberg
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Polka-dot dress with bertha and daisies

Gladdy Colleen
1400 Broadway
New York City

Polka-dot dress—large dots

Pat Hartley
1400 Broadway
New York City

Two-piece dress with striped skirt

Rhea Manufacturing Co.
1350 Broadway
New York City

Pedal pushers and blouse

Korby Sportswear
1410 Broadway
New York City

Black linen hat

Betmar
1 West 39th Street
New York City

Frontier Guy

(Continued from page 61) contract, for him to fly.

Rod is now starring in "The Runaround" with Ella Raines, making love to her for the cameras by day and taking her to hockey games by night—on nights when he doesn't take Yvonne De Carlo to hockey games. There is considerable talk about Rod and Yvonne, but not by Rod, who is as taciturn about such things as a Gary Cooper. When he doesn't take his ladies to hockey games, which it seems they sometimes get tired of, he takes them to jam sessions.

As a romantic lover on the screen, either lady might tell you, Rod is making satisfactory progress. But apparently he is even more romantic under water. There's one of those scenes in "The Runaround" in which he is supposed to fall into a swimming pool with Ella Raines. They emerge, dripping and kissing.

Despite the fact that Miss Raines emerged with a cut lip, there were no complaints—not even from Miss Raines.

BOOGIE is his great love. Reports of rare cacophonies performed by hot pianists in obscure joints off the beaten path of Hollywood and Vine inspire hours of exploration. He is as ardent as a New England lady on the trail of an antique. The works of Art Tatum, Pete Johnston, Albert Ammons and other practitioners of the new art form are tonic to Rod Cameron. He collects their recordings and is a performer on the ivories himself.

As a result of this passion, Rod's small house in Dark Canyon is frequently the scene of jam sessions lasting far and loud into the night. He lives with his mother and his sister, patient women both. Like many performers of the esoteric left hand, Rod never had a lesson.

Another love is hockey. Whether the studio will permit him to do it or not is questionable, but the Hollywood Wolves—that's a hockey team, honest—want him to play forward with them next season. The big bosses know that he has frequently worked out with the Wolves in practice. What they don't know is that Rod played three full games with them last season under his real name of Cox. He was thrown off the rink for whapping an opponent across the pate with a stick in the third game and whisked out of sight in a hurry to avoid publicity.

Many of the Wolves are old school chums with whom he shares tender memories of head-hitting and shin-barking with sharp skates during a Canadian boyhood.

What most people don't know is that Rod migrated to California—when the depression began to curtail jobs—with no ambitions for pictures whatsoever.

"I had acted in a church play once," he reports. "My sister got me into it. I had nothing to say. I walked on and I walked off. I was considered adequate."

Then followed the succession of jobs, including selling chemicals to fruit growers. This is a fine business if you get paid, which Rod didn't. He then worked in a five and dime store. All told, he had thirty-five different jobs before acting occurred to him.

One day a tall young man walked into the David O. Selznick studio and said he wanted to act. There was instant commotion. Executives and assistant executives began to break out in rashes of pink memos. Casting directors rejoiced.

"We have found the Tarleton Twins," was flashed around the lot. "The Tarleton Twins for 'Gone with the Wind.' This man can be both of them."

Rod gulped and said, sure, he could play two men, he was big enough.



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"Got a Guild card?" he was asked.

"Why, er, no."

So they threw him out. Just like that. No Screen Actors Guild Card, no Tarleton Twins.

Rod had sat on so many hall benches by now waiting to see executives that short people were using the seat of his pants for a mirror when he finally became an actor. A friend in San Francisco gave him a note to Edmund Goulding, who immediately cast him in "The Old Maid" and gave him a scene with Bette Davis. Rod made his first appearance before any camera in a sequence with Bette.

"Good!" said Goulding. "Wonderful!"

When the picture was about to be released, Rod asked Goulding again if it was really all right. "Wonderful, my boy!" said Goulding.

So Rod spent all his money for tickets to the premiere, packing the orchestra seats with family and friends. They breathed hard for two hours waiting for the new actor's big scene with the redoubtable Bette Davis. It didn't come on because Mr. Goulding had cut it out of the picture.

"We all went out and cut our throats," said Rod.

Rod snagged another chance, quick. He was up for a leading part in "Arizona," and the papers were about to be drawn when suddenly he was discarded. An executive producer threw him out because, he said, Rod had a scar on his nose. He has no scar on his nose, but when an executive producer says you have, why, brother, you might as well grab a knife and cut one. He finally wound up at Paramount.

And this is where he learned how to act.

"Mostly in tests. I tested with everybody." Then Westerns, when they could find horses big enough to carry the big man. He couldn't ride, that being a sport not taught on the Canadian lakes where Rod comes from.

HIS break came when he summoned nerve enough to quit Paramount and freelance. "Pop" Sherman, the Hopalong Cassidy entrepreneur, snapped him up, put him under contract, and gave him a little fame as a cowpoke player. Opportunities for bigger parts showed themselves as a result. The Sherman contract stood in the way.

Rod hurried to the Sherman office to buy his contract, prepared to mortgage his soul to get out of it.

"I think we're not getting anywhere," he began. "What do you say we call the deal off?"

Sherman looked overjoyed.

"Sure," he said, "What'll you take to cancel the contract?"

And that is how the ex-hole-digger happened to play in "Mrs. Parkington" and opposite the delicious Yvonne De Carlo in a remarkable picture called "Salome—Where She Danced." From then on, everything has been onward and upward for Rod Cameron. Conservative opinion, backed by important flurries of fan mail from bobby-soxers and debutantes, has it that Rod, who is a very hot dramatic bet right now, will soon move into Cary Grant territory as a light comedian. He is as rugged as a bulldozer but he has a dry wit. It's inexplicable, but wit and good humor are revealed on screen as importably as broad shoulders.

Like most rugged men, Rod Cameron has a certain complex about being an actor.

In San Francisco for a location sequence at an airport, Cameron appeared after lunch with his make-up askew.

"Go fix yourself, quick!" commanded the director.

There being no studio facilities at an airport, Rod hurried to the men's room,

paint and powder in hand.
He emerged fast, like a man who'd stepped right into the middle of a snake pit.

"Not on your life," he bellowed. "That place is jumping with sailors. Me stand there and put paint on my face? Think I'm crazy?"

Rod's real name is Roderick Cox, and he was born in Calgary, Canada, Dec. 7, 1910. His father died when Rod was a child, and he has made his own way since the age of twelve. This included semi-professional football between amateur hockey games.

Aside from hockey, football, flying and boogie-woogie, hunting, fishing and Yvonne De Carlo, all enterprises recommended for extraverts, Rod has another hobby which may surprise you. He carves in rare hardwoods and in ivory.

His woodcarving, though exceptionally good for an amateur, is sometimes difficult to understand. Recently he did a portrait bust of Broderick Crawford. In oak, of course. This was being admired around the Universal lot when Rod, with excess artistic zeal, decided to make an improvement with a pocket knife. Then his hand slipped.

Rod tried the best he could, he says, to repair the error, but no matter what he did, that head kept coming out exactly like Frank McHugh. And that's the way the matter rests today.

His next artistic project will be an attempt to carve an elaborate set of chessmen from a walrus tusk, with an inlaid table to match. He is hopeful that this will in no wise resemble Mr. McHugh.

You are invited to agree that this is a reasonably short story about an interesting man's life. But it comes a long way, at that, from sandhog to movie star. Rod has taken it in comfortable stride. His legs are obviously long enough to reach the ground, even if his eyes are on the skies.

THE END

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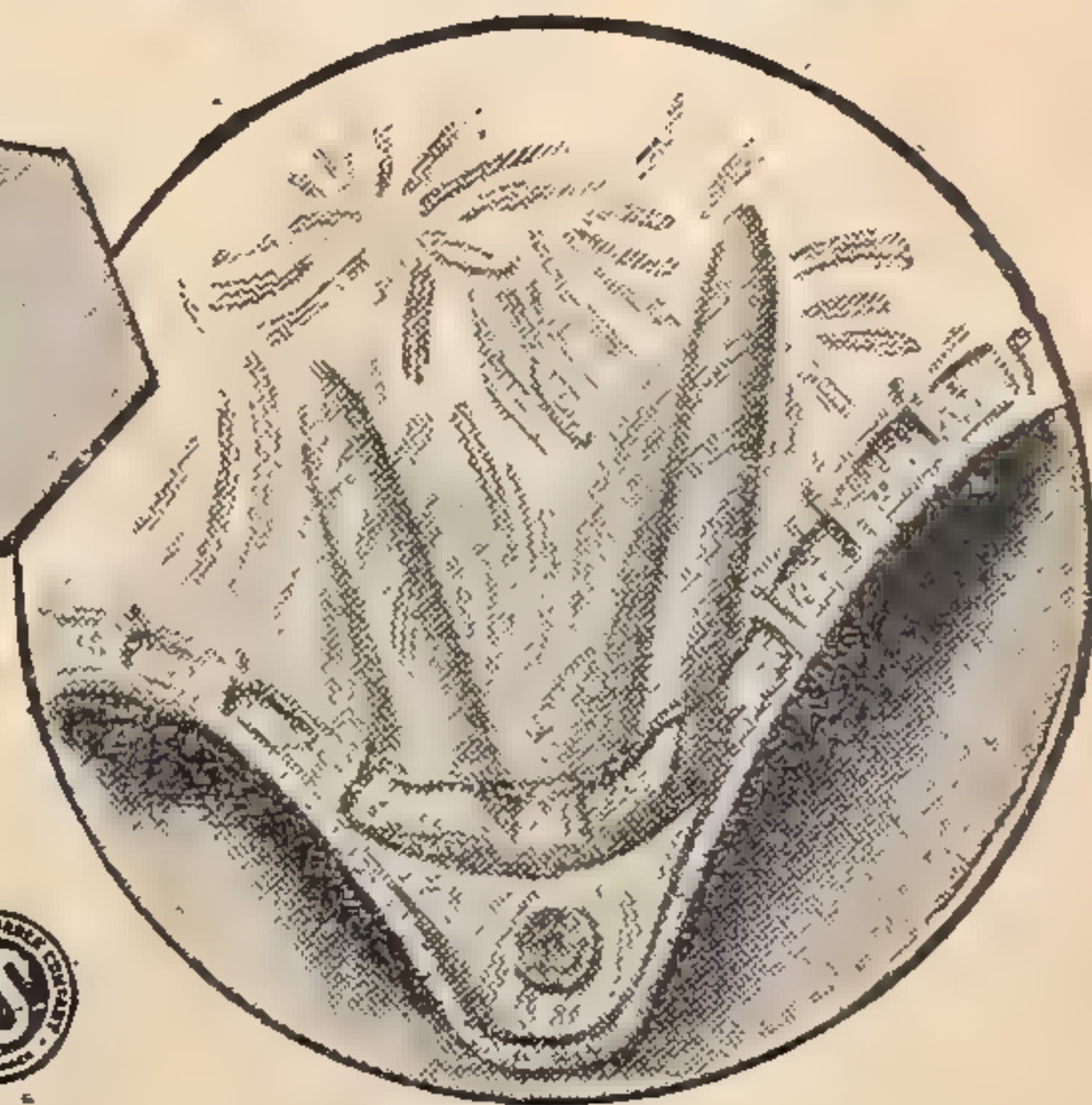
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(Continued from page 55) had lights installed under the water. And the strawberries she's planted in great urns at both ends of her pool continue abundant in spite of her guests' hearty response to her hearty cry, "Straw-ber-ries! Straw-ber-ries!"

Swimming pools! Hollywood dines beside them, dances on them (I'll explain this apparent miracle later) and builds houses around them. But any swimming that is done in them, except for the children, is done in the strictest privacy. For even beautiful people are not beautiful when they emerge from a pool, dripping, their eyes bloodshot, their hair limp and stringy.

Sometimes, of course, public swimming is done inadvertently—as it was at a party a few years ago when a most dignified star, wearing a dazzling sequined gown which cost over \$800, made a substantial and optimistic bet that she could paddle across a pool in a canoe. She maneuvered herself into the canoe and got halfway across smoothly. Then the canoe ran true to form and she had to swim for the other side. This took time—time enough for her sequins, made of fish skin, to melt away, revealing her in a sheath of net.

IT'S GEORGE Burns and Gracie Allen who give dances on their pool; on, I hasten to add, a portable dance floor which rolls over the top, making a wonderful outdoor ballroom.

George and Gracie's pool also has a sturdy fence around it. The tragic death of the Lou Costellos' son in their pool two years ago caused all the Hollywood stars with children either to build sturdy fences as George and Gracie Burns did, or to swing a net over their pools when they are not in use.

Before Victoria James's arrival Betty Grable regarded her pool gravely. And before Vicky could toddle a picket fence was added.

Not only does the Paul Henreid pool have a fence surrounding it, but there is an electric buzzer installed by Paul himself which rings a warning whenever his children open the gate.

Also, once a week when the pool is turned over to the neighborhood kids, including Fred MacMurray's and Henry Fonda's children, Paul, who awards prizes to the winners in the swimming races, acts as an ever-alert life guard.

Joan Crawford's pool is enclosed by a white ship's rail made of wire twisted to look like rope. A small lifeboat, complete with oars, floats on the water at all times. So do three life preservers prominently lettered "U.S.S. Joan," "U.S.S. Christopher" and "U.S.S. Christina." The fourth preserver which used to read "U.S.S. Phillip" is missing these days.

At the end of Joan's pool is a tremendous playhouse which accommodates a woman's dressing room, a man's dressing room, a large playroom for the children and a professional theater, which seats fifty to seventy-five, is equipped with twin projection theater-size movies and has a stage with footlights and curtain.

Speaking of Hollywood's pools, ten people had good reason to curse them roundly the night of Orson Welles's now famous party. Instead they whistled!

In the middle of Orson's pool is a fairly large island. It looks, for all the world, like a scene from *Pelleas and Mélisande*. Secured to the side of the pool is a little boat. The night of the party Jimmy Durante decided to ferry couples—who-wished-to-be-alone over to the island for a ten-dollar fee. Within the same hour

that he had his brain-storm Jimmy showed me \$50.00 which he had collected for the Red Cross. Then, however, Jimmy locked the boat to the heavy chain that secures it, put the key in his pocket and went happily home.

Came the dawn and Orson was awakened by hoarse whistles and cries. Five marooned couples, discovering that as tempus fugits love fugits too, were demanding to be rescued. Since Orson first had to get the fire department to file the boat chain, it was bright morning before the last unhappy couple was ferried back to the pool's mainland.

Some of the Hollywood swimming pools overshadow any Roman bath ever built, both in size and magnificence. Tiles which form maps, dragons and signs of the zodiac gleam through water as crystal clear as filtered air. And at night, with the underwater lights on, they are out of this world!

SONJA HENIE'S pool, set in a formal garden behind her lavish home, is one of the most beautiful in town.

Cornel Wilde's is beautiful too—but in a more decorative way, looking a little like Shangri-la. For at Cornel's home up in the hills with mountains all around the pool, cabana and barbecue are entirely surrounded by fragrant orange trees.

"At night," Cornel says, "the deer which roam the mountains jump my five-foot fence to drink at my pool. I see them often in the moonlight."

The pool of Preston Sturges, the director-producer who gives us pictures like "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "The Great McGinty," is practically a small summer resort. It's irregularly shaped and surrounded by informal groups of trees. His old-fashioned, friendly house is an annex to the pool, really, because of the perfectly enormous playroom which links the two and offers a beer bar right next to the water.

"So," Preston says with a wink, "guests can fall into something reasonably soft."

Actually the stars must enjoy their pools in private as much as they avoid them in public. For the plans of all the new post-war homes find pools all important.

Ray Milland's house is to be built around his pool which will be a perfect circle.

Alan Ladd, a champion diver, talks constantly about the pool he's rebuilding on his new twenty-five-acre ranch out in Hidden Valley. The house on this ranch

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burned down fifteen years ago and never was rebuilt. The pool wasn't damaged. Alan, however, intends to retille it. And already he has built, by himself, a huge trellis for wisteria. So there'll be shade when the valley weather grows hot.

The most fantastic pool in town belongs to Kurt Kreuger. To build his pool, Kurt, who lives high up in the hills, had to have that part of his terrain which juts out over the city flattened and excavated. His pool appears to hang on a ledge. Those who swim in it can look down on Hollywood.

The most costly pool in town, if not the most elaborate or decorative, belongs to Ginger Rogers. When Ginger built her home high on a hilltop she allowed \$85,000 for the entire enterprise; house, pool, roads, landscaping—everything! But her pool alone cost nearly that because of the series of deep criss-cross concrete reinforcements and the heavy retaining wall that the undertaking required—unless Ginger wanted the first heavy rain to wash her pool downhill.

The smallest and least expensive pool in town, as you wouldn't expect, belongs to Esther Williams! Esther's pool, which came with the house, looks like a hole in a vacant lot. The water pumps aren't even screened with shrubbery. And when Esther and Ben Gage, also a good swimmer, are in the pool together there's no room for splashing.

"But it is big enough for us to get wet," says Esther, "and to keep us cool."

THE largest natural pool in town is enjoyed by the Sinatras. It's Toluca Lake, one quarter of a mile long and three hundred feet wide. Where his lawn meets the shore Frankie has had a boathouse built. On his "pool" Frank keeps a sailboat and a rowboat and when he gets hungry he can hang out a line and snag a bass. Beside the lake Frankie and Nancy give their famous hot dog parties. And Sunday evenings also they use the lakeside barbecue.

"It's more fun that way," according to Nancy, "and it saves an endless amount of work inside."

Perhaps the funniest story is that of the luncheon Cole Porter gave beside his beautiful pool not long ago. Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith were there. Cary Grant and Betty Hensel, Ethel Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Fred and Phyllis Astaire, Clifton Webb, Artur Rubenstein and his lovely Nella, Orson Welles. . . .

We sat down to the most delicious cold soup preceded by the usual melon ball cocktail. But when the main dish was due we waited and waited. After about half an hour Cole's chef rushed up and whispered to him. Cole laughed heartily but said nothing. A little later in came two great platters of chops. I thought mine tasted odd and I noticed Ethel Barrymore didn't eat hers at all. Which was strange, as Cole serves the best food in Hollywood with the possible exception of Arthur Hornblow, epicure par excellence.

The next day, however, Cole telephoned to tell me the whole story. An extra waiter, brought in for the party, who had been carrying the chops from the barbecue, failing to notice where he was going, had stepped ker-plunk into the pool. Whereupon he and the chops had had to be rescued, one by one. And chops, evidently, taste no better after a baptism!

Installing a pool—a little number about fifteen by twenty-five feet with filter, circulator and pump costs about \$3,500 and involves a monthly upkeep of twenty-five dollars—is only the beginning. Next comes special landscaping, pool-side furniture, gay rubber animals resembling nothing recorded by any zoologist, dressing rooms, showers, diving boards—or perhaps a gooseneck-shaped platform like that of which Jon Hall and Frances Lang-

ford are so proud. Their pool, fifty feet long, is plastic lined, of an elliptical shape with sweeping steps leading into the water.

Tyrone Power and Annabella, on the other hand, have supplemented their pool by an outside stairway leading to the second floor of their house—so it's not necessary to traipse through the first floor in dripping clothes.

Some pools, naturally, become more famous than others. Lucille Ball's, for instance. The pool at her Chatsworth ranch house looks like Hawaii, for it is bordered by palm trees with a grass hut to house the barbecue. Its fame springs not alone from its beauty, but from the lavish birthday parties Lucille gives here every year—the only parties, incidentally, that ever see Lionel Barrymore any more. They're costume parties always and last year Lionel, arriving in his wheel chair, wore the flowing mustache and bright striped bathing suit of an old-fashioned lifesaver.

Even Hollywood's bigger and better apartment houses have pools; like the Sunset Plaza where Joan Caulfield lives. This pool is Joan's special delight. "During the war it wasn't too good; empty most of the time," she says. "But now the owner's son, back from overseas, keeps it brightened up—even heated on chilly days!"

Some of the stars prefer pools with a rustic atmosphere—spend young fortunes, in fact, to have them reminiscent of an old swimming hole.

Henry Fonda's pool is adorned by a little rustic bridge and dressing rooms which look like a boathouse. With the mountains in the distance it all has a decidedly New England air.

Allan Jones's new pool is to simulate a pond in a forest. His diving board will look like a huge tree branch hanging out over the water and ferns and moss will cover any and all signs of concrete.

Laraine Day's pool is naturally rustic; a damned-up brook. "It's idyllic," she says, "except when it rains and my 'pool' overflows over the soft white sand I carted in so I can lounge on a sandy bank in the sun. Then the mess is horrible!"

They started something, those old Angelenos and first movie stars, when they thought they had the ultimate in luxury if a concrete pit graced their back garden. I well remember the way those old pools were drained and refilled only when the fungus became too thick to swim in or bred too many mosquitoes. For, naturally, it wasn't long before local engineers, masons and architects decided Hollywood swimming pools could be made to pay off in a big way—and they have!

THE END

**"Me marry?
I like my freedom
too much"**



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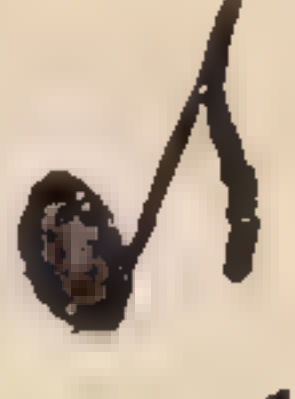
 **NIGHT AND DAY:** In advance of this film, Victor has issued a large and enjoyable album of eight Cole Porter pops sung by Allan Jones, including "Rosalie," "I Got You under My Skin," the title tune, and the deathless "Begin the Beguine."


 **THE LOST WEEKEND:** Another fine example of mood music for movies written by Miklos Rozsa, composer of the "Spellbound" score, which it closely resembles. Al Goodman's Victor orchestra, with Vladimir Sokoloff at the piano, does the recording. For just about the oddest diskpairing of the year, President Truman's favorite "Missouri Waltz" is the companion piece.


 **DENNIS MORGAN:** Warners' star gives out with a rousing package of melodies from Romberg's operetta "The Desert Song." This Columbia album leaves something to be desired but Morgan's fans will cry for it.


 **THE KID FROM BROOKLYN:** Danny Kaye's latest Goldwyn nugget of mirth and music has two hits—"You're the Cause of It All" and "I Love an Old-Fashioned Song"—and Freddy Martin (Victor) plays them handsomely. For a more intimate interpretation of the latter tune try The Three Suns Majestic platter.

 **FRANK SINATRA:** The Voice rejoices with two fine songs from "Centennial Summer," Jerome Kern's posthumous film work. "All through the Day," the love song, is already a full-blown hit but "Two Hearts Are Better Than One" should get plenty of support, thanks to the way Sinatra wraps it up on this Columbia disk. For another slick Sinatra pressing try "You Are Too Beautiful."

 **MAKE MINE MUSIC:** Walt Disney's musical treat has all the music makers playing overtime. Benny Goodman provides the rhythm number, "All the Cats Join in" (Columbia) and Noro Morales (Majestic) and Desi Arnaz (Victor) groove "Without You," the former playing it as a bolero while Arnaz gives it a rumba beat.

 **LOVE STORY:** This film will be remembered for its elaborate theme, "Cornish Rhapsody," a piece comparable to "Warsaw Concerto." Henri Rene's orchestra (Victor) think so well of it they devote both sides of their latest platter to it.

 **ONE MORE TOMORROW:** The title tune is a pleasant love song. Tex Beneke's Glenn Miller Orchestra has turned it out for Victor.

 **THE CLASSICAL CORNER:** Victor has just issued a flawless album of Grofe's colorful tone poem, "Grand Canyon Suite" with the incomparable Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony . . . Rise Stevens brings stirring excerpts from Bizet's "Carmen" in a new Columbia Masterworks edition . . . Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, played by the exciting Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky is another Victor classic . . . For piano magic, try Vladimir Horowitz's Victor rendition of Prokofieff's Sonata No. 7, Opus 83 . . . And for those whose musical tastes are undisciplined, Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale" has just been disked by Victor. The Cincinnati Symphony plays it with Eugene Goossens on the podium.



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COBURN

Marguerite Chapman
in "The Walls Came Tumbling Down"
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Original by Max Factor Hollywood*

Latins, Love and Lana

(Continued from page 34) the swank country club just outside the city where the American colony mingled with the diplomatic set, the Peruvians, and the Pan-American pilots whose base is Lima.

Outside lay the golf course and tennis courts; in Lima, but a few minutes' drive away, was the Grand Bolivar Hotel for dancing, and fragrant Oriental food in the many Chinese restaurants. There was much to learn; of Chosica, for example, located on a hill a distance from the city where people go to see the sun.

"See the sun?" Lana echoed, amazed. "Certainly," was the answer. "In Lima it does not appear for weeks at a time."

And there was the souvenir Lana was to give to the city which the newspaper El Comercio had begged for: an autographed portrait to be printed on the paper's front page. "Por intermedio de El Comercio," Lana wrote, "saludo al simpatico y culto publico peruano"—"Through El Comercio, I salute the friendly and cultured Peruvian public."

As the plane took to the South American skies again, Lana could see from her window the famous Mount Misti—great volcano with conical shape—and below, grassless plains stretching out for a thousand miles, where no rain has fallen for forty years, and then, an astounding forest of oil wells that seemed suddenly to stud the ground beneath her.

IN kaleidoscopic succession followed names and sights they had never imagined; refueling at Antofagasta in Chile, Santiago in its emerald-green setting, taking off to fly across the majestic Andes, where at times the jagged mountains soared above the wing tips, losing altitude on the sloping far side to skim low over the flat, treeless pampas of Argentina, circling and coming in at the capital of Argentina, storm center of international politics—Buenos Aires.

Whether it was the wait for the plane, the pastel dress, black hat and mink coat she wore, or just Lana, the crowds surged in so uncontrollably on the landing field that she and Sara were separated and swallowed up by swirling streams of police, airport attendants and happy admirers. Not until separate cars raced into the famous Plaza Hotel did either know what had happened to the other.

In a week it seemed as though they had always lived in the Plaza, as though they had always walked down the handsome main street, Calle Florida, where the chic stores were located, as though they knew the night clubs of Buenos Aires as well as they did Mocambo in Hollywood—the Rendezvous, the Gong (a truly Argentinian club), the Cabana where the steaks are world-renowned, the Alvear Palace Roof (much like the St. Regis Roof in New York) where the samba, the rumba, the conga are danced.

And always around her, whether she was at the Grill Room of her own hotel where the dark-skinned Hindu makes the curries for which he is famous, or whether at the colorful San Ysidro racetrack or at one of the great ranchos where feasts were spread in her honor, Lana felt the pressure of Argentina's pre-election campaign for president, which Peron was to win some weeks after she had gone. Violence and impassioned opinions clashed in the background darkening with the threat of angry mobs and the sharp sound of bullets the week she spent there.

From the ferment and unrest of Argentina they flew north to Rio de Janeiro. Rio's greeting was hysteria, pandemonium. As the plane circled for its landing, a loudspeaker began to shout out news of

her arrival to the thousands packed in the airport below. Lana, watching from the plane window, suddenly was frightened. She had been away, now, more than two weeks, had flown nearly 8,000 miles, and she was tired. The cold that hadn't seemed to bother her in Buenos Aires had been growing steadily worse since they left. Crowds jamming near the plane no longer seemed friendly, adoring audiences but relentless mobs.

"Hold my hand," Sara instructed and Lana, with a smile, wearing a black dress and flower trimmed hat, stepped from the plane. The next minute the crowd had crushed in on her. She and Sara were wrenched apart, she felt as though she were being trampled down into the pressing swarm. Nowhere could she seem to see the police escort. Suddenly she burst into tears. Restrained, the crowd dropped back a little and allowed the police to extricate her and whisk her into a car.

When they finally were reunited, Lana's exhaustion and the cold determined them to proceed immediately for a week's rest in the mountain resort town of Petrópolis, forty miles outside of Rio.

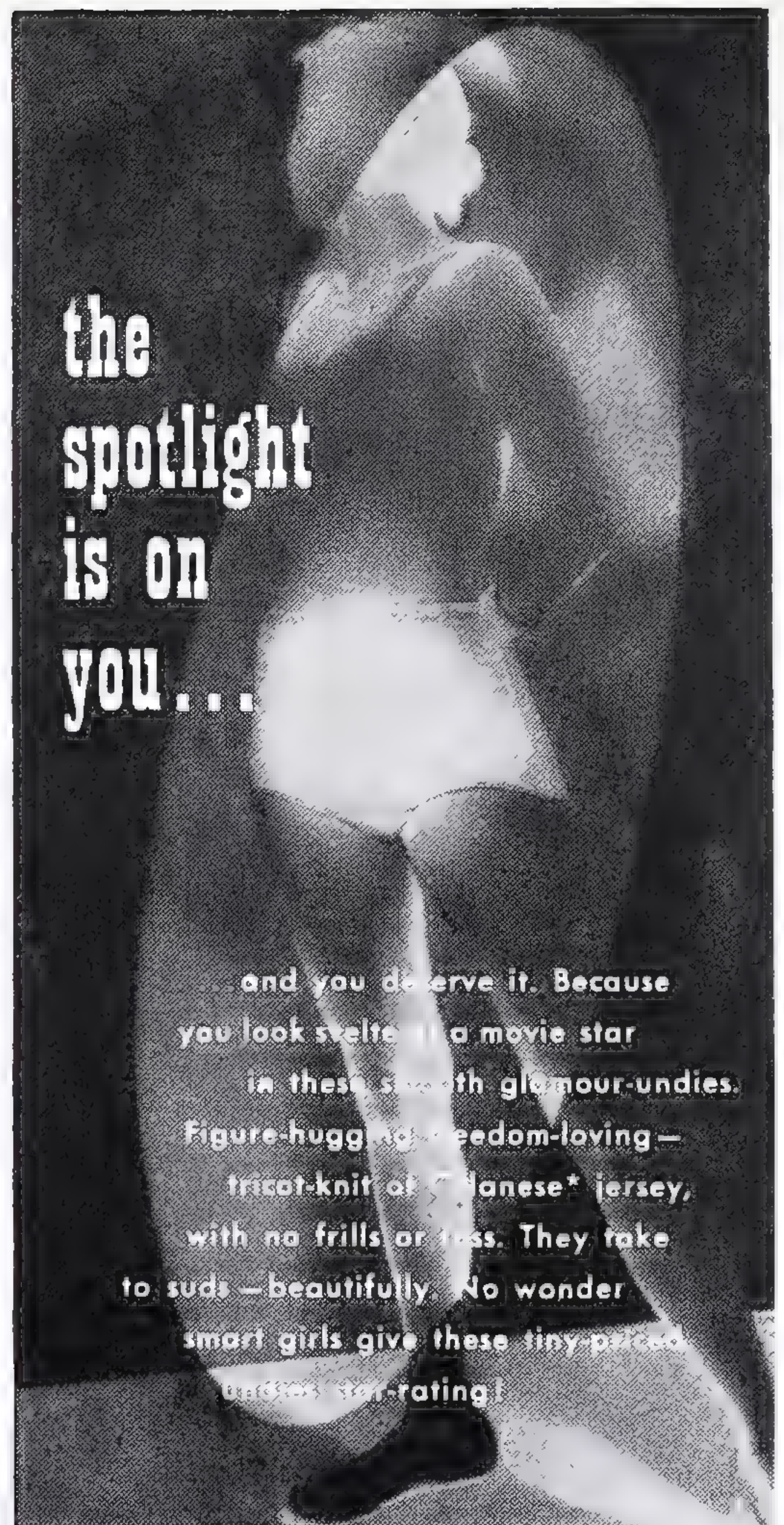
Rest? Certainly the spacious Quitandinha Hotel, a fabulous ten-million-dollar structure, half Swiss chalet, half Walt Disney castle with its giant bird cage flashing with tropical birds in the lobby, should have been an ideal spot for relaxing. But no sooner were Lana and Sara established in the Presidential Suite, which was once occupied by King Carol of Rumania, than the corridors began to hum with people to see "the great North American star of sex appeal."

STILL suffering from the annoying cold, Lana got out of her sick bed to express her appreciation for the honor that was being paid her by everyone from fans to diplomats. As a matter of fact, the moment had clearly come for a bit of diplomacy on her own part. For the Brazilian press had championed the disappointment of the people at not having had their share of her presence. Already there had been a couple of incidents. Yes, clearly, explanations were in order.

And the girl with the white gold hair was more than equal to them. February 8—her twenty-fifth birthday! She would have a party for the press at the Quitandinha complete with birthday cake. She would—and she did. What's more, the press loved it. And they loved her in her short black silk skirt and polka dot blouse. It was here they dubbed her "Miss Whirlwind." With the strains of the "Happy Birthday" song still vibrating in the air Lana launched into the delicate matter.

Through the formal medium of interpreter, she began in a voice still hoarse from her cold: "Since I left Buenos Aires I have been ill with a cold. When I arrived at Porto Alegre I didn't want to cause a bad impression, so I wished to stay in the plane. But this was impossible. I asked them not to photograph me because I didn't look well. This is the cause of that unfavorable attitude against me. In São Paulo I was able to remain in the plane. By the way, I'm not on a publicity trip; I'm on my vacation and not an artist's tour. I love the fans, but for all my love I don't want to deceive them or appear ill, disfigured or indisposed to them. And this has caused another bad impression. Here in Rio, you gentlemen know what happened and you know it has made me unhappy. But you also know that all this has been the work of chance, a quirk of circumstance, that I am not at all to blame."

Thus the Brazilian press came, saw, was conquered. Lana could then enjoy the



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LOVE WENT PACKING

Through . . . done for . . . all our dreams and sharing, and our little "love nest" of a home! . . . Foolish me—not to realize it was my fault our happiness was spoiled. I thought I understood about feminine hy-

giene. But it took my doctor to save the day for us. He pointed out, oh so emphatically: "Once-in-a-while care just isn't enough". . . and told me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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birthday ball given her that night at the hotel and many was the gasp of pleasure as she made her entrance.

But a still more enticing vista was presenting itself to the two little "North Americans" . . . Mardi-Gras . . . Carnival in Rio . . . those mad, sweet days and nights before the Christian world embarks upon Lent. Wouldn't they stay for them? A quick council of war between Lana and Sara with the foregone conclusion: Of course they would.

Their headquarters now became the Copacabana Palace Hotel back in Rio, from which they were to see the town for the next four weeks. With Americans, Brazilians, Frenchmen, Peruvians, Irishmen, they saw Rio by day and by night. The Avenida Rio Branco became the Wilshire Boulevard of their new world. Copacabana Beach lay just across the street from their hotel. Beyond it stretched the beautiful harbor of Rio. Behind the city stood the statue of Christ on Corcovada Mountain. At night, they could see the light-sprinkled outline of Rio harbor, with the Christus illumined like a mother-of-pearl cross.

THERE is much to see at night in Rio. The most famous night club in the city, the Copacabana, is a part of the Copacabana Palace Hotel. There is the big gambling casino, also part of the hotel, where it is exciting just to watch the faces of the players around the roulette and chemin-de-fer tables. There is the little room off the casino—the "Media Noite," meaning "Midnight Room." And outside are other brilliant night clubs—particularly the Urca Casino and the Atlantida.

Nearly always they dressed formally for the evening. Lana wore evening gowns in every color of the rainbow, mingling like a Northern flower with the charming, fastidious women of Brazil who are among the best-dressed women in the world. Portuguese, the language of Brazil, was all around her like constant music. There was the theater displaying her latest movie, titled for Brazilians "Eramos Tres Mulheres," meaning "There Were Three Women." There was, furthermore, the amusing discovery that in Portuguese the word "Lana" means "wolf." Endless presents flowed in—flowers, candies, perfumes, exotic South American gifts of all kinds, even a Llama and two race horses!

Lana's whole visit was building up to its gala climax—the Mardi Gras Carnival. She went whole heartedly into the spirit of Rio's famous holiday celebration. For the four mad days that it lasted, winding up the day before the start of Lent, she watched, fascinated, the entire city's hysterical happiness. Around her were the shouting, laughing crowds that serpentine the streets day and night, in brilliant-hued costumes and masks and spraying perfume at everyone they met. Gay and grotesque parades wound through the boulevards, there were parties at night clubs and in the palatial homes of Brazilian friends. Rio was a city drenched in color—in clothes, in banners, in music. At the end of it, on March 6, Lana and Sara looked at each other and said as one, "Home!"

They arrived at Miami, Florida, on March 10—almost two months and 12,000 miles after they'd left the United States. In a short time they would be home again. But Lana had grown up since she had gone. She had had a birthday, she had learned finally and completely that fame brings publicity and an obligation to a public—and she had also learned that a certain kind of woman can never move in anything but excitement. That kind of woman is Lana!

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) ninety-five percent of the men in business and industry are well-behaved gentlemen.

The experience of your friend was infuriating and it's a shame that that man couldn't have been crawling around in mud, dodging lead, during the war so that he could appreciate the efforts of every single person in uniform.

There is nothing to say in defense of some of the comments of civilians and GIs except that a civilian always remains an individual and civilian conduct (male or female) is judged on its separate merit or shame. On the other hand, any person in uniform is part of an organization, and his actions reflect upon a mass instead of upon himself alone. I don't say that there is justice in this—there isn't; I say only that many human minds operate in that fashion.

Don't worry. Just as ninety-five per cent of the WACs are fine women, so they are judged by ninety-five per cent of the population at home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and my mother is thirty-four. She is very pretty in spite of her age. She has been a widow since I was six and she has worked herself into a very good job. Working in the same company is a man four years younger than Mother who seems to like her very well.

He is lots of fun and very handsome. When he went into service he asked my mother for a picture of herself. Mother and I both had our pictures taken (separately, not together), so I gave him one, too.

Now that he is discharged, he comes to our house frequently, but he acts as if I'm not even there, outside of speaking to me politely. One afternoon he did take me shopping—we were buying a birthday present for my mother—and we laughed and sang as we drove along. We had a wonderful time and I thought he was beginning to pay attention to me, but when we got home he only talked to Mother.

When he comes to the house I put aside anything I've been doing and go sit in the room with Mother and this man. Sometimes I think this annoys Mother, but she never says anything. She sort of smiles.

I like this man very, very much. What can I do to make him notice me? I'm prettier than my mother, I'm sure,

Ginger

Suppose that the captain of the football team began to ask you for dates; suppose you were pleased and flattered and went with him whenever he asked you. Suppose he had to be away for awhile and asked you for a picture, whereupon your mother also gave him a picture. Suppose that when he returned and came to your home, your mother always made it a point to drop whatever she was doing and join you. Suppose, also, that she flirted with him, doing her best to attract his attention.

How would you feel about that?

I can almost hear you lifting your voice in furious complaint.

However, that is exactly what you are doing to your mother. Apparently you think that thirty-four is an advanced age for your mother, but that a man of thirty is not beyond your scope.

Your mother must be a very forebearing woman; having been a widow for eleven years, she certainly is entitled to some happiness after her time of grief and hard work. Perhaps, if you would begin to treat this man like a father instead of a potential boy friend, she might

BORDERLINE ANEMIA* can ruin your looks and good times!



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ALMOST EVERYWHERE you go, you see pale people, listless people, people whose enjoyment of life seems at low ebb. Yes, and so often it's a Borderline Anemia—resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—that deprives them of vigor and fun.

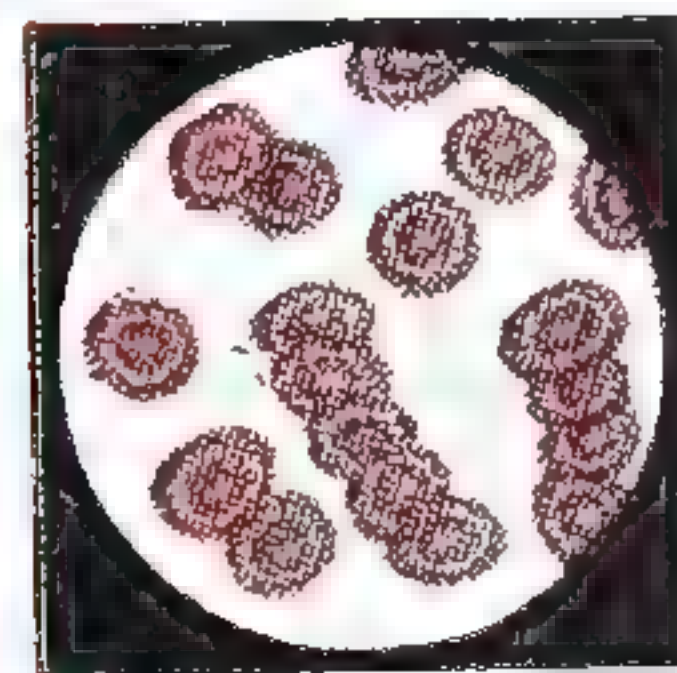
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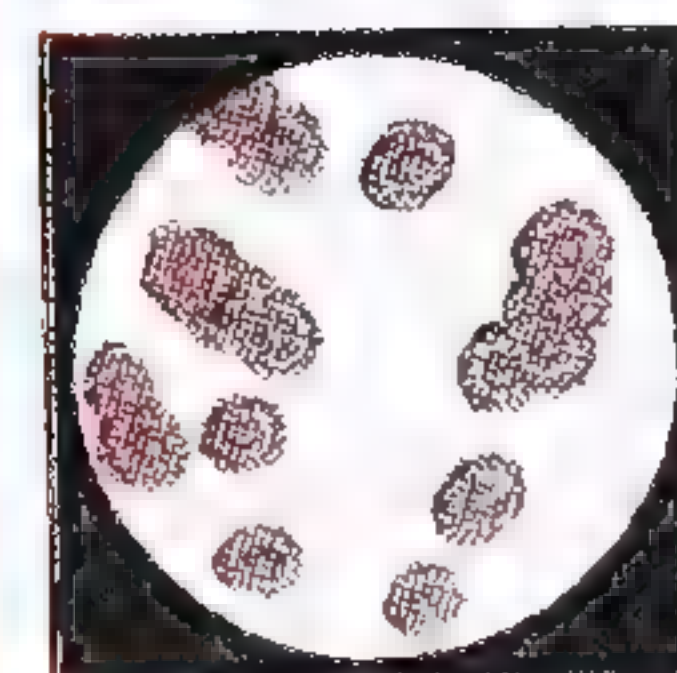
So, if you're tired without good reason—if your color's poor—you may need the help of Ironized Yeast Tablets. Ironized Yeast Tablets are specially formulated to help combat Borderline Anemia and its effects on your red blood cells . . . appearance . . . energy. Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other

conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia and envy others their energy and good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They can help you build up your blood—and along with it your natural vitality and attractiveness.

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even marry again and provide you with a normal home life.

Look around for a nice boy of twenty, Ginger, and for goodness sake, stay out of the room when your mother is entertaining her beau.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My oldest brother is thirty-three (I am fifteen) and has never worked a day in his life to my certain knowledge. My mother has always, until recently, sent him weekly or monthly sums on which to live. Now that he is at home, she just gives him as much money as she has whenever he asks for it. He wasn't in the Army, so he isn't war weary, and he isn't an imbecile because he earned his degree at our state university.

When he was away, he even wrote Mother—when she couldn't give him as much money as he thought he needed—and suggested that she get money from my other two brothers. When I had my teeth straightened, he wrote horrible letters saying that nature knew best (I had buck teeth). He said he could use the money to better advantage.

Now he has come home "to take over management of the family" he says. My mother owns some property, and so does my father. My father tried to reason with Mother, telling her that they had to set their feet down at some time, but she only cries and she says she won't have a child of hers starving to death.

I know where my brother hides the letters he receives and where he keeps his diary. Don't you think I should investigate? I'm positive that there's something wrong with this entire setup, and I think he should be exposed before he takes everything we have.

Ella Arnet D.

At fifteen, one is likely to form conclusions without fully understanding a situation. It is obvious that there is an unusual case in point existing in your family; since it puzzles you, naturally it is a hopeless quandary to someone entirely strange to the problem.

However, if you cause trouble with your brother, you will only be causing your mother further tears.

Under no circumstance should you trespass among your brother's private papers. How would you like it if he sneaked into your room and read your letters from girl friends, and your diary—provided you keep one. Such cheap conduct would infuriate you, wouldn't it?

And suppose you forgot your honor to the extent of snooping and discovered something in your brother's background. Could you break your mother's heart, simply to get rid of your brother?

I think the thing for you to do is to keep yourself busy with your school work and activities; pretend that there is no such person as your brother, do anything to make life easy and pleasant for your mother.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am seventeen and a senior in high school. Last year I met a good-looking fellow just my age. According to certain stories I have heard, he is—to put it bluntly—a "wolf." I have never had a date with him, but we used to sit side by side in classes and we talked quite a bit.

One day he handed me a letter to which my name was signed. I read it over and couldn't believe my eyes. It was quite a love letter and told this boy that I thought of him all through the day, dreamed of him at night and really got a whizz out of talking to him in class. He asked me,

looking puzzled, "Is all that true?"

Before I thought, I said, "Yes, it's true even if I didn't write the letter as you know because you would recognize my handwriting."

Then he said he knew who had written the letter—one of my best girl friends. After saying that, he simply laughed and walked away.

Since that time I have seen him often with this girl. I try to act natural and friendly toward them, but I get so nervous and jealous that I can't do anything with a steady mind or a controlled heartbeat.

Please suggest a sure way for me to forget him, or better yet, a way to make him ask me for a date.

Corinne N.

I think I can suggest a way for you to forget this boy as well as the girl whom you describe as a "friend."

Believe me, she is no friend of yours. Obviously you took her into your confidence to the extent of expressing your admiration of this boy to her. She repaid this trust by making you look foolish.

I can't begin to state the intense contempt that I feel for a girl who will write the type of letter this girl wrote, then sign another girl's name.

So much for the girl. If the boy, knowing what she did, still likes her, he certainly isn't worth another moment of your thoughts. Please don't moon over a boy who undoubtedly has joined your letter-writing friend in hearty laughter behind your back.

Look around you for some boy who admires and respects you, then enjoy his companionship.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In a recent issue of Photoplay, you

"How to have more fun on dates"



DIANA LYNN

starring in "OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP"

A Paramount Picture

The dates I like to remember are the ones where everybody had a good time. Where nobody told any jokes that reflected on any race or religion. Where nobody acted snooty because he or she had more money, nicer clothes, or a fancier education. It's

silly to be a snob or snide-guy... when real people have so much more fun!

Fleer knows how much little things can mean... guess that's why they make such good gum.

FLEER'S is that delicious chewing gum with the super peppermint flavor. Twelve flawless fleerlets, in a handy green-and-white package, for only five cents. Fleer's is fresh, flavorful, refreshing. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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published a letter from a Chinese-American girl who felt that her heritage was ruining her life and keeping her from friendship and the fulfillment of her dreams.

In our school are a boy and a girl who are full-blooded Chinese; their parents were born in China, but they were born in this country, so they are American citizens. The boy is president of our student body and is one of the most popular boys in school; his sister is running for secretary of our class.

They go to our parties, sometimes together, but usually each has a date with some other student. Both are wonderful dancers, have wonderful senses of humor, are always "in" on everything.

In our school are all nationalities, but it doesn't seem important. What is important to us is that people in our school are good sports, lots of fun, enter in and don't go around feeling sorry for themselves.

I think the girl who wrote in should work on improving herself, having the same manners and good sportsmanship and school spirit as the students around her have, and then she'll be convinced that *she* has been at fault—not the others.

Altheda S.

(Since the girl in the wheel chair, whose letter was recently published in PHOTOPLAY, failed to give her full address, I am publishing the following letter in the hope that she, and others with the same interests, will write to Miss Wheeler.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was very interested in the girl who wanted to be a fashion designer but was confined to a wheel chair. She and I are somewhat alike. I have been ordered by a specialist to be very careful of my health for a year. I cannot work or go to school. I have a bad heart murmur which has been developing since I was in sixth grade.

I graduated from high school in May, 1945. My "careful year" won't be over until just before Christmas, 1946. At first I was extremely sorry for myself, but now I am taking a home course in designing and enjoying it to the full.

I only wish I knew that other student in a wheel chair because she would make a wonderful pen pal for me. If you have her address, will you please forward this letter to her?

Lois Wheeler,
Proctorsville, Vermont

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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K-K-K-Katie!

(Continued from page 48) and shaking his head.

Usually, where Kathryn Grayson is concerned, it's "K-K-K-Katie!" With extra "K's" and double exclamation points.

She's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's triple-threat thrush—this saucy-faced soprano whose talents are as wide ranged as her voice. Her latest performance in "Two Sisters from Boston" is bringing forth raves now. However, adjectively speaking, she has always held her own and is constantly causing Leo's whiskers to curl, whether from purest pleasure or sheer surprise. There are no dull moments around Kathryn—to whom life has always dealt the unexpected and gotten it right back from her.

She is an unpredictable tomboy with a God-given voice, a gay gamin grin and a rebelliousness for routine. The voice is positively her only operative symptom. She's a far cry from anything that smacks of the dignified diva. She's in her best voice when attired in slacks walking with her dog, usually trilling an aria from "La Boheme" as she swings gaily along.

She's refreshingly natural and unaffected. The one swank article of clothing in which she takes great pride is her new mink coat, concerning which she says proudly, "Well, that's one thing I've done—bought my own mink coat."

HER voice and personality just don't match. So far as that's concerned, nothing much matches about her. She's always scanning new horizons, admits she "hates planning anything." Despite a reverence for opera, she loves to try to sing jazz—"but I have a rotten beat, always manage to get five beats in there somewhere." She's old fashioned in many ways, ultramodern in others. Yesterday and tomorrow. Yet, for Kathryn "tomorrow" actually never comes. She lives on tip-toe, ready to take off, but there's another side to her that anchors her down.

Accommodatingly enough, even her hazel eyes change color, switching from a calm, steady gray to a brown shot with yellow sparks when she's mad. There's a gaiety about her pretty mouth, a wind-blown, carefree look about her hair, a shiny, scrubbed, turned-up look about her whole face that give one an immediate lift. Yet there's a piquant sweetness about her, and occasionally a sadness. An almost old-fashioned girl who would love more than anything to have roots, if she wasn't afraid to have them. Whose nomadic living since childhood makes her crave—though not trust—the stability that she sees many others have.

This is the girl who loves to work around her lovely big Stone Canyon home. Who likes to try her hand at whipping up Parker House rolls and makes a production of raking leaves, re-planting roses, looking at her camellias and critically inspecting her orange and lemon trees. The Kathryn who wants four children someday. "Four drove my mother crazy. I guess that would be enough for me." And who has tried to make a go of a marriage that seemed ill-fated from the start. The anchor slipped up on that one.

Her disregard for any sideline comments is typical of Kathryn. She usually just goes along in her own happy-go-lucky way. By nature she is very amiable and easygoing and actually never fights anyone unless she's hurt. Then she'll fight a buzzsaw. She flares up quickly and you can read the small print by the flame. But she's over it swiftly and all is forgotten. She never sulks, pouts or goes "feminine" on anybody. From childhood she's fought her own fights—often holding





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her own ground against her brothers—and no whimpering.

She's never on time for anything. Her secretary, Sally Norton, has a full-time job just reminding her where she's to be and at what comparative time, then calling back and forth later giving everybody reasons why she's never gotten there. Kathryn will come dashing in late for an interview, all out of breath, her cheeks pink, her hair tumbled, her face sincerely troubled. She always has a legitimate excuse, and though one would think she would eventually run out of them, somehow she never does.

Typical of her super sense of humor is the occasion when the accompanist playing for her at the Hollywood Canteen mistakenly started out "My Hero" in the key of "G." Kathryn had to do a "D" above "High C" and sing in her "best imitation of a tea kettle." She shakes her head at the memory of those poor GI's out front. "They couldn't understand a word. It sounded terrible."

She laughs at such accidental flukes, though when it comes to her recordings, the quality of her voice, her everyday singing, she's a perfectionist de luxe. She's very self-critical and if she thinks she's singing badly she cries for hours.

She's indefatigable and will record a number over and over until she drops, trying to get one good enough for her own critical ear. She was brokenhearted over a recording she made with Johnny Johnston for the Jerome Kern musical, "Till the Clouds Roll by." She cried for hours after she got home and began making fast plans to leave for South America. "Even to selling the house," she laughs. "No more pictures for me."

When she calmed down, she went to a neighborhood movie to see "Anchors Aweigh" again and got so interested making mental notes on her make-up, the timing on a line, "all the things I should watch on the next one," that she forgot she'd bidden Hollywood goodbye. When she heard the playback the next day it was better than she'd thought it was. And the kinks went out of her inside—till the next time.

During the making of "Till the Clouds Roll by" she and Johnny had a lot of fun dating.

She had a lot of fun making "Two Sisters from Boston," too, a lot of laughs with Peter Lawford, whom she kiddingly calls "Petah, My Deah," and Jimmy Durante,



Family fun: Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary at their "Hi, Jinx!" broadcast



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Vacation time this year brings more opportunities to travel. If you happen to be near Fremont, Mich., please stop in for a visit and see how baby foods are made.

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who calls her "High C Susie," and with whom she became great friends. This probably accounts, in part, for the relaxed performance she gives in the picture. "If she'd ever cut loose—she'd be great," someone once said of Kathryn. She "cuts loose" in this one.

Louis B. Mayer, who has always believed in her and watched her career carefully, says enthusiastically that she's "tremendous" in it! "Talk about sex! She's our glamour girl."

After thanking him appreciatively, "our glamour girl" was soon wig-wagging across the commissary, making Indian signs at "Petah, My Deah" and others as they came in.

She loves to listen to Frank Sinatra, Jane Powell, Johnny Johnston and likewise to another student at her voice studio. Once when a comparatively unknown young coloratura was about to be dropped by the studio, Kathryn, who liked the girl very much and had a great deal of faith in her, went personally to Mr. Mayer's office to plead her cause. "If you'll keep this kid on, you can take her salary out of mine," she offered. She's always very quick to praise another singer. Recently when passing by the music department, she heard Tony Martin singing a high B-flat full voice and went running in to congratulate him on it, saying excitedly, "Tony, that was beautiful!"

She's always been equally as ambitious for her brother, Michael, who has a fine tenor voice, and her pretty blonde sister, Frances Rayburn, to succeed as for herself. All of the Hedricks sing. Back in St. Louis they used to hold regular family "Sunday sings," and what they can do to "Annie Laurie" won't wait.

Sundays at Kathryn's Stone Canyon place is a little like "One Man's Family" with a La Bohemian background. All the clan gather there, including her parents, her brothers and their wives and eight children, and, of course, her sister Frances and her baby, Jeffrey Myron, who now live with her. The children love to play at "Cissie's," as they call Kathryn. The family "Annie Lauries" around the piano. And Kathryn's St. Bernard, "Throckmorton," so named "because he looked like a character in a book I was reading when I got him," romps around playfully knocking them down with his paws.

Recently she bought a large English Tudor place with ten bedrooms, burlled walnut walls and a huge living room with a cathedral ceiling two stories high.

She's always singing snatches of something, no matter where she is or what she's doing; whether she's singing her adored nephew, Jeff, to sleep, walking with Throckmorton or just leaning back on a prop on the set between shots and singing to three grips up on the catwalk.

NO one in Kathryn's family can remember when she didn't sing. In St. Louis they lived across the street from Forrest Park, home of the zoo and also the amphitheater in which the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company gave their concerts. Kathryn couldn't afford tickets to any of these, but she would go up to the top of the hill around the amphitheater and sit down and listen, watching eagerly the figures on the stage below. She used to dream of playing in "La Boheme." "The dreams were always better than the operas," she laughs. "If it's a dream you might as well do it up right. I was always loaded with jewels, feather plumes and stuff."

Then one evening at dusk she crossed the street, stepped upon the stage of the empty amphitheater and sang "The Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Her audience was a deaf little old janitor with a beard, who encouraged her to come again. Sometimes she would go over at

noon, singing dramatically in the sunshine and making sweeping gestures to the janitor and a lot of neutral rhinos and other animals, who may or may not have cared for coloraturas, "but they couldn't get out of their cages to get away."

What happened later on couldn't have happened anywhere else but in Hollywood. To this day she can't understand why Metro gave her a contract. She just wanted to sing. Hollywood could just be a detour, a short-cut to the Metropolitan Opera House, which was what she tried to tell the M-G-M executives. When she finished singing one number for them, they were offering her a contract.

"In the first place I don't think I'd be any good. Nobody would pay to see me. I'm not pretty. Besides—I want to sing," she said.

They said they would give her voice and piano lessons on the lot, musical appreciation, teach her make-up and wardrobe and everything that would help her with opera. "Well, I'll try," she said.

Today, after "Anchors Aweigh," "Two Sisters from Boston" and her beautiful numbers in "Till the Clouds Roll by," she still wants to sing. Recently Metro tore up her old contract and gave her a new one which has a precious clause in it that allows her six weeks off from the studio every year to devote strictly to opera.

She wants to make her debut at La Scala in Milan, Italy. She's studying now with Paul Marconi, internationally famous opera star, who for ten years was leading tenor at La Scala and who has no doubt about Kathryn's future. "It takes time, but she will be ver—e—e—e great!" he says.

Regardless of how hard she's working in pictures, Kathryn goes to her opera classes three times weekly, rushing from the sound stage at 6:00 p.m. to Marconi's studio, where she tosses her sport coat on a chair, takes her stand by the piano, all eagerness to work. Usually she has on a sweater, slacks, a ribbon carelessly around her hair.

It's here in the world she loves that you see Kathryn Grayson as the truly exciting person she is. No longer is she a motion-picture star. She's the little girl who used to act out the operas from her perch on the hill. Just as the St. Louis park was the Metropolitan, so is the Marconi living room the stage of La Scala now.

Mrs. Marconi, who adores Kathryn, plays the accompaniment, as Kathryn starts singing one of Mimi's arias from "La Boheme," watching her coach carefully as he directs her with dramatic gestures, stopping her now and then, gently reproving her on a bad tone. "Ah-h—Katrine—Katrine," he says. She tries the tone over and over painstakingly until he smiles. Then they go on.

She goes home exhilarated, her long hours before the camera forgotten. She's still in Mimi's world.

She has come a long way since she watched the drama going on down below her in the park. Between the St. Louis hills and today in Hollywood there have been many peak moments, some of them most unhappy ones. Some of her highest notes have come in conjunction with a heavy heart.

Nobody can say how great an artist Kathryn Grayson could be—if just a few things had clicked for her in her personal life. If she'd just had a little of the stability, the luxuries, the calm and happiness that girls normally have. And fewer discords.

Yet, with her love for adventure and the unexpected, a smoother sailing could have ruined everything. She might have wound up third from the end in the church choir, instead of being K-K-K—Katie! The Kathryn of the double exclamation points and the extra K-K-K's.

THE END



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

by

Helen Neushaefer

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...Postwar's loveliest color collection for nail make-up

She has a heaven-born sense of color—and millions of women knew it—though they did not know *she* had created their loveliest nail polishes. Now, Helen Neushaefer, the originator of Creme nail polishes, presents her newest creations...her most dazzling... and *the first to bear her name*. No other nail polish at any price will possess the postwar miracle Helen Neushaefer has created for hers...Plasteen*, the magic new ingredient that helps add extra days to the beauty of your nail make-up. To look your loveliest to your very fingertips—look for Helen Neushaefer's ravishing nail make-up colors in the "pyramid" bottle at cosmetic counters.

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Runaway

Continued from page 41) Pork and beans, condensed milk, dried beef—all good stomach-filling stuff. . . .

He'd gone around town for three days collecting everything. On credit—and a minister's family has very meager credit—but he had to have a good stock because he wouldn't be carrying any cash. The few suitcases were hidden in the church bushes across the street. At the thought of someone discovering them beforehand, his heart and the clock ticked so loudly seemed like they were trying to wake the whole house up.

Getting out of the house on a Wednesday night was as easy as taking your cap off the hall rack. "See you at prayer-meeting—" Dad said, and the screen door banged behind him. The church was already aglow, a ray from one of the windows poking a snoopy finger of light into the bushes where the suitcases were hidden. He panted a little until he'd dragged them out and stumbled as their full weight jerked at the end of his arms. All that canned goods, that was what did it.

Dick Standifer was waiting in the alley back of his house, like he said he'd be. Dick had sandy hair, a self-sufficient chin and a nose straight as an Indian's. Stockier, and with a better-fed look than Dana, who ran it all off. As this was Dick's second time to "hit the trail," he spoke with a light swagger in his voice:

"We'll keep to the alleys until we get to the freight yards—"

The small town of Uvalde, Texas, was strictly minding its own business in this warm, dusk-filled hour, however. A good percentage of its 3,800 citizens, some of whom had moved with fiery, straight-lunching Reverend Andrews from other towns, were at the prayer meeting, duly occupied with saving their souls. After the first couple of blocks of unmolested alleyway, Dana started putting his feet down hard, losing that tiptoe feeling.

The freight yard was likewise deserted, but they kept well in the shadow of the water tank. Most of the trains went balling right through. It was an impatient four hours before one of them stopped to fill the boilers.

"Wait'll the fireman gets on the other side of the engine—" hissed Dick, "and don't thump those bags on the side of the car when you're climbing up—"

HARVER DANA ANDREWS lay flattened on top of the freight—facing forward. At thirteen, no one ever looks back. Uvalde, on the Nueces, was slipping behind. Before him lay a shining track and the whole wide world. He was Dick Whittington on his way to San Antonio town. He'd got a job, something easy at first, probably as a uniformed chauffeur for a block-long mousine. After that he would become a captain of industry and in no time at all end enough money home to buy the folks a mansion. No more taking those small snubs from the kind of people who seemed to feel a minister's family lived by their generosity. No more taking orders from teachers and parents, either—as a man of the world, he would be beyond all that. . . .

He raised his head for a deep gulp of the wild, sweet air of freedom. He coughed. The taste was acrid and smoke filled, with the locomotive belching full in his mouth. His ears were plugged with a shattering roar and the rush of the wind would eventually blow his eyes out of their sockets. When he laid his head flat to stop his coughing, the head rolled from side to side—his neck was no anchor for it at all. Something about his stomach's pressing hard against the car top was be-

ginning to nauseate him—it wasn't any good to raise his body in an arc, because already his fingers ached with their desperate clutch on the rolling roof. . . .

The friendly mesquite-flats of Uvalde and the familiar dull gleam of the Nueces' waters were gone. The scenery now seemed to be, like his stomach, disturbed by increasing undulation.

"C-cold, riding up here— isn't it?" shouted young Dana, pulling his newly bought corduroy jacket about him.

"What did you expect? It's November, headin' on to Christmas—" yelled Dick. The long, lonesome whistle of another train echoed somewhere in the distance.

AT Kelly Field, Texas, a trainman walking the cars flashed his lantern in their faces. "Get off—" he ordered gruffly, with a swing of his heavy boot. The suitcases hit the gravel first. Following closely thereafter, the travelers touched the ground with their feet and then their knees. Their numbed legs had gone out from under them.

"You rub my cramps out and I'll rub yours out," said Dick. It took a while before their legs would hold them, but that was not the only difficulty of walking. The eerie world of fog which closed them in had neither distance nor direction. The tracks underneath were slippery wet. Tracks, as Dana remembered them in the daytime, were always running off to some bright and definite goal. Lying tangled and stationary in the pre-dawn, the rails seemed to be in a cold sweat of indecision.

"There'll be a string of empties standin' somewheres around—we can crawl into one until daylight. Watch out for yard birds." Dick's Indian nose was lifted, as if he could smell their way along.

An empty was not Dana's greatest desire at this time. The way he had planned things, there would be a comfortable cabin at the side of the road, its light beckoning to them through the rain, or sleet, or whatever weather they ran into. A kindly old man would answer his knock on the door and beseech them to come in. There would be a steaming meal on the table, which the old man and his kindly wife would beg them to light into, and afterwards, a feather ticking waiting to receive their overstuffed bodies. After several days of steaming meals and feather beds, he would be breaking the news to them that he had to move on. This would be slightly painful, as the old couple, tears streaming down their faces, would beg him to stay and be their very own son.

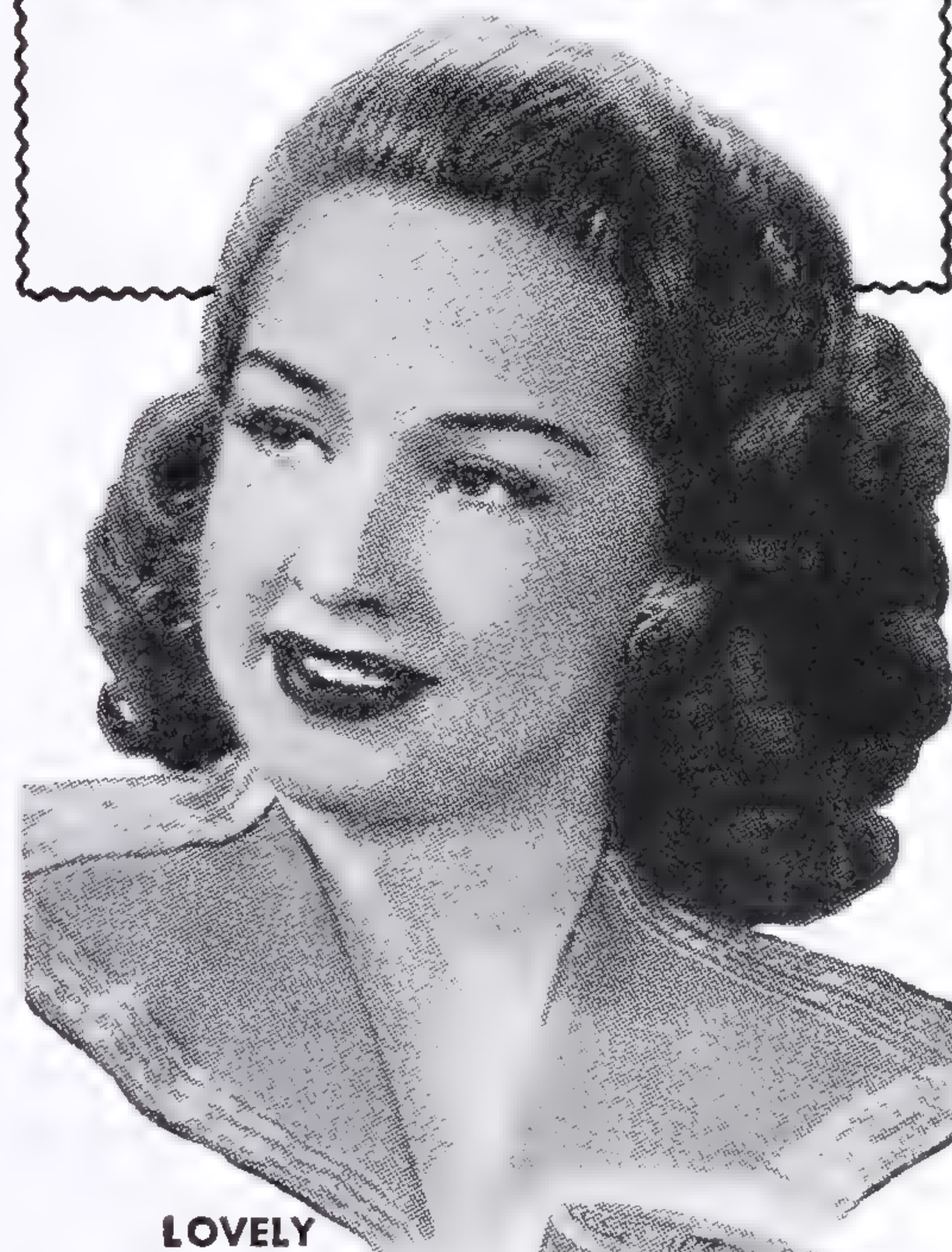
It was to impress the kindly old folks that he had brought some clean shirts along. Falling heir to the small cottage could not induce him to stay, of course. For their offer, he intended to reward them handsomely later on. . . .

The empty, a fruit shipper from its smell, was a surly shelter. Stepping gingerly into its forbidding blackness, Dana felt with his foot for the expected flooring of straw. He slipped as his toe struck a slime of rotting bananas instead. Cupping a lighted match in his hand, Dick found them a clean corner in which to sit down. Dana took a can of condensed milk from his suitcase—the thick, sweet kind he could never get enough of at home—but somehow it was tinged with the flavor of molding orange and banana peels.

A snoring sound came from Dick. At home, none of Dana's brothers snored. Dick's familiar eyes and sandy hair were invisible—he was a suddenly noisy and intangible creature, encountered in the dark. The dankness of the fog pressed down and seeped in from outside and with it came the lost wailing of the train

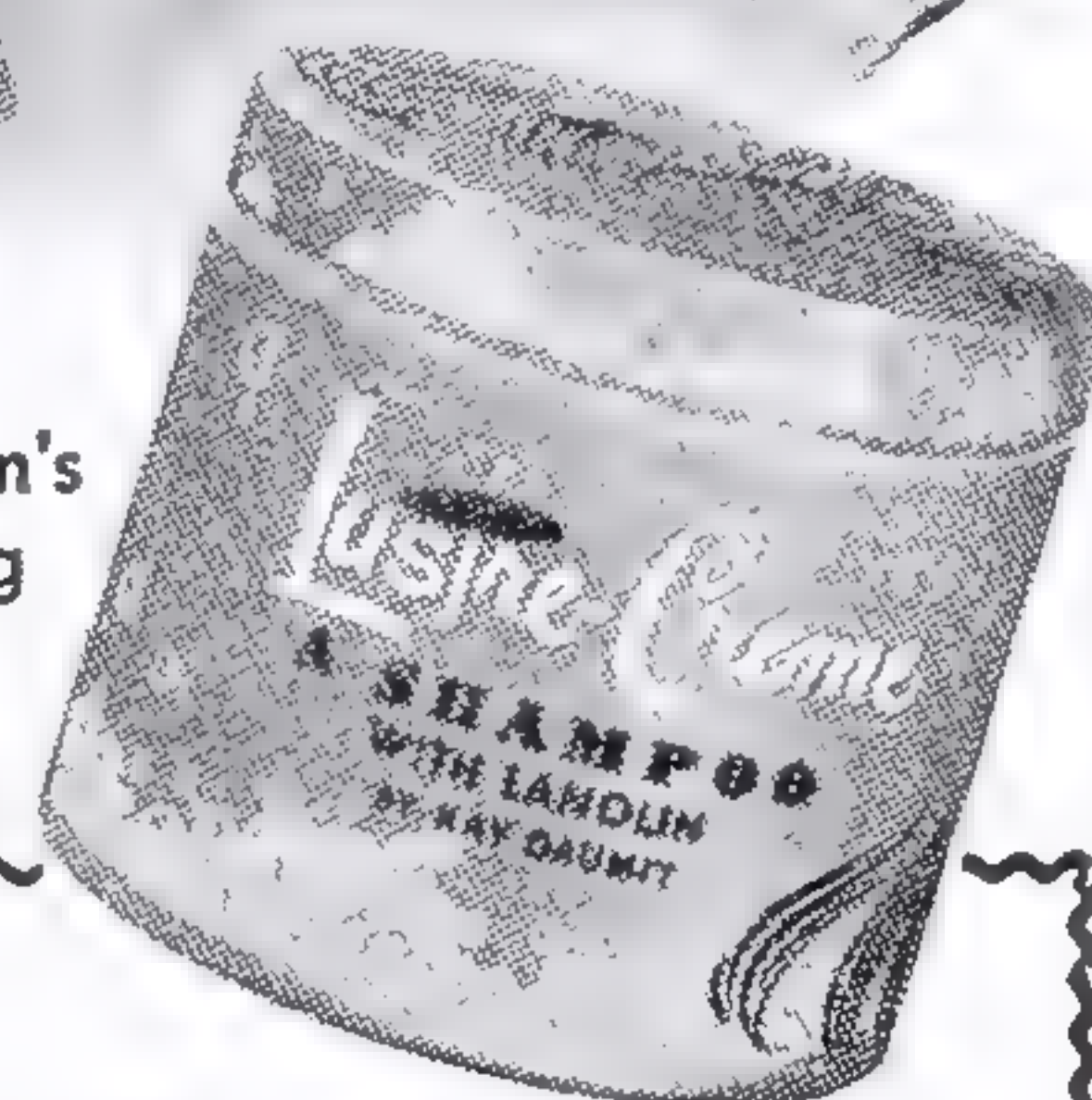
Hollywood Glamour

FOR YOUR HAIR



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GRANVILLE**

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Of course, Kay Daumit's sensational new Lustre-Creme gives an amazing shampoo—makes hair fastidiously clean—rinses out so quickly. But . . . this wonderful new product is *more* than a shampoo—it's truly a "hair cosmetic."

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The whole family prefers Lustre-Creme—once they try it. That's why we're offering this sensational new product in the big, economical, family-size one-pound jar at \$3.50—as well as the regular 4-ounce size at \$1.00. Ask for Lustre-Creme at department store cosmetic counters and at all good drug stores.

Here's proof! This coupon and 25c will bring you a trial-size of Lustre-Creme. Money back if it doesn't please you.

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Address

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MAIL WITH 25c TO KAY DAUMIT

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SHAMPOO**

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ers. Life begins at thirteen—he was a
an about to accept a job. There was not
much wild rapture about this moment
complete independence as there should
—but that would come later, no doubt,
hen he found himself full owner of the
op. He detoured around the cluster of
rimy infants in the doorway and met
o with the interior of his new establish-
ent. Rather, the interior rose to meet
m—the smell of chili peppers and rancid
ease and raw meat, rising in a wave.

“Yes-s—? You want sometheeng?”
asked a dark-faced man in a stained
itcher’s apron.

Dana raised his eyes above the man’s
head, to a row of purplish carcasses pin-
ned on hooks. “Look, Dick—skinned
ogs—!”

“Aw, they’re not,” said Dick. “They’re
mbs, or something.”

“I—I can’t tell very well with all those
ies on ’em,” said Dana. “Guess I don’t
now so much about meat—maybe we’d
etter try a hardware store.”

Farther into the city blocks the estab-
shments got better—and the turn-
owns bigger. “What can you do—ever
eld a steady job before?” The questions
un about the same. By sundown, and
their own reckoning, they must have asked
a thousand places. San Antonio, it was
lain to see, was not easy pickings for
oldiers of fortune.

“We’ll head for Houston,” said Dick, not
o discouraged.

THE freight car gave a great shudder
all along its vertebrae of cars, jerked
convulsively, and started to writhe slowly
long the rails. It was a few minutes
before Dana realized they were making a
ft curve—and that Houston lay to the
ight. “Better jump, Dick,” he yelled, and
hit the stinging gravel with a thud felt
p into his ribs. There was no second
ud. The train had picked up speed and
ick, still atop the car, was disappearing
round the bend.

One of his suitcases was off with Dick
o destinations unknown, but it no longer
eemed important. What counted was the
neliness of the gathering dusk. Also the
idden knowledge that, although it was he,
ana, who’d asked Dick to run away, it
as Dick who’d been enjoying it ever
nce they’d started. As for him, all he
anted was to go home.

In San Antonio lived a Reverend Page,
ong-time friend of the Andrews family.
was a couple of hours and many foot-
listering blocks later when Dana stood
a front of his door. A nice door, but not
early so beautiful as the front door back
a Uvalde—that one, he remembered, had
sort of fan-shaped panel of flower-dec-
rated glass above the door. This one, he
uddenly realized, was unlit, like all the
indows. The Page family had gone to
ed.

He walked slowly down the steps. At
ome, it was Dad’s orders that were al-
ays obeyed because he was a stern
isciplinarian. If the boys had anything
ey wanted to put over—well, they put
over on Mom because she was so gentle
nd forgiving. It was Mom who’d be
orrying most about him now, wondering
ow he could have gone off and left her.
he’d be pleased if she knew he wasn’t
orgetting his manners.

From then on, his thoughts grew con-
used. Walking and wondering why he
ould no longer feel his feet. He tried ly-
g down in a vacant field, spreading dried
rass and weeds over himself as a cover.
ater, he found a bench in a railroad sta-
on, hard but warm, until the man started
asking him questions. The man had hard-
itten eyes and teeth that looked as if a
ream of tobacco would come sluicing

“Ageless”?



DRESS BY CHAPMAN

*It's your skin
that dates you!*

SO HERE'S a worthwhile tip—make every effort to keep your skin at its lovely best by guarding against loss of natural skin moisture. For many beauty experts tell us that the longer your skin retains its *natural* moisture, the longer it will remain smooth and supple and beautiful.

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Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains “cholesterol.” Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.



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TRELLIS—the soapless Cream Shampoo—leaves no dulling film; suds profusely but rinses cleanly with just warm water, leaving your hair soft, lustrous, manageable, delicately fragrant. For your own pleasure, try TRELLIS; experience the thrill of a perfect shampoo for a perfect hair-do.

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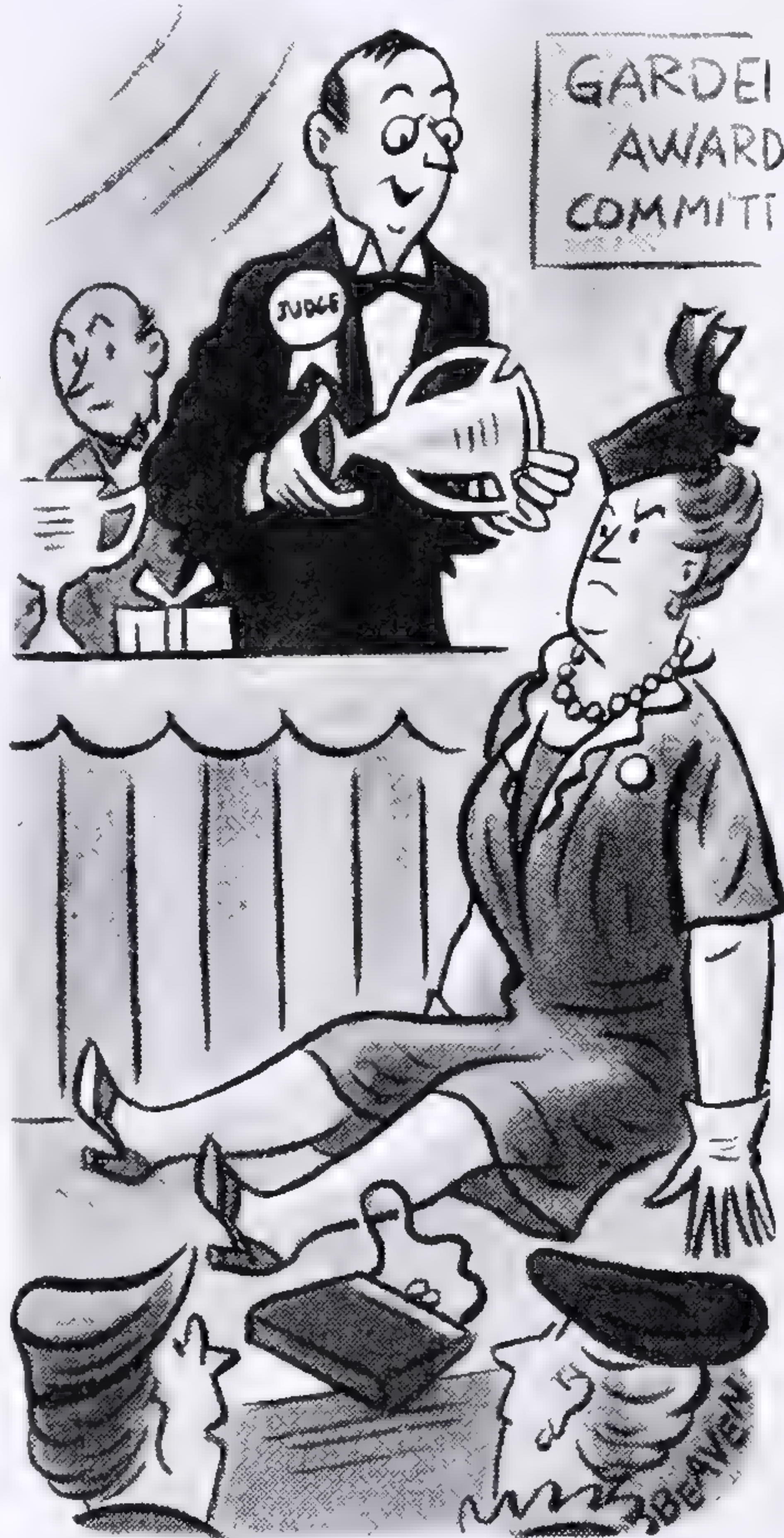
- ★ Twice as absorbent
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"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

through them any minute. He talked like a cop—Dana left the warmth of the station. Sometime next morning, in the midst of a city block, Carver Dana Andrews, missing at large, just gave up. Suddenly the sidewalk was coming up in his face and he leaned forward to meet it. When he came to, an hour later, there were people's faces all around him. Miracle of miracles, one of the faces belonged to Reverend Paget. "I've been looking for you, Son. Your dad phoned—he sort of thought you might show up soon."

When the "ticket" train stopped to let off its lone passenger at Uvalde, Texas, the Reverend Andrews was there to meet Dana. Dad's fiery blue eyes, his chin jutting out, there, was the finest bit of scenery Dana had seen anywhere. The Andrews car was not block-long, but it knew the way home like a horse going to hay. The house was white with blue trim. The wide porch had a trumpet vine climbing up one side and a railing that was swell to hook your feet onto. Inside, there were three big fireplaces and a lot of woodwork smelling as clean as soap and water could make it. Out back there was a spreading china berry tree, for playing Tarzan.

As Dad drove slowly, right on past the house, a great gulp came into the traveler's throat. Just as he'd been fearing all the way home, they weren't going to take him back! The car came to a slow stop and the Reverend's usually fiery eyes were mellow. "Why did you do it, Son?" he asked.

Tears came to Dana's eyes, spilled down his cheeks and he did not try to check them. It was hard to remember why now. It was all confused somehow. "I wanted to make a lot of money—for everybody."

The car started again and Dana's father, still not reproachful, said, "The things you take for granted—your home, your parents, your roots, are the things that make you an important human. Someday you'll do the things you want to do, but don't you think it's a little early to expect it a right now?"

The car stopped in front of the house. "Yes, sir," said the Texas traveler, age thirteen, bounding out of the car and racing jubilantly up the walk.

THE END



Apologies,

Mr. and Mrs. Mason!

Photoplay erroneously reported

James Mason,

sensational British star,
as single.

He's very much married to

Pamela Kellino,

of the stage
and they live and work
happily together in England

The Intimate Story of Ingrid

(Continued from page 43) so much to every scene no matter how trivial it might be. I've never seen anything like her. What did we do before Bergman?"

And now I shall venture where angels fear to tread. I shall tell you a story for which I fully expect to get kicked down the long fieldstone steps of the Lindstrom house, the booter being Dr. Peter A. Lindstrom, Ingrid's husband and undisputed lord and master of the menage.

The total impact of his six feet, two inches, 174 pounds and dormant Swedish wrath will be an automatic expression of his innate aversion to publicity plus a keen sensitivity to the ethics of his profession. Because of this genuine and admirable combination of modesty and dignity, little is known about him.

Because of the publicity which is concomitant to his wife's fame, he diligently avoids making public appearances with her. Indeed, the only times he has risked the flashlights were at the last two Academy Awards events, but even at these he managed in such a way as to confound and outmaneuver the cameramen.

The Lindstroms attended the Academy March 7th function in company with Leo McCarey, director of "Bells."

Knowing that Photoplay's ubiquitous Hymie Fink was laying for him, the next day I asked Dr. Lindstrom how he made out. He grinned and said: "Oh, I let Ingrid and Leo get out of the car together, and all the photographers crowded in front of them. I stood on the side and had a wonderful time; nobody paid any attention to me. I started to laugh—I enjoyed it so much. Then suddenly one of them saw me and started to take my picture. But I don't think he got a very good picture, I was laughing so much."

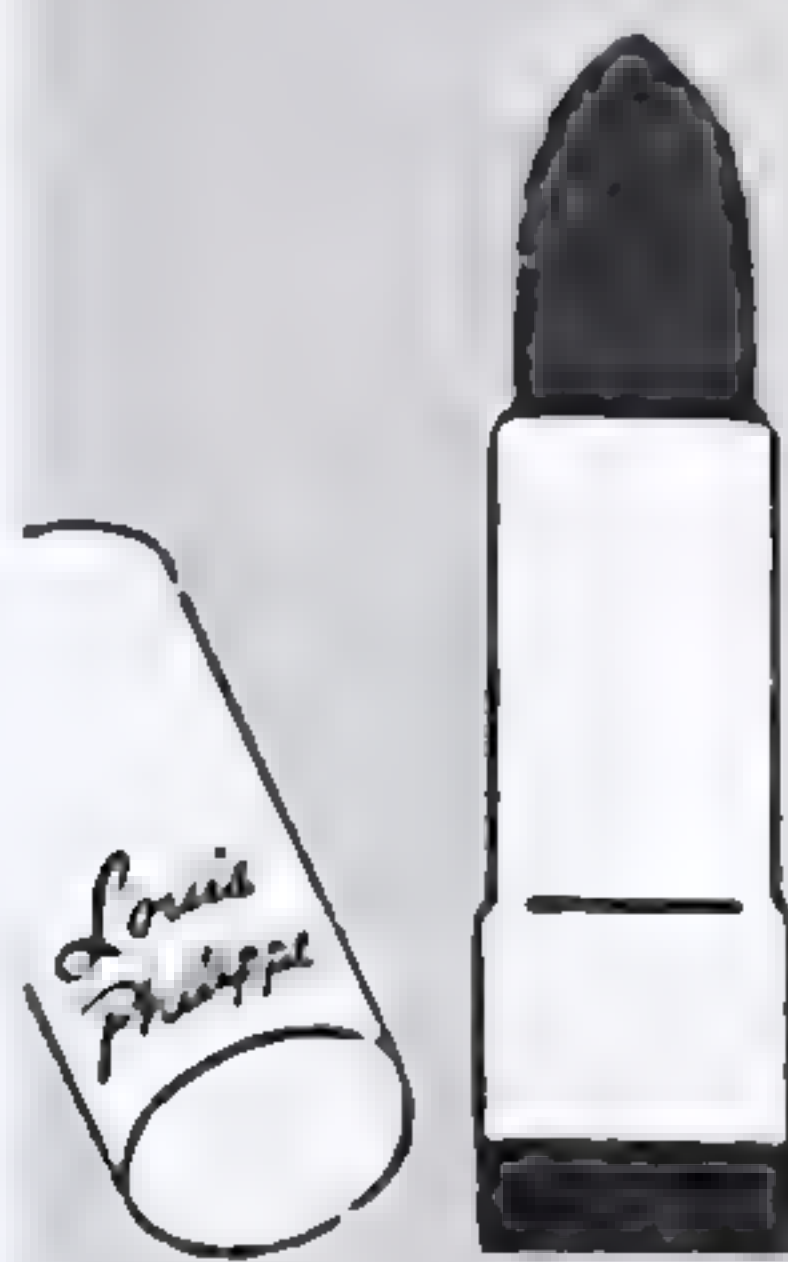
THE Lindstroms first met when Ingrid was seventeen. He was then a young dentist who aspired someday to become a surgeon. Dentistry was to him merely a means to an end. It enabled him to make a decent living while he was studying the complexities of medicine. Concurrently, he found time to teach at a dental college, grueling, back-breaking regimen, possible only to a stubbornly determined individual such as the future fugitive from photographers. In 1940, when the film capital had decided to keep for its own the iridescent beauty and rare talent of Bergman, Dr. Lindstrom, who had been her most valued mentor, decided to complete the few remaining months of his medical studies here.

After one-and-a-half years at the University of Rochester, New York, he graduated for his M.D. and then took a year of internship in neuro-surgery at the University of Stanford Hospital. He is now specializing in that branch (brain and nerves) at the Los Angeles County General Hospital, where the rewards are measured in terms of human service rather than in sizable fees.

Ingrid, who knows better than anyone how hard he had worked to achieve his goal, freely expresses her pride in him and her gratitude that he is enabled to pursue the course of his uncommon skills without regard for economic problems. He is now senior resident in neuro-surgery at the General Hospital.

The climax to this elusive story occurred during Christmas of 1945. Following is a verbatim quotation from the Los Angeles Times of December 28, 1945: "A desperate young mother, on her knees at the General Hospital bedside of her

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Louis Philippe's new
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Count your heart lost when your

lips meet Sunbird. Your new

love... your new loveliness...

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WHEN YOUR HAIR is streaked with gray, faded, unsightly-looking, you may be handicapped in many ways. Try HERBOLD POMADE and see what it can do. Once each day take a little of this clean, fragrant substance on your finger tips and massage it into your hair. This simple process adds deep, rich, youthful-looking color to faded, gray-streaked hair, yet works so gradually, from day to day, that usually not even close friends and associates will know!

IN FACT, it largely appears that you are simply using an excellent daily hair dressing, because HERBOLD POMADE conditions and grooms the hair and helps keep it in good form, while adding youthful-looking color at the same time. It will not rub off or stain clothing or pillow, and is easy to use. Takes less than a minute to apply, while you are freshening-up for the day.

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M. HERBOLD, A.B., M.S., the Hollywood Chemist, creator of Herbold Pomade, who says: "I have such confidence in my pomade that I want it sold only on the basis of complete satisfaction or money back."

stricken seven-year-old daughter, yesterday laid her slim hopes for the beautiful child's recovery from a grave brain injury at the feet of Him who once proclaimed that children were 'of the Kingdom of God.'

"The child for whom medical science has done its very best and for whose recovery a whole neighborhood has been working and praying since she was mowed down by an automobile Christmas Eve, is Margaret Eades, of 11107 S. Grand Ave.

"The left door handle of the car . . . pierced Margaret's brain in the accident . . . as the child went on an errand.

"Quickly a crowd gathered . . . Joe Passalacqua, twenty-nine, cafe proprietor, . . . comforted the child until . . . an ambulance crew took charge. Surgeons told the mother, widowed only two weeks ago, that it would require the services of an expensive brain specialist to remove the metal from Margaret's brain.

"Margaret's mother . . . not only didn't have the money, but the rent on her modest cottage was already overdue. And there were two other children to care for, with another anticipated within a few months. Officer Nelson reported this to Passalacqua. The latter pulled out a checkbook and pledged to pay \$10,000—or even more if necessary—to fly a brain specialist out here. . . .

"A noted brain specialist was located . . . and immediately agreed to operate if his own examination indicated the advisability of surgery.

"It did, and because Margaret's condition was too critical to permit her removal to Children's hospital, he operated at General.

"His fee? Nothing. Only anonymity."

THAT was the gist of the Times article. It was not until the second of January that I learned who the "anonymous" surgeon was, and it came about because the Associated Press had run the story down.

One of their men called me and asked what I knew about it. I knew nothing. He wanted to know if I could arrange an interview with Dr. Lindstrom or if Ingrid would talk about her husband. "I think not," I said. "She knows too well how he feels about publicity."

However, since he was a reporter and had access to the General Hospital he called on Dr. Lindstrom.

That evening I asked the doctor about the case. "Why don't you tell me about these things?" I said. "Oh, no," he grinned. "A reporter came to the hospital today and asked me if I was the little girl's doctor. I said 'no' and gave him the name of the doctor in charge of her ward. That was the truth; technically I was not her doctor."

And that's as far as the reporter got.

In July, 1945, Ingrid Bergman was in Europe with Jack Benny, Larry Adler and Martha Tilton entertaining American troops. For a few days she lived at the Ritz in Paris. At the same hostelry were two gents, strangers to her, but who were earmarked by dint of sheer, unmitigated gall to become her very good friends.

They were Bob Capa, famed photographer, and Irvin Shaw, author and playwright. At twilight both men found themselves in a mood for sublimating companionship. They pondered who might fill this void, and then Capa, a dark, sinister-looking man addicted to roughneck sweaters instead of shirts, recalled that Ingrid Bergman was stopping at the hotel.

"But how'll we ask her?" Shaw said.

"Write her a note," said Capa, approaching the tactical operation with the nonchalance of a man on a flying trapeze.

And forthwith he wrote: "Dear Miss Bergman: We would send you flowers or invite you to dinner but we don't have

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PERSONNEL DEPT.
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enough money to do both. If you can come to dinner, come to the bar and wear a flower in your hair so we can recognize you. (signed) Bob Capa—Irvn Shaw."

Having had their fun, the two whimsical, overgrown boys sat at the Ritz bar and cast occasional unexpectant eyes towards the door. Then suddenly, to their confusion and amazement, The Bergman appeared—wearing a flower in her hair!

Several days later, after a solid friendship had been established, Capa asked Ingrid how she felt when she got the note.

"Oh, I wanted to see Paris," she said, "and if you had turned out dull I would have left you."

Capa, now under contract to International Pictures and very likely a future director of importance, fondled an expensive weakness for champagne which he usually gratified by unholy luck at poker. But there was one time when the fickle Dame failed him and left him broke at a moment when he was taking Ingrid to dinner. Nothing daunted, Capa, who is, as you can see, a novel in himself, suddenly spied the equally celebrated photographer, Margaret Bourke-White.

Halting the unsuspecting lady, Capa said: "Margaret, give me ten thousand francs—quick!"

Ingrid looked on in wide-eyed amazement as Miss Bourke-White gave him the equivalent of \$200. It took her a long time to get used to the idea of a man borrowing money from a woman—even though she be a business colleague.

After this incident Miss Bergman insisted on sharing all expenses.

Nearly two years after their informal meeting the incident had an interesting denouement; playwright Irvin Shaw wrote the screen play of Ingrid's next picture, "Arch of Triumph," the Erich Remarque best-seller which Lewis Milestone will be directing as you read this.

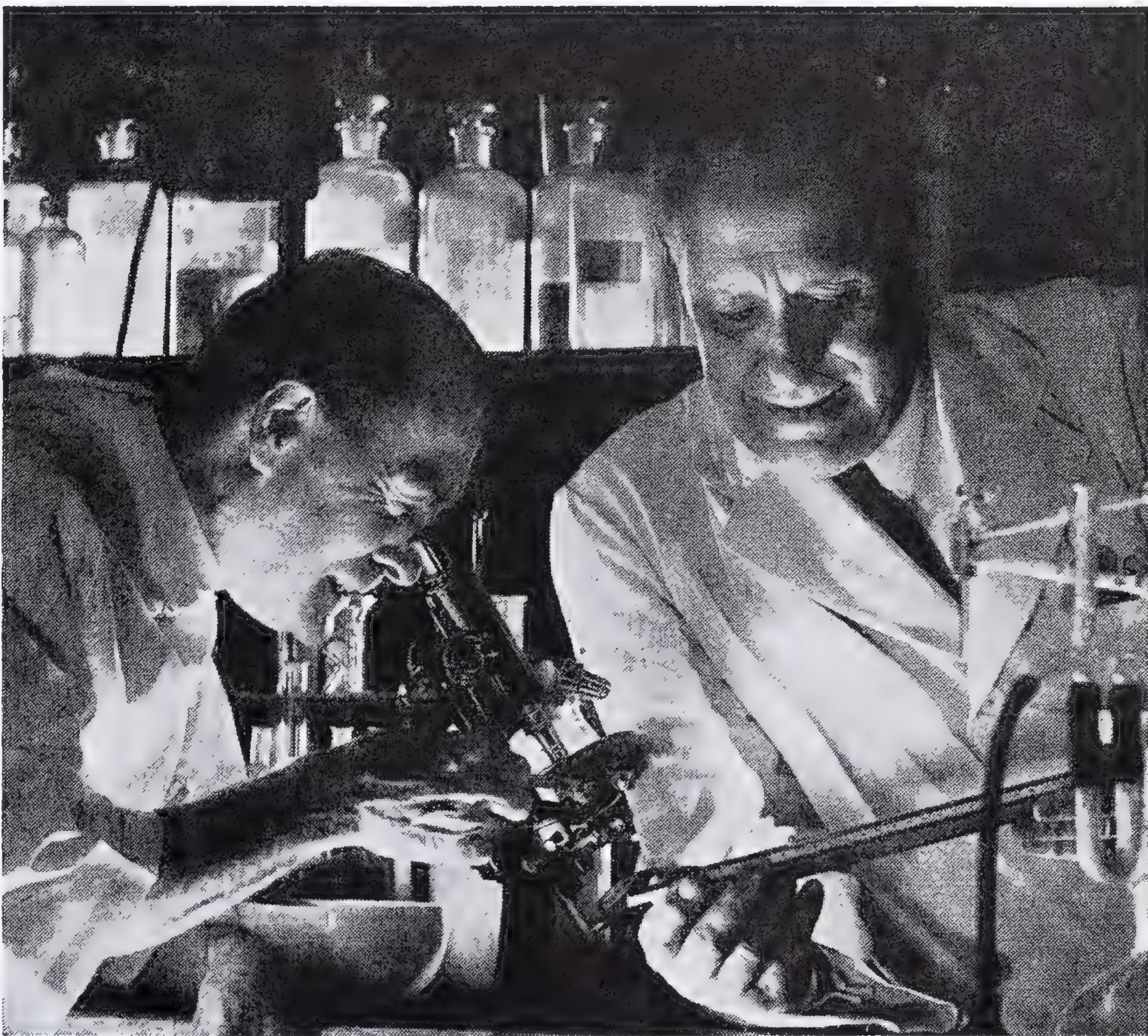
The Bergman sense of humor is a hearty spontaneous, forthright manifestation. It takes many shapes.

It erupts involuntarily into a crackling laughter that comes right up out of the diaphragm. Her face glows pinkly and her body trembles with unrestrained elation.

Though she loves a good story—never an off-color one—she has not yet acquired

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the popular practice of memorizing and re-telling them. On occasion, however, she will reach into her memory and utilize a story to better illustrate a point.

Her unexpected answers and un-Hollywood views have established her with the press as "good copy." Witness:

While in Canada on a Bond-selling tour she was presented with an elaborate, crested compact by the Canadian government. In accepting it, she said: "I've never had one of these . . . I'm so glad. Now I can use one." But the Canadian government might as well know the truth—she has never used it.

In the midst of making "Notorious" she arrived one morning with a swelling over her right temple. She had bumped into a door—believe it or not—which had swung open when she wasn't looking.

There was consternation and widespread concern on the set. Not because the production might be held up, but because of the dastardly impertinence of Chanee directed against the Incomparable Face.

TWO weeks before Christmas, 1945, Ingrid made a personal appearance at the annual Los Angeles Examiner Benefit, staged at the huge Shrine Auditorium, a show which traditionally provides for the needy in the holiday season.

Her presence was the chief attraction and the management, cognizant that she was busily engaged in a picture, assured her that all they expected of her was to make a brief appearance on the stage to welcome the audience; the entertainment itself would be supplied by a big spectacle.

But simply making an appearance, saying "hello" and "glad you're here" does not satisfy Miss Bergman. She never takes the easy, convenient way out of anything. She is satisfied with nothing less than a good job, whatever it is.

She harassed me about her speech for several days prior to the benefit, and late that afternoon it came. That evening she stood before the audience of seven thousand whose paid admissions were to go to the needy and told them this story:

A rich man said to his minister: "Why is it everybody is always criticizing me for being miserly, when everyone knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?"

"Well," said the minister, "let me tell you about the pig and the cow. The pig was lamenting to the cow one day about how unpopular he was. 'People are always talking about your gentleness and your kind eyes,' said the pig. 'Sure, you give meat and milk, but I give even more. I give bacon and ham—I give bristles and they even pickle my feet! Still nobody likes me. I'm just a pig. Why is this?'"

"The cow thought a minute, and then it said: 'Well, maybe it's because I give while I'm still living.'"

A week or so before the start of "Notorious" at RKO she was required to make frequent visits to the studio story conferences, wardrobe, etc. She was parking her inconspicuous coupe off the lot across the street and, like any outside visitor, walking through the main entrance.

When asked why she didn't drive into the lot and park near the dressing room assigned her, she said, "But how can I? The studio is so crowded."

Not asking for special privileges is a very special characteristic of Ingrid Bergman, as for example the question of having coffee on the set.

On the second day of "Notorious" she asked that arrangements be made to have coffee and cakes on the set every mid-afternoon, available to every member of the crew and cast, as had been her custom on every picture and for which she paid.

Consultations ensued and she was notified that the studio regretted it was a

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"front office" ruling that such should not be permitted because "it might interfere with the work." She accepted this with grace and went about her work, but an hour later the property man appeared with a cup of hot, fragrant coffee for her.

"What is this?" she asked.

"They said it was all right for you to have it, Miss Bergman," he said.

"Then take it away," was her response. "If the others can't have it, then I don't want it."

On the surface, this was apparently the end of the incident. But word of this soon got around the entire lot and the "front office" found itself in a dilemma. It promptly extricated itself by lifting the ban for the duration of the production!

There was a feeling extant throughout the industry and among the press that Ingrid should have won the Academy Award for 1945. With this she did not concur. "There have been too many good performances," she said. And when Joan Crawford won a well-deserved sentimental victory, Ingrid, standing in the wings of the Chinese Theater, cried, "I'm so glad!"

Her only regret was that the custom of former years, that of the previous year's winner presenting the Oscar to the new winner, had been changed. She would have liked very much to tell Joan, before that distinguished audience, how happy she was that Joan had won it.

Joan was equally gracious. After joyfully expressing her surprise and happiness, she added: "I voted for Ingrid Bergman, myself."

The day after the Awards I went to RKO studio and ran into Cary Grant and two executives engaged in spirited conversation. The subject was the Awards. One of the executives said to me:

"Cary has a good idea. He thinks the Academy should have a special award and give it to Ingrid Bergman every year—whether she makes a picture or not."

Once again Cary Grant had made a capsule observation that had expressed an international appraisal of Ingrid Bergman.

Her strength, her humor, her sincerity. . . . Joe Steele, who knows whereof he speaks, will return in August Photoplay to tell you more about Ingrid Bergman.

Humor horrors: Motion-picture star Edward Everett Horton replaces Bing Crosby for NBC's Music Hall listeners with his special comedy



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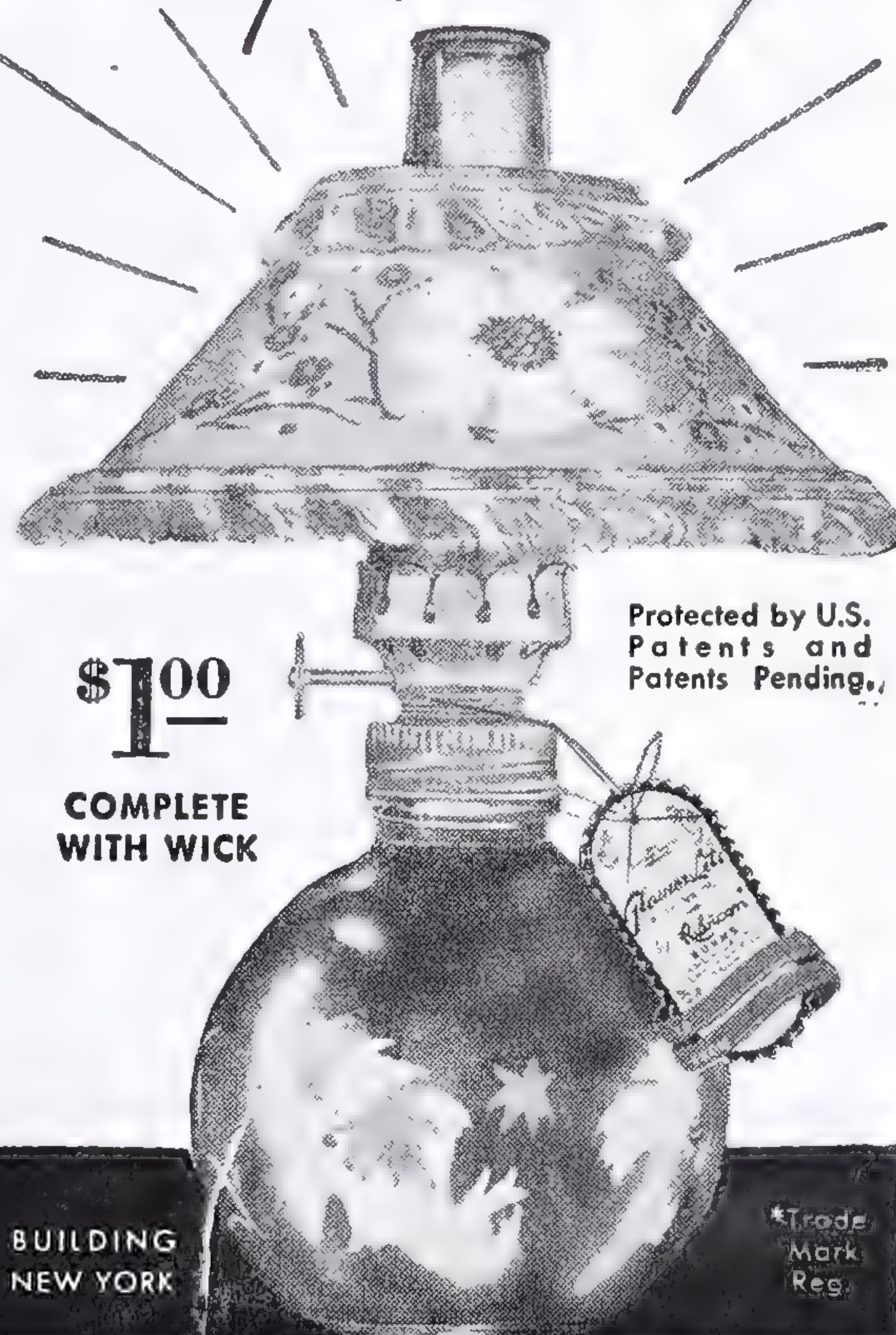
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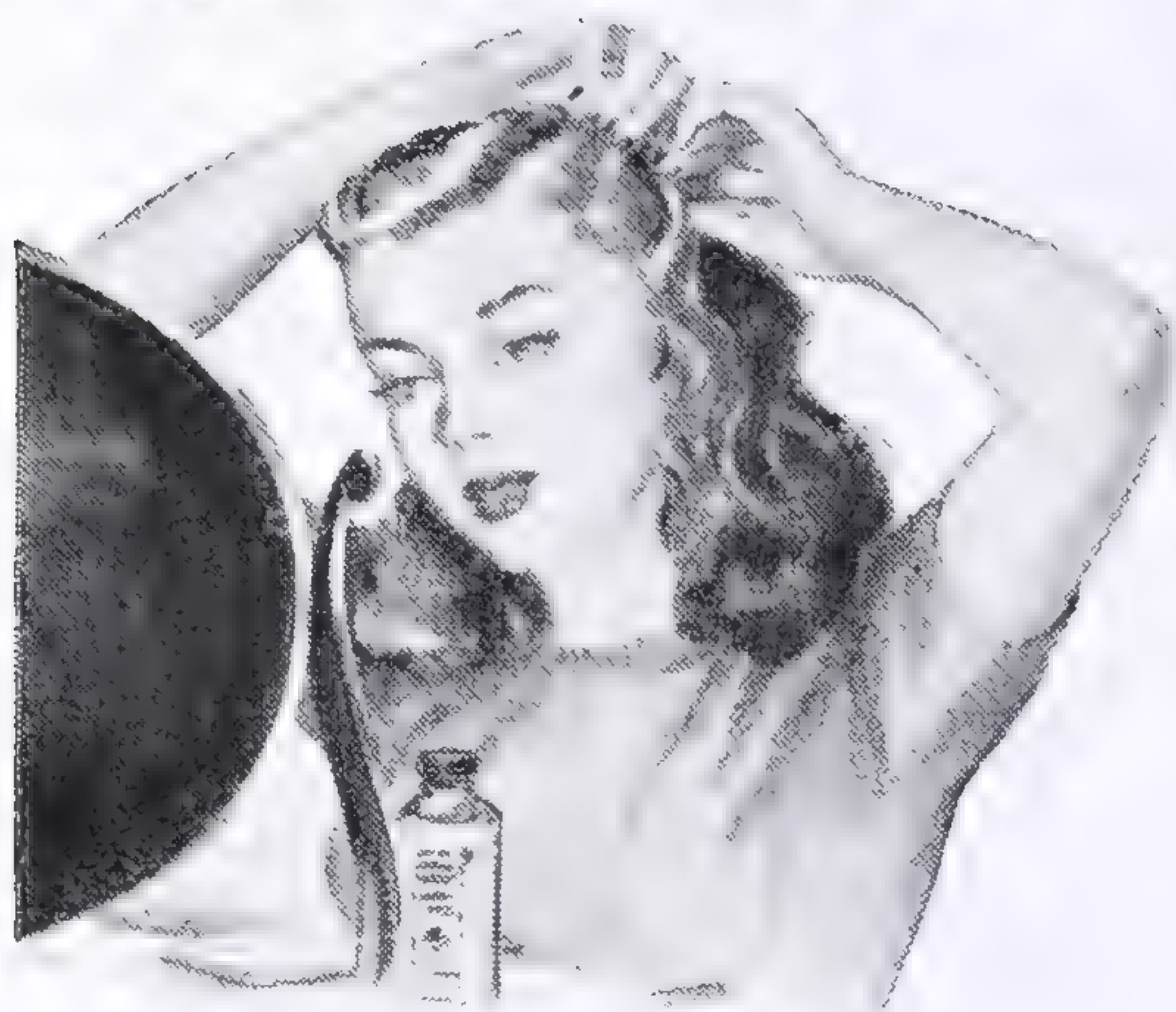
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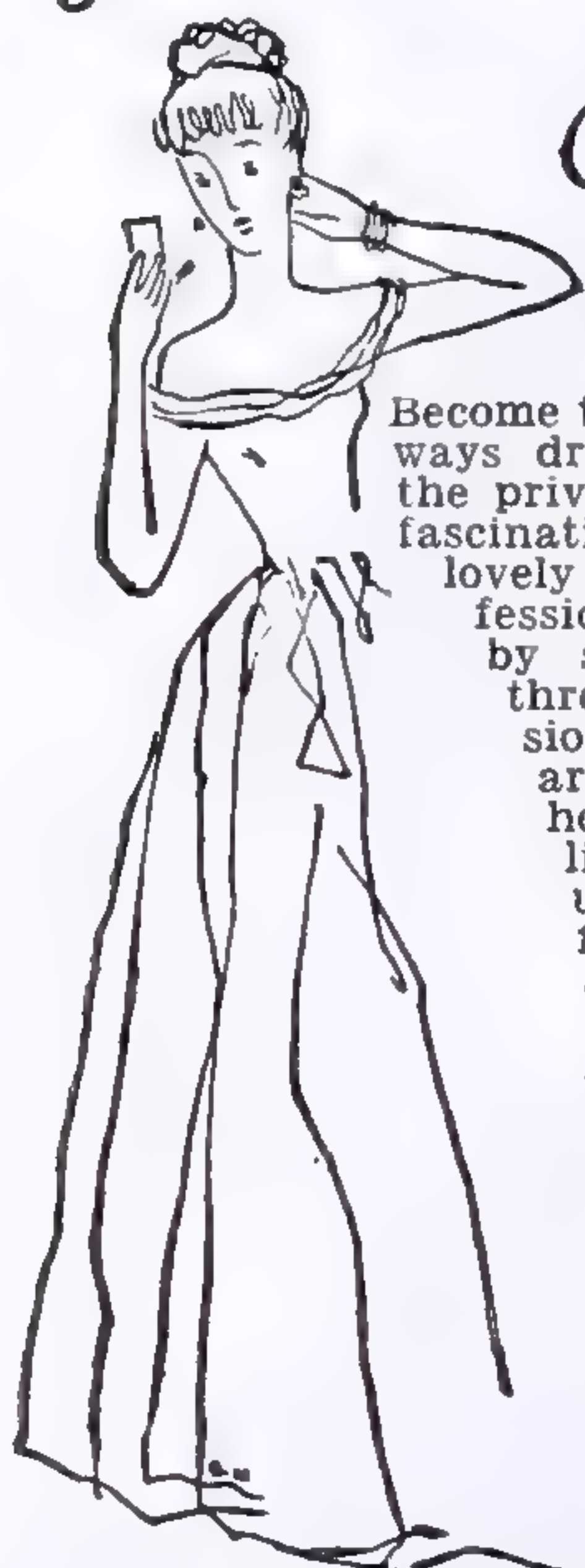


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Babies, Babies, Babies

(Continued from page 62) a desire to own something more substantial than a diamond bracelet. Is it because it is now the Hollywood fashion to have a baby? Or is it to prove that a movie star is also a human woman with as much sex and femininity in real life as she portrays on the screen? I wouldn't really know and it doesn't really matter. All I know is that it is now considered just as shame-making for a married star not to have a baby as it used to be for her to have one.

And guess whom they use as a sounding board and echo on the baby subject? Me! You'd be surprised how easy it is to trap me into talking about babies. At first I thought the movie queens were genuinely interested in my family life. "How's little Wendy?" they'd ask craftily, referring to my three-year-old wonder child. "She's fine," I'd begin, "and so clever—and—" And that far-away look would come into their eyes and I'd realize they were waiting for me to finish my boring story so they could start their own!

I don't talk about Wendy any more—well not much—but it makes no difference. And it's getting so that I, even I, want to scream, "Enough! Let's not talk about babies!" Besides it's ruining my business. I'm paid to write a column about the news in Hollywood. But what can I do when the only things that seem to be happening here are babies.

Before Judy Garland's Liza was born Judy was worried. All the glamour girls were having girl babies. Then Dorothy Lamour had her boy, Johnny. "Gosh," said Judy to husband Vincente Minnelli, "maybe this will break the run!" Judy wanted a girl. Just such a girl, she assures you, as weighed in on March 12 at six pounds, ten and a half ounces.

"They called her 'The Siren of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital,'" Judy says proudly when I visit mother and daughter in the dusty pink nursery at the Minnelli home. Liza, listening, widens her blue black eyes and coos devastatingly.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" demands Judy, adding quickly, "and that's not because she's my daughter; everyone tells me she is beautiful. Imagine, just one hour after she was born she lost all her redness!"

Yes, little Liza is beautiful. Even Louis B. Mayer, Judy's boss at Metro and a connoisseur of beauty, concedes that. He sent her some pink roses when she came home from the hospital and nestling on top of them was a big envelope with a motion-picture contract for the pink fragment known as Liza Minnelli!

"But that sort of thing she will decide for herself—later," says Liza's movie star mama. "She can be anything she wants to be when she grows up."

Maybe the little girl will sing for a living. When she was two days old Fred Waring serenaded her on his radio show and the recording was sent to her with the inscription—"You're a little young to appreciate it now, but in a few years. . . ."

I left Judy and her baby to call on Dorothy Lamour and her baby. And to see the avalanche of gifts showered on the popular Dotty just before the baby was born. Cutest was an exquisite little sarong, designed by ace-stylist Edith Head. "We're keeping it," Dotty tells me, "for our next baby. It will be a girl, I hope."

Then Dottie wants another boy, then another girl.

Meanwhile—"I never go out in the evenings—I just can't bear to leave Johnny," she says, proudly exhibiting Master John Ridgely Howard in his blue nursery. She is very fussy about him. When he

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had the usual colic, she thought he was desperately ill and was frantic. And when she took him to New York, five-gallon jugs of water went along. A change of water is very bad for a young baby, she announced sagely. The young man made as much of a hit in New York as his famous mother, who was dubbed by erstwhile columnists, "Sarong Mama."

Hedy Lamarr is now a lady producer—but just try and get her to talk about producing pictures. When I visited Hedy to talk about her new picture, "Dishonored Lady," she insisted on showing me the latest portraits of her young Denise Loder.

There is a funny story told of Hedy's indignation at the hospital when her doctor told her that he might have to use forceps to deliver her daughter. "Not on my child you don't," she's supposed to have said. But what matters a brief moment of temperament? Hedy is a devoted mother, both to her little girl and to her adopted son, Jamie.

Then there's Maria Montez. Maria has always adored her slender figure. Every time I saw her she would stand sideways, chest out, tummy in, and demand, "It is good, yes?" It was good. And you could have knocked me over with an adjective when I heard that she was expecting a visit from the stork. Maria gave me the news with, "First I had pneumonia, then diphtheria, then bronchitis, then I find I'm having a bebbby. So I go to the hospital and no one knows about the bebbby for three months."

No one knew except every columnist in town and their readers. Those rabbits have a pipeline all their own.

Very young Maria-Christina Montez Aumont will learn to speak three languages instead of the usual one. Says Mama Maria, "I'll speak Spanish to her, Jean Pierre will speak French and I'll make everyone else speak English."

Miss Montez is always different, so it follows that her baby must be different, Maria insisting she was born with gray-blue eyes, instead of the conventional blue. Also, despite the infant's crop of jet black

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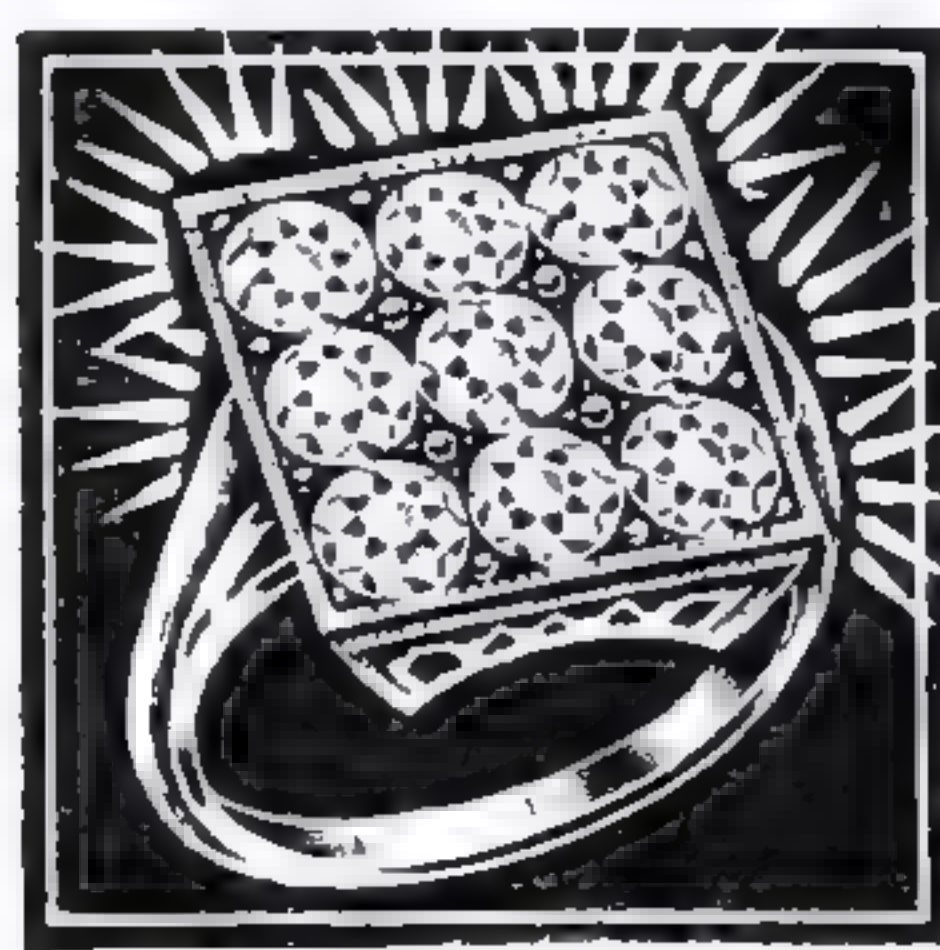
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hair, "My bebbly," says Maria, "is going to be a blonde."

When Veronica Lake had her first baby she had a hangover from the old days when you kept the news a secret until you went into the hospital for the delivery. And she antagonized everyone in town with her useless denials. When at this time I told Veronica that she looked beautiful, she thought she covered up with her quick explanation, "It's my new hair-do!" But with her recent son by Andre de Toth, Veronica had changed with the times. The boy was born last October, and the once peek-a-boo girl was receiving congratulations as early as March 1945.

Veronica is a strict mother—of the school—"You must sit there until you finish your cereal!" Maureen O'Hara, on the other hand, belongs to the group where you give your child twenty to thirty minutes to finish the meal—anything left is served up cold for the next meal. At least that is what Maureen told me before she had her Bronwyn Bridget. I've always wondered whether her theories were ever put into practice!

Maureen's daughter, by the way, was one of the most expensive in Hollywood history. Maureen was due to start "Till We Meet Again" with Ray Milland. But having lost one baby before through working in a picture, she would take no chances. She was off the screen for a year and a half; her financial loss—one hundred thousand dollars.

MARY MARTIN was in the dumps at Paramount. Her pictures were bad. Her fan mail was worse. Then she discovered she was going to have a baby! As every woman who has ever had a baby knows, the ego spirals downwards in the months preceding the baby's arrival. And even one as happily married as Mary—to Richard Halliday—had fits of depression. To bolster her morale, already at zero because of her slipping movie career, Mary stormed the Anticipation Shop in Beverly Hills and came out with thirty attractive ensembles!

The Anticipation Shop, incidentally, has become one of the more popular rendezvous in Beverly for baby-conscious movie stars. One of the sadder happenings at the Anticipation Shop was the time Gail Patrick, following the loss of her premature twins, brought back a suit she had ordered the day before she went to the hospital. The suit was unworn. "Give it," she told the saleswoman, "to someone who can't afford..." and choking with sobs she rushed out of the shop.

The Patrick lass, however, is not one to whimper when fate deals a hard blow. She has downed her disappointment and found an outlet for her thwarted motherhood. She now operates "The Enchanted Cottage," where you can buy the most attractive toys and baby clothes in town.

Paulette Goddard displayed similar courage when she lost her baby, the one thing she wanted above all else in life. She has everything else. Paulette almost lost her life when she was in the hospital and under an oxygen tent. "It's the only serious illness I've ever had," she told me later. "But I'm going to try again."

That tragic episode changed Paulette. Her personality is softer. She knows now that life can hold much more than just an accumulation of money and jewels.

Ann Sothorn, very ill most of the time she awaited her baby, said to a friend one day, "If I'd known I was going to suffer like this I wouldn't have had the courage to have a baby." But now that her pretty blonde Patricia, "Tish" for short, is neck and neck with the Ronald Colmans' Juliet for the title of Prettiest Girl Baby in Hollywood, Annie's forgotten how miserable she was. "I'll have at least one

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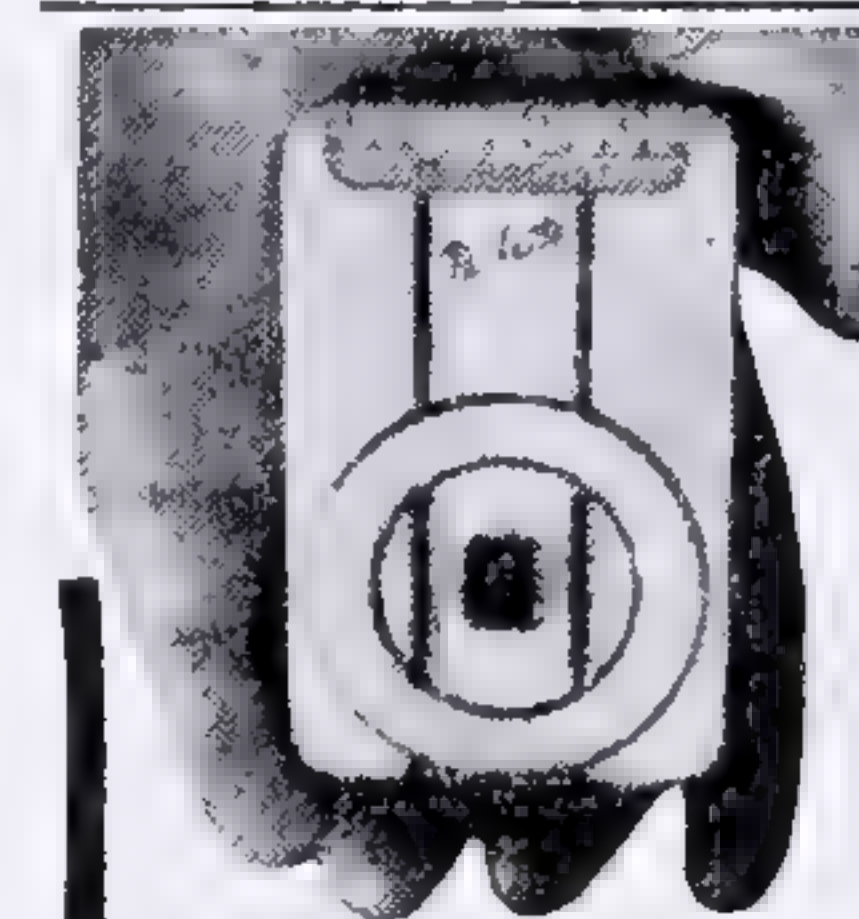
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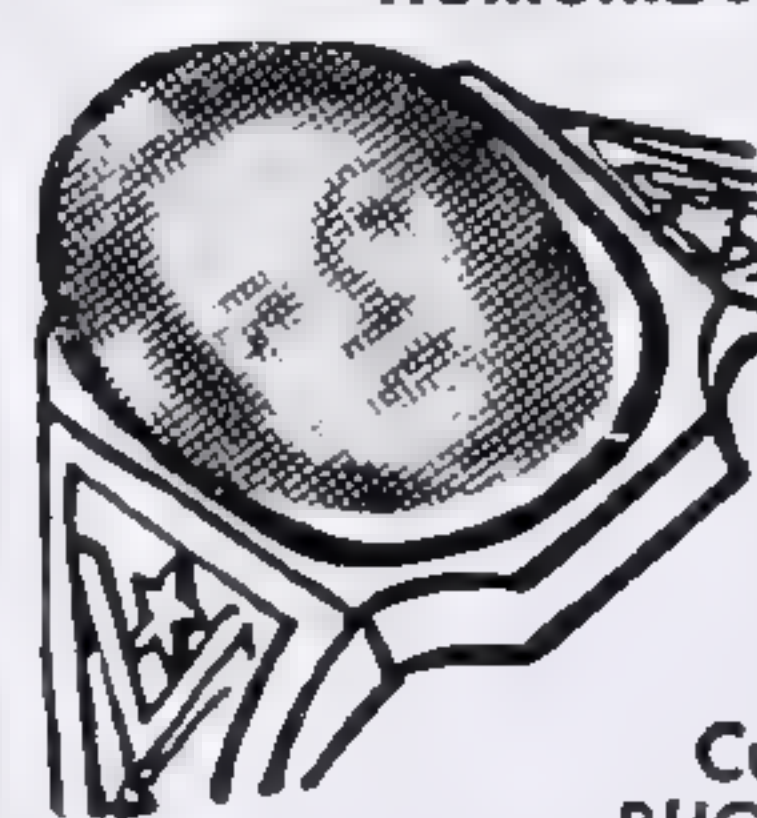
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more child," she told me at lunch the other day, "probably two more. I don't believe in only children."

Lana Turner was in a really bad way before her daughter Cheryl was born. Her marriage to Stephen Crane was on the rocks. Physically she was anemic. Mentally she was bewildered. When, finally, she collapsed, her doctor told her she could not have her baby and live. But he didn't know Lana. "I will have the baby and I'll live and look after it," she told him. And today—despite remaining the glamour gal who never appears in public without looking every inch a star—from her fawn-colored limousine to her furs and frills and immaculate make-up—Lana is probably the most devoted mama in Hollywood.

And, boys, here's a tip: If you want a second look from Lana, make sure that little Cheryl approves of you.

Joan Blondell is one girl of the old school who has never put a career ahead of motherhood. But by the oddest coincidence, Joannie always has announced a baby was on the way when offered a picture she did not like.

To hear Betty Grable talk you'd think that there was no other baby in the world except Victoria Elizabeth James! I defy any small princess to expect better care than is lavished on the little James girl. When her pin-up mama and trumpeteer papa recently bought a ranch in the valley every unusual flower and weed on the place was first tested in case little Vicky should have an allergy for it!

I took bets when Deanna Durbin eloped with Felix Jackson that she would have a baby before the year was out. She just adores 'em. Deanna, by the way, has had the dozens of plants she received during her time in the hospital planted in a special flower bed known as "Jessica's Garden."

I wish you could see the look of real yearning in the eyes of Lauren Bacall when the talk gets around to the subject of babies—which is only all the time. "When it happens to me, you won't have to ask. I'll tell the world!" says (Baby) Bacall . . . The envious whisper from June Allyson, "You must feel so proud!" Merle Oberon's whispered, "I'm hoping to have a baby still," and Joan Fontaine's, "I wish I were as lucky as you are!" Kathryn Grayson's eloquent greeting, "Hello, little mother!" And so on, right down the line.

A change indeed from the old days when the stars, with few exceptions, never, never would say, "Yes, sir, that's my baby!"

THE END



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MOVIES IN MEXICO

The south-of-the-border screen has color, contrast and Latin charm

By PEGGY LE BOUTILLIER

LIKE the face of Mexico itself, the Mexican movie industry is color, contrast; and like the Mexican people, it is in growth and ferment. Before the war Latin Americans saw mainly pictures from the United States with Spanish dubbing. Our stars were their stars. But in the last few years pictures made in Mexico have far out-grossed pictures from the States. Within five years the box-office take throughout the Republic has tripled: Eighty pictures are made a year. (This figure will skyrocket as soon as more film is available.)

There are eighty-two *cinés* in Mexico, D. F., many of them luxurious, seating 5,000 people, and twelve new ones are under construction, one of which will be the largest in Latin America. Throughout the Republic in towns of less than 5,000 people *ambulantes* (moving theaters) pass through regularly and show their films in schoolhouses or in public meeting halls. And many of the Mexican pictures are currently made in two languages: In Spanish for the tremendous Mexican and Latin American public and in English for the United States.

Last year on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the two holiest days of the year, every Mexican *ciné* broke records. This, perhaps more than anything else—in a Catholic country—shows the vivid interest in the *ciné*.

The two biggest totally Mexican studios, Clasa and Azteca, have mushroomed to six times their size and the 17,000,000 dollar Churubusco Studios (partly RKO owned) which lies over a fabulous forty acres under the historic snow mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, rival anything in Hollywood, containing the world's best recording stage and twelve huge sets.

In spite of its activity and vitality the Mexican *ciné* is on the threshold.

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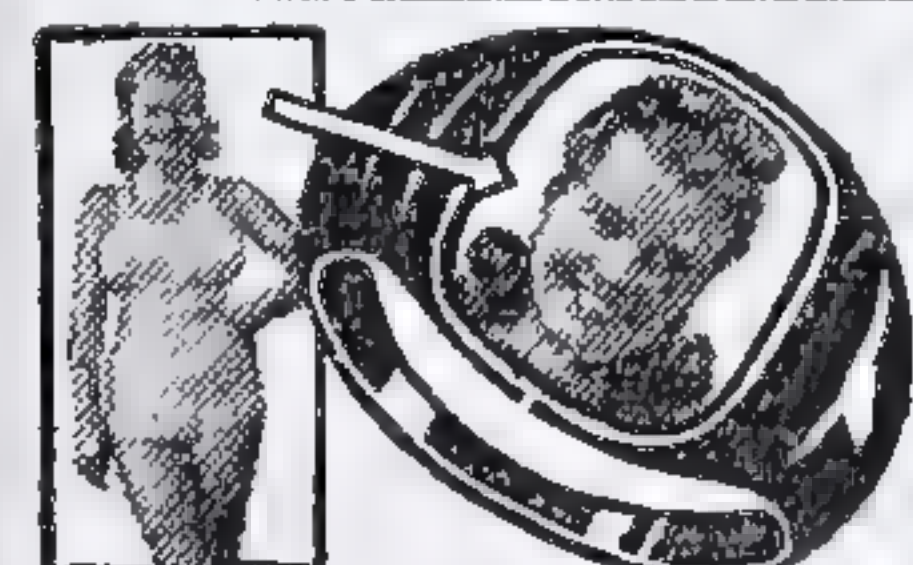


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It's Still the Sterlings

(Continued from page 57) pretty blonde hair almost to her shoulders and Bob, still looking like an airman even in civvies.

We talked about "this" and "that" of Hollywood happenings for a little while and then, as though she were brushing aside inconsequential things, Ann said:

"You know, Louella, nothing happened between Bob and me that isn't happened to thousands of young couples all over the country—and in other countries, too. There have been articles written about it—about us. They tell us that every married couple parted by the exigencies of the war needs a certain amount of readjustment. Then, they give a lot of rules.

"If we could all go by those rules—I suppose everything would be all right. 'Patience' is prescribed in sort of a general way. Also 'understanding' and 'not losing one's temper.' That's wonderful advice. The only trouble is that every readjustment is individual and advice, in capsules, doesn't always fit.

"Our problem, of course, is that both Bob and I are of the entertainment world. We both have a certain amount of temperament or we wouldn't be able to portray emotions. But, on many points, we are similar to thousands and maybe millions of other young couples.

"We were married during the war. Bob was already in uniform, but we weren't a war romance because we had been in love for a year before it came along. We had our baby, we had our jobs and everything seemed on the upgrade for both of us. Then came that sudden parting—and almost without our realizing it we were hurtled into completely different worlds."

I THINK I know what Ann meant and perhaps it will be easier for me to put it into words than for her to do it. When the war came along, Bob was on the threshold of stardom almost as bright as her own after he appeared in "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Lana Turner and Clark Gable. He was hailed as a romantic actor, one of the most promising at M-G-M. Of course, he was happy—he was young and life was his oyster cocktail. He had worked hard to get where he was and he was not bitter, as many young men were, when he was called into the service.

Like the rest of them, he thought that the same spot, the exact set of circumstances, would be waiting him when it was "all over." And because he is conscientious and serious he worked as hard to become a good airman as he had to become a good actor.

Bob went to cadet school. He slaved, studied and sweated until he passed the rigid examinations and then he was given the assignment of teaching students to learn to fly B-25s.

He was gone for four years—four years in which the Van Johnsons, the Peter Lawfords and the Tom Drakes rose to fame and movie popularity. Ann, too, had reached the peak of her success in the "Maisies," both as a radio and screen star.

And still there was no bitterness or cynicism in Bob. When he was home on furlough he talked constantly about her new pictures and she couldn't hear enough about his new work and the boys he was teaching. Of course, they talked mostly about when it would all be over, Bob would be home again and they could be completely happy.

Then, just as suddenly as they had been parted—the war was over—Bob was home—but somehow they weren't happy!

As many another boy has discovered, things were not "just the same." Why? No one can answer that. Things have to change. It doesn't make any difference

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whether you've been a peanut vender or a movie star, it takes time to step back into the vacated niche. It wasn't that M-G-M had forgotten Bob. But the mills of the studios, like the mills of God, grind slowly—yet exceeding small.

Bob had been living at a fast pace where events happened in the flash of an eye. He was restless and impatient. He literally was not yet down to earth! And so—during those first few weeks and even months of idleness—he felt he had received a raw deal because his studio had no story ready for him. They gave him a contract—but in his bitterness, he felt they hadn't wanted to. The lot seemed to be crowded with new heroes who were moving from picture to picture with hardly a day off between. Maybe it was supersensitiveness—but it was also very human and understandable that Bob felt the way he did.

AND what had Ann been doing in those four years? Better let her tell you.

"In four years lived alone, a woman learns somehow to get along. It's only part of a life and because the really vital force is gone you learn to lean more and more on your work or on anything that will keep you busy and occupied. I was working very hard making pictures at the studio and rehearsing and appearing on my radio show every week.

"You get into habits that are hard to break. Habits of thinking about your own day, your own appointments and whether there will be enough hours in which to crowd everything. You also develop a set of 'career woman nerves,'" she laughed.

Then, serious again, she went on: "And so the war ends. Your man comes home. He is restless—and you are the busy little beaver. He is used to being just as active and busy every minute in the Army or whatever branch of the service he has been in. You love him perhaps even more, but you have your own work to do and your own busy life. Suddenly, he is without anything to do—and naturally he is unhappy. He wonders what to do with his time if he hasn't yet started on a job.

"Such a situation is a hotbed of quarrels. Bob and I quarreled—and how I wish I could take back every word because you say so many things in the heat of anger which you wish you had never said. I think too many people forget their marriage vows. Bob and I were married in a church and I promised to love, honor and obey. I am ashamed that I forgot my vows when we parted in anger."

"Honey," interrupted Bob who had been very quiet and I think a little uncomfortable, "I was more to blame than you were. I had been so busy in the Air Corps that I couldn't take the long wait getting started again and the days of inactivity. I know I said things I shouldn't have."

It was my turn now, so I said: "Perhaps without realizing it, this flare-up between you was the one thing you needed to clear the air and make you both realize again just how much your marriage meant."

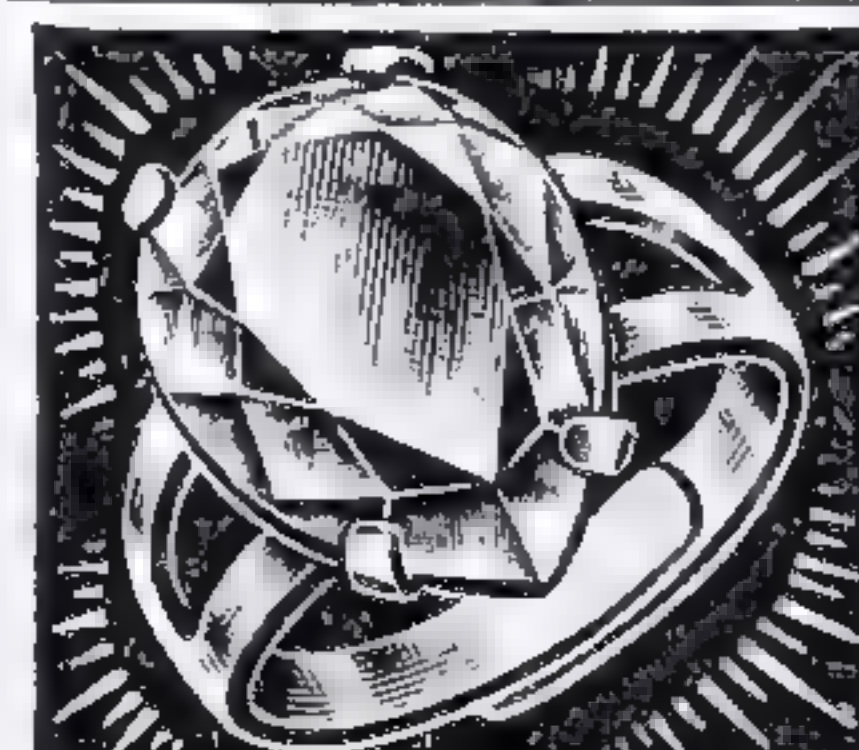
"That is true," agreed Bob. "Along with this other good advice they dish out for 'war nerves' they should tell you to say what you have to say, give off the steam and get it out of your system. Things that smoulder underneath aren't good for any marriage.

"The minute Ann and I quarreled and slammed doors and parted, we both realized what an awful mistake we had made. I really wanted to go home right away. But we had to be stubborn and stick it out for seven days. During that time, I thought out everything that had been bothering me. 'What's the matter?' I asked myself. 'You have everything in the world to make a man happy, a wonderful

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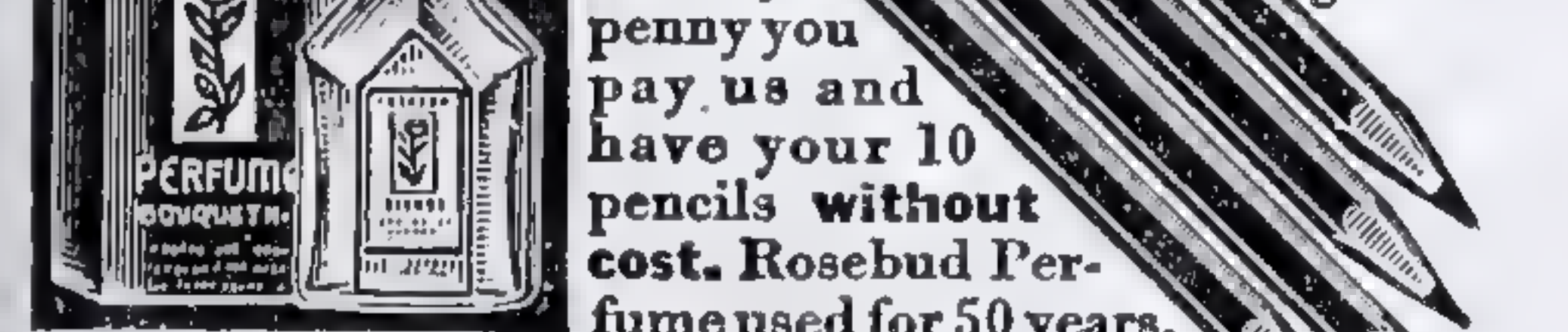


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wife and baby, a contract with one of the biggest companies.' I wanted to call Ann up and ask to come home. I did!

"After Ann and I made up and I went back home to live, I had a very interesting talk with a friend of mine who has been married thirty years. He said: 'My wife and I separated and then kissed and made up at least a dozen times in the first years of our marriage. The war hasn't anything particularly to do with it. There are such things as marriage nerves, for instance. It happens to all young people. Now we have worked out our marriage successfully and now we don't have all those hot cruel words—except, maybe, once in a while.'

"I asked him," Bob smiled, "what was the best way of finding happiness. He told me, 'Married people are together too much. Once every now and then the husband should go fishing or hunting or the wife should have a night out with her girl friends to talk over clothes or the children or whatever interests women when they get together and aren't self-conscious that men are sitting around listening and laughing at them.'

I didn't learn whether he and Ann are going to try that recipe or not. Right now they are so completely happy over being together again that I can't imagine their planning separate vacations. They talked about Tish, their charming little baby, at great length.

"Isn't her name Patricia Ann?" I asked, puzzled.

"It is," said her proud ma, "but she doesn't look like a Pat. She has a little turned-up nose and fluffy blonde hair and looks more like—"

"A 'Tish,'" finished Mr. Sterling—and laughed.

And here's some news for you: Ann expects to have another baby when Tish is two years old. "I've always felt it was wrong to bring up a child alone," she said, seriously.

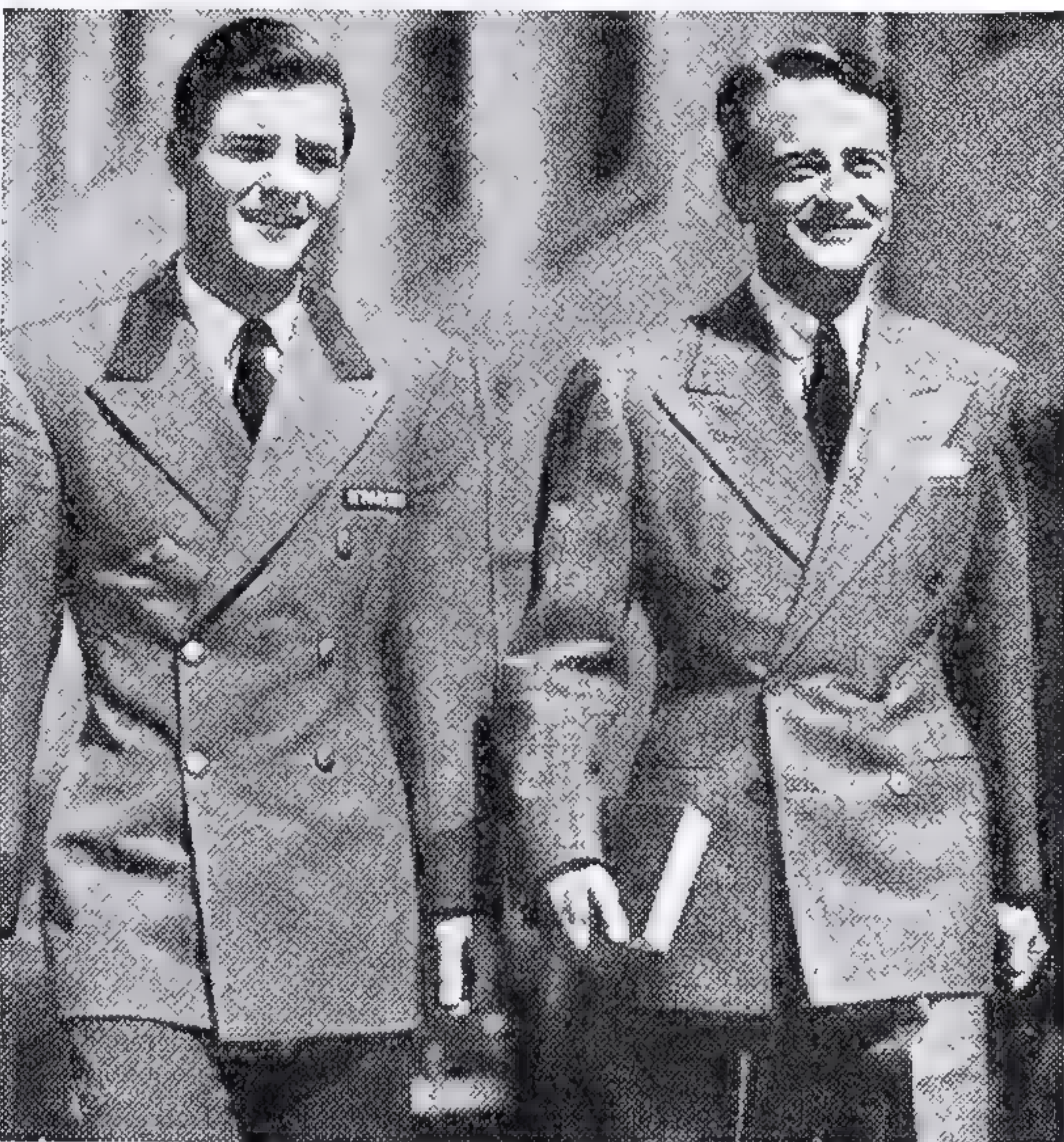
"I'm looking for a cocker spaniel for her," Bob went on. "My Boxer is so rough with the baby. He rolls over her and licks her face and she doesn't like it one bit."

"Has your Boxer and Ann's Siamese cat been the real cause of the trouble?" I couldn't help kidding them.

"No," they laughed, "our animals get along fine. We are the only ones who made a mistake. And it will never happen again."

And cross my heart—I believe them!
THE END

Richard Long, newcomer in "The Stranger," strolls the lot with **Lew Ayres**, back in Hollywood again, making "The Dark Mirror"



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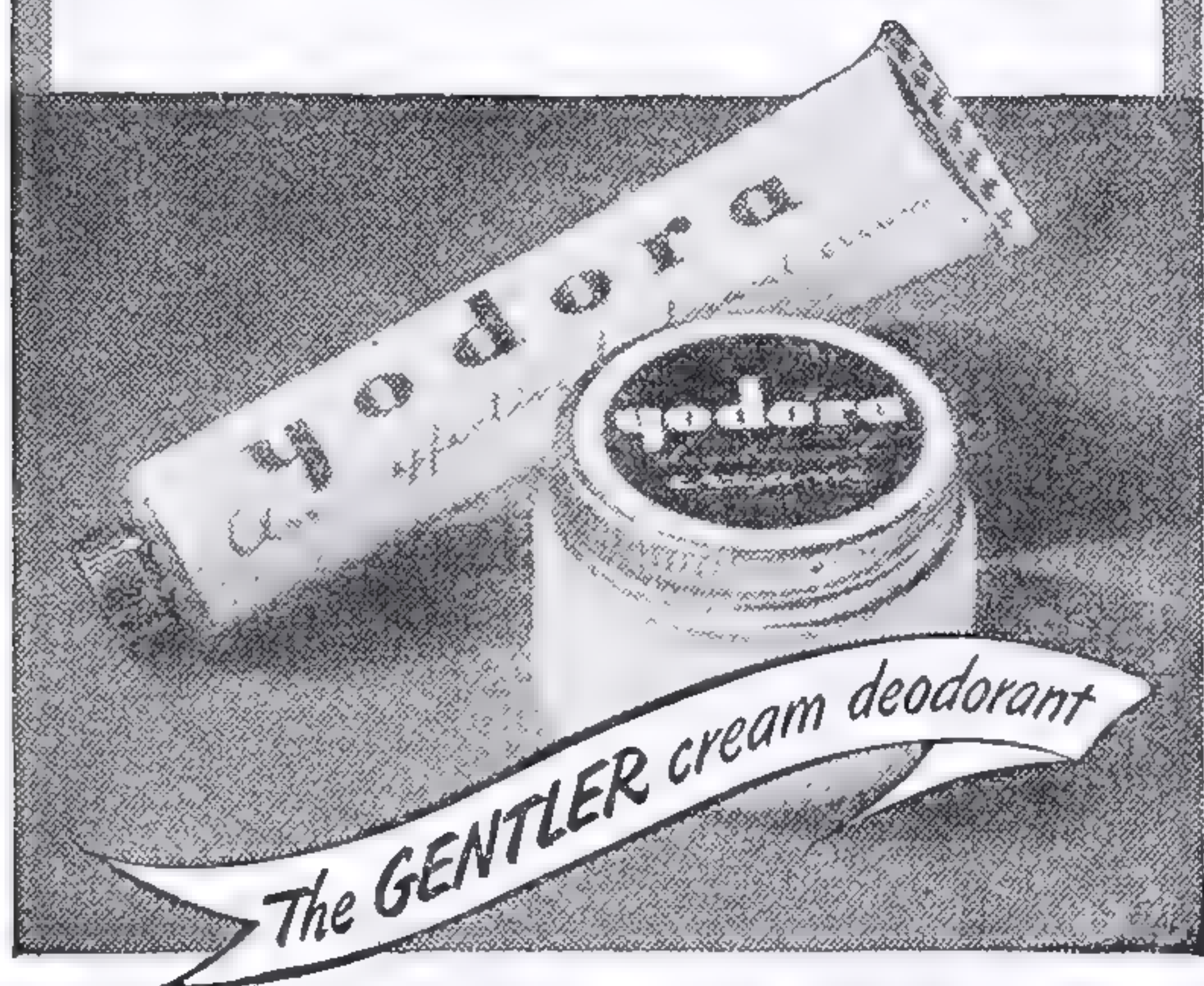
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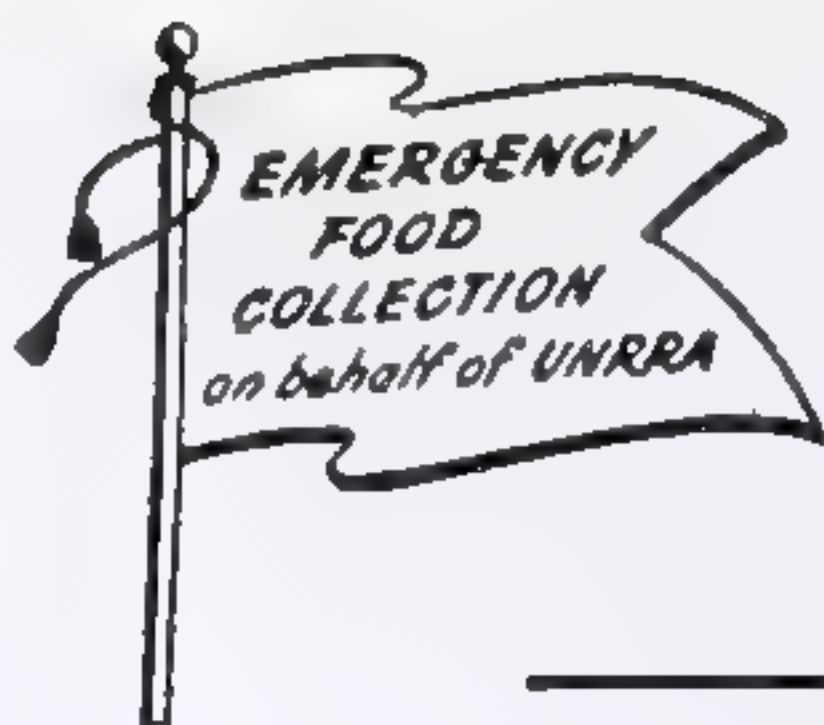
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DARK CORNER, THE—20th Century-Fox: Kathleen, Lucille Ball; Cathcart, Clifton Webb; White Suit, William Bendix; Bradford Galt, Mark Stevens; Tony Jardine, Kurt Kreuger; Mari Cathcart, Cathy Downs; Lt. Frank Reeves, Reed Hadley; Mrs. Kingsley, Constance Collier; Eddie Heywood and His Orchestra, Themselves; Lucy Wilding, Molly Lamont; Mr. Bryson, Forbes Murray; Mrs. Bryson, Regina Wallace; Butler, John Goldsworthy; Foss, Charles Wagenheim; Mother, Minerva Urecal; Daughter, Raisa; Milk Man, Matt McHugh; Scrub Woman, Hope Landin; Mrs. Schwartz, Gisela Werbisek; Newsboy, Vincent Graeff; Frau Keller, Frieda Stoll; Major Domo, Thomas Martin; Cashier, Mary Field; Maid, Ellen Corby; Saleswoman, Eloise Hardt; Barker, Steve Olsen.

EASY TO WED—M-G-M: Bill Stevens Chandler, Van Johnson; Connie Allenbury, Esther Williams; Gladys Benton, Lucille Ball; Warren Haggerty, Keenan Wynn; J. B. Allenbury, Cecil Kellaway; Carlos Ramirez, By Himself; Spike Dolan, Ben Blue; Ethel Smith, By Herself; Babs Norvell, June Lockhart; Homer Henshaw, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Burns Norvell, Josephine Whittell; Farwood, Paul Harvey; Hector Boswell, Jonathan Hale; Joe, James Flavin; Farwood's Secretary, Celia Travers; Receptionist, Sybil Merritt; Attendant, Sondra Rodgers.

GREEN YEARS, THE—M-G-M: Alexander Gow, Charles Coburn; Robert Shannon (as a young man), Tom Drake; Alison Keith (as a young woman), Beverly Tyler; Papa Leckie, Hume Cronyn; Grandma Leckie, Gladys Cooper; Robert Shannon (as a child), Dean Stockwell; Mama Leckie, Selena Royle; Kate Leckie, Jessica Tandy; Jason Reid, Richard Haydn; Saddler Boag, Andy Clyde; Adam Leckie, Norman Lloyd; Murdoch Leckie, Robert North; Jamie Nigg, Wallace Ford; Alison Keith (as a child), Eilene Janssen; Gavin Blair (as a young man), Hank Daniels; Gavin Blair (as a child), Richard Lyon; Canon Roche, Henry O'Neill; Blakely, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Bosomley, Norma Varden.

HER KIND OF MAN—Warners: Don Corwin, Dane Clark; Georgia King, Janis Paige; Steve Mad-dux, Zachary Scott; Ruby Marino, Faye Emerson; Joe Marino, George Tobias; Bill Fellows, Howard Smith; Candy, Harry Lewis; Bender, Sheldon Leonard.

OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP—Paramount: Cornelia Otis Skinner, Gail Russell; Emily Kimbrough, Diana Lynn; Tony Minetti, Brian Donlevy; Avery Moore, James Brown; Dr. Tom Newhall, Bill Edwards; Peanuts Schultz, William Demarest; Roland Du Frere, Billy De Wolfe; Suzanne Carter, Sharen Douglas; "Dibs" Downing, Mary Hatcher; Miss Dill, Sara Haden; Bubchenko, Mikhail Rasumny; Mrs. Southworth, Isabel Randolph; 1st Federal Agent, Frank Faylen.

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT—20th Century-Fox: George Taylor, John Hodiak; Christy, Nancy Guild; Lt. Donald Kendall, Lloyd Nolan; Mel Phillips, Richard Conte; Elizabeth Conroy, Josephine Hutchinson; Anzelmo, Fritz Kortner; Phyllis, Margo Woode; Sam, Sheldon Leonard; Hubert, Lou Nova; Marine Captain, John Russell; Conroy, Housely Stevenson; Little Man, Charles Arnt; Cab Driver, Al Sparlis; Technical Sergeant, Richard Benedict; Medical Attendant, John Kellogg; Navy Doctor, Phil Van Zandt; Bartender, Whitner Bissell; Executive, Forbes Murray; Bank Teller, Jeff Corey; Nurse, Paula Reid; Miss Jones, Mary Currier; Bank Guard, Sam Flint; Swede, Henry Morgan; Hotel Clerk, Charles Marsh; Attendant, Clancy Cooper; Dr. Grant, Jack Davis; Brother Williams, Louis Mason; Headwaiter, Henri de Soto; Baggage room attendant, Harry Tyler.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE—Republic: Labelle Sylph, Judith Anderson; Max Polikoff, Michael Chekhov; Andre Sanine, Ivan Kirov; Haidi, Viola Essen; Lionel Gans, Lionel Stander; Specs McFarlan, Charles "Red" Marshall; Kropotkin, George Shoan-off; Jack Jones, Billy Gray; Jibby, Juan Panalle; Mr. Lyons, Lou Hearn; Mamochka, Ferike Boros; Alexis, Constantine; Giovanni, Ferdinand Pollina; Olga, Polly Rose; Jimmy, Jim Moran.

TO EACH HIS OWN—Paramount: Miss Norris, Olivia de Havilland; Capt. Cosgrove, John Lund; Corrine Piersen, Mary Anderson; Lord Desham, Roland Culver; Alex Pierson; Phillip Terry; Mac Tilton, Bill Goodwin; Liz Lorimer, Virginia Welles; Daisy Gingras, Victoria Horne; Mr. Norris, Griff Barnett; Belle Ingham, Alma Macrorie; Griggsy, Bill Ward; Babe, Frank Faylen; Dr. Hunt, Willard Robertson; Mr. Clinton, Arthur Loft; Mrs. Clinton, Virginia Farmer; Miss Pringle, Doris Lloyd; Mr. Harkett, Clyde Cook; Miss Claflin, Ida Moore; Mrs. Rix, Mary Young.

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS—RKO: Kit, Claudette Colbert; Rusty, John Wayne; Louella Parsons, Herself; Dink, Don DeFore; Connie, Anne Triola; Soldier, Phil Brown; Ortega, Frank Puglia; Baldwin, Thurston Hall; Dolores, Dona Drake; Mexican Boy, Fernando Alvarado; Salesman, Charles Arnt.



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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture
rated "outstanding" when
reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

ABILENE TOWN—Levey-UA: A Western to end all Westerns, this one is set in 1860 and has all the fixtures: Ann Dvorak, the barroom queen with heart of gold, Randy Scott tough and noble, thousands of people getting killed, cattle stampedes. (Apr.)

✓**BAD BASCOMB**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery and Margaret O'Brien are teamed up in this one, with Beery an outlaw of the old West who, to escape the Federal agents, pretends piety and joins a caravan of Mormons heading for Utah. Marjorie Main is Margaret's grandmother and Marshall Thompson and Frances Rafferty the romantic duo. (May)

✓**BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, THE**—Columbia: Cornel Wilde is an energetic and colorful hero as Robin Hood's son who takes up arms when unscrupulous regent Henry Daniell attempts to dethrone the youthful king of old England. Anita Louise is the court lady in waiting who helps Wilde track down tyranny, Edgar Buchanan is Friar Tuck and Jill Esmond the queen mother. (May)

✓✓**BECAUSE OF HIM**—Universal: Deanna Durbin again turns to comedy, in a tale reminiscent of many others, about a waitress in search of a stage career, and her efforts to wangle it using New York star Charles Laughton and playwright Franchot Tone. Pleasurable, and Deanna still sings. (Apr.)

BEHIND GREEN LIGHTS—20th Century-Fox: William Gargan as a hardboiled yet honest police officer, Carole Landis as the love interest, Mary Anderson as a gangster's wife. Murders, melodrama, all in one evening's routine in a police station, actually hangs together with a novel viewpoint to make a pretty good little B picture. (Apr.)

✓✓**BLUE DAHLIA, THE**—Paramount: A tough mystery drama about a veteran Alan Ladd, who finds his wife, Doris Dowling, has been untrue. He fights the other man, Howard da Silva, thus providing someone else with a fine alibi for murdering Miss Dowling. Alan tries to find the murderer since he's under suspicion himself. Veronica Lake has a small but effective part. (Apr.)

BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD—Golden-UA: If you're a woman loyal to Tom Breneman's radio program, you'll probably like this picture, showing a genial master of ceremonies who finds time to patch up romances and be kind to old ladies. You'll also see Hedda Hopper, Spike Jones, Andy Russell, King Cole Trio, Bonita Granville, Eddie Ryan, Billie Burke and Zasu Pitts. (Apr.)

✓**BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE**—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

✓✓**DEADLINE AT DAWN**—RKO: Against a background of murder and the necessity of solving it before dawn a charming love story develops between Bill Williams and Susan Hayward. Bill gets drunk with Lola Lane, later finds her dead, and since he is suspected, seeks the murderer. Suspects are Joseph Calleia, Marvin Miller, Jerome Cowan and Paul Lukas, all good portrayals. (Apr.)

DETOUR TO DANGER—Planet: On sixteen millimeter color film, somewhat blurred in spots, Planet productions organized for the use of small groups who want good clean entertainment. John Day and Nancy Brinckman make this a pleasant enough film, blending romance and suspense at a swank summer resort. (Apr.)

✓✓**DEVOTION**—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontes, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

✓**DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID**—Bogaus-UA: A peculiar picture that doesn't hang together very coherently, nonetheless this will undoubtedly be popu-

lar, with Paulette Goddard as the vivacious chambermaid in the home of possessive Judith Anderson and the son who hates her, Hurd Hatfield. Francis Lederer is the valet and Burgess Meredith figures in it as an eccentric old codger. (Apr.)

✓✓**DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

✓✓**GILDA**—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

GUY COULD CHANGE, A—Republic: Allan Lane starts chasing women to assuage his sorrows after his wife dies in childbirth, letting his child, Twinkle Watts (who quite daunted us), run wild. Jane Frazee, who loves him, leaves when she sees how far he has fallen, but when he realizes his child needs his care, the way is paved for a reconciliation. (Apr.)

✓**HOODLUM SAINT, THE**—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still the sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓**I RING DOORBELLS**—PRC: This newspaper office setting provides some spirited dialogue with Anne Gwynne playing girl friend to Robert Shayne's reporter. We were disappointed in the not too accurate transition from the book, but liked it anyway. Cast includes Roscoe Karns, John Elderedge and Pierre Watkins. (Apr.)

✓**JUNIOR PROM**—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓**LITTLE GIANT**—Universal: A really funny Abbott and Costello, with Costello as a vacuum cleaner salesman who thinks he's a psychic. Abbott has a dual role as Lou's employers who are baffled by the complications Lou's psychic convictions get him into. It'll give you laughs for far more legitimate reasons than the slapstick comedy the two usually give out with. (May)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and unbelievable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓✓**KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Abel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓**MADONNA'S SECRET, THE**—Republic: A tense, exciting whodunit with Francis Lederer as the artist whose models have an unfortunate habit of getting themselves murdered. When model Linda Stirling is found dead, her sister, Ann Rutherford, begins posing for Lederer, hoping to find the murderer. Gail Patrick, Edward Ashley, and John Litel help keep up the suspense. (May)

(Continued on page 134)



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Beauty Spots



Goldwyn girl,
Karen X. Gaylord

By Mary Jane Fulton

The Goldwyn Girls

Will tomorrow's bright stars be Karen X. Gaylord, Shirley Ballard, Martha Montgomery, Virginia Belmont and Betty Cargyle? These 1946 Goldwyn Girls have determined feet on the slippery steppingstone to Hollywood stardom. You will see them in the Samuel Goldwyn Technicolor comedy, "The Kid from Brooklyn."

At "21"

In New York for a short visit, they were busy rushing from one appointment to another. We caught up with them at "21"... All the girls but Martha (who is a blue-eyed blonde) have brown eyes. Karen is a true red-head; Virginia has reddish-brown hair; Shirley and Betty are brunettes... Of course you'd like to know what their special tricks are for applying lipstick to make your lips more glamorous, so we jotted down these notes:

For Picture - pretty Lips

Karen X. Gaylord advises a shade darker lipstick on whichever lip is larger. This minimizes fullness. If one lip is too narrow, build it up so both "balance." Her best lipstick shade is an orange-red... Shirley Ballard first covers her lips with make-up base, so that lipstick goes on smoother and lasts longer. Her most flattering tint is red-red... Martha Montgomery uses a lipstick brush to outline, then fills in with up-and-down strokes. She smoothes edges with an orangewood stick to prevent "running." A medium-dark lip rouge gives whiter brilliance to her pretty teeth... Virginia Belmont makes sure one side of mouth is not lipsticked fuller by test-blotting lips on tissue. Then, if necessary, shapes before blotting again. Russet-red shade is especially becoming to her... Betty Cargyle anchors little finger against chin. Then she carefully does a neat, luscious-looking job of lip-painting. She wears a striking true-red shade beautifully... But all agree a happy smile gives the pretty red curves of your lips the most glamorous touch of all!

See next page for Hollywood

beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Cooling System

For the look of a lady whose spirits don't fall as the temperature rises

Tip-off

Look cool from tip to toe. A well-groomed head is the first guard against a hot, disheveled look. Use lacquer to keep the hair in place and shining. Try this home recipe for a lacquer, given to Martha Vickers by Perc Westmore: Cut two lemons into round slices. Put them into a pan with water sufficient to cover. Allow to boil until all juice is removed. Strain and use remaining fluid as a lacquer, applied either with fingers, brush or spray.

Toe-hold

Lay a routine groundwork for "summer" feet. When the feet are tired and overheated, relax them by rolling them over an empty pop bottle, a miracle-working Hollywood trick; follow with a cooling witch hazel foot bath or one of those cologne "cooling lotions."

Finger-tips

As for another extremity—watch your hands. A little talcum, anti-perspirant or skin freshener sprinkled in the palms of the hands will keep them calm, cool and collected.

Frontispiece

Present a perfect face to summer. Keep your skin cool and fresh by changing your make-up often. Take time off every two hours to re-do your face completely.

Use a light foundation cream or a liquid powder base that clings to the skin and prevents perspiration from displacing make-up. Always wake up your skin with an early-morning cold shower.

Fragrant Touch

Be meticulous about perfumes; use light ones and apply them on the skin; never on your dresses. Another feel-cool pointer: Andrea King uses a powder mitt filled with powder to dust her body. Lovely feeling—the powder comes out in little clouds.

Clockwork Coolness

Make a summer round-the-clock plan of action. Drink at least eight glasses of water daily, more as the mercury rises. Try a Hollywood heat-preventive, a new improved type of salt tablet with Vitamin C, dextrose, B-1 and salt. Eat more fresh fruits and green vegetables, less of the starches and carbohydrates. Make sure you get eight hours sleep. Move slowly; a hurried routine gives you a harried look, makes you overheated. Wake up happy, watch your temper and your looks and you'll be all set for a summer of freshness, fascination—and fun.



Andrea King, next to be seen in "Shadow of a Woman," wears her special beauty trick

*Beauty Workshop by
Betsy Sanford*

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials
bring quick new
Loveliness"

Laraine Day

Lovely star of

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Soon to be seen in R.K.O.'s
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TRY the Lux Toilet Soap facials screen stars recommend! Just smooth the beautifying lather well into your skin, as Laraine Day does. Rinse with warm water, splash on cold. With a soft towel pat to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. Be lovelier—tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!



You will find Active-lather facials give fresh new beauty that wins Romance!



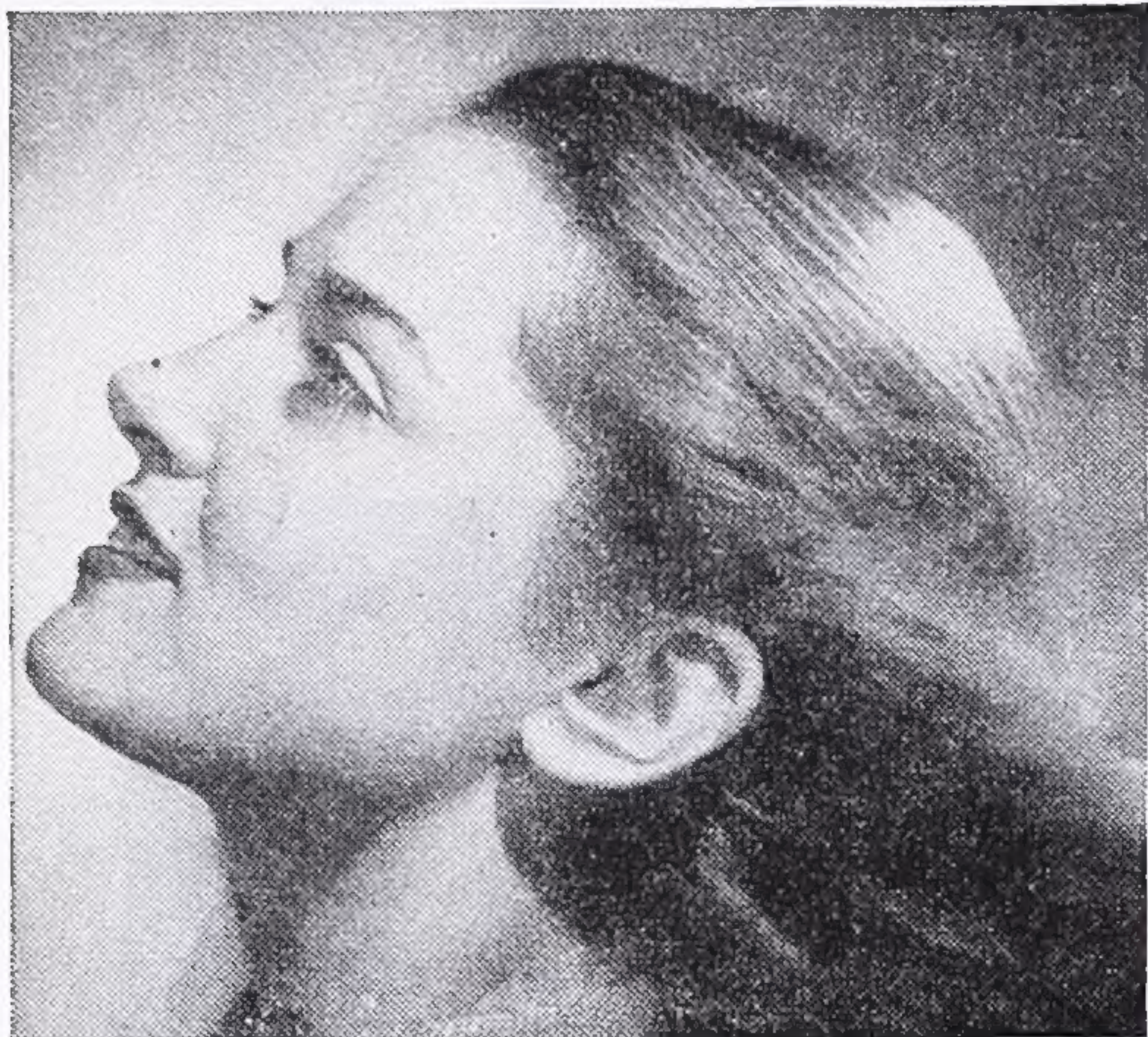
FIGHT WASTE

Lux Toilet Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

What's the secret?



Just this, girls! Not one, not two will do it. It takes *three* oils to give your hair ravishing allure. Laco's three rich oils—olive oil, coconut oil, castor oil—blended together give triple-action results. Your hair is left *clean, gleaming, and glorified*. It's so soft and manageable you outdo yourself in creating glamorous hair-dos. So get Laco Castile Shampoo—at drug counters everywhere! Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Maryland.

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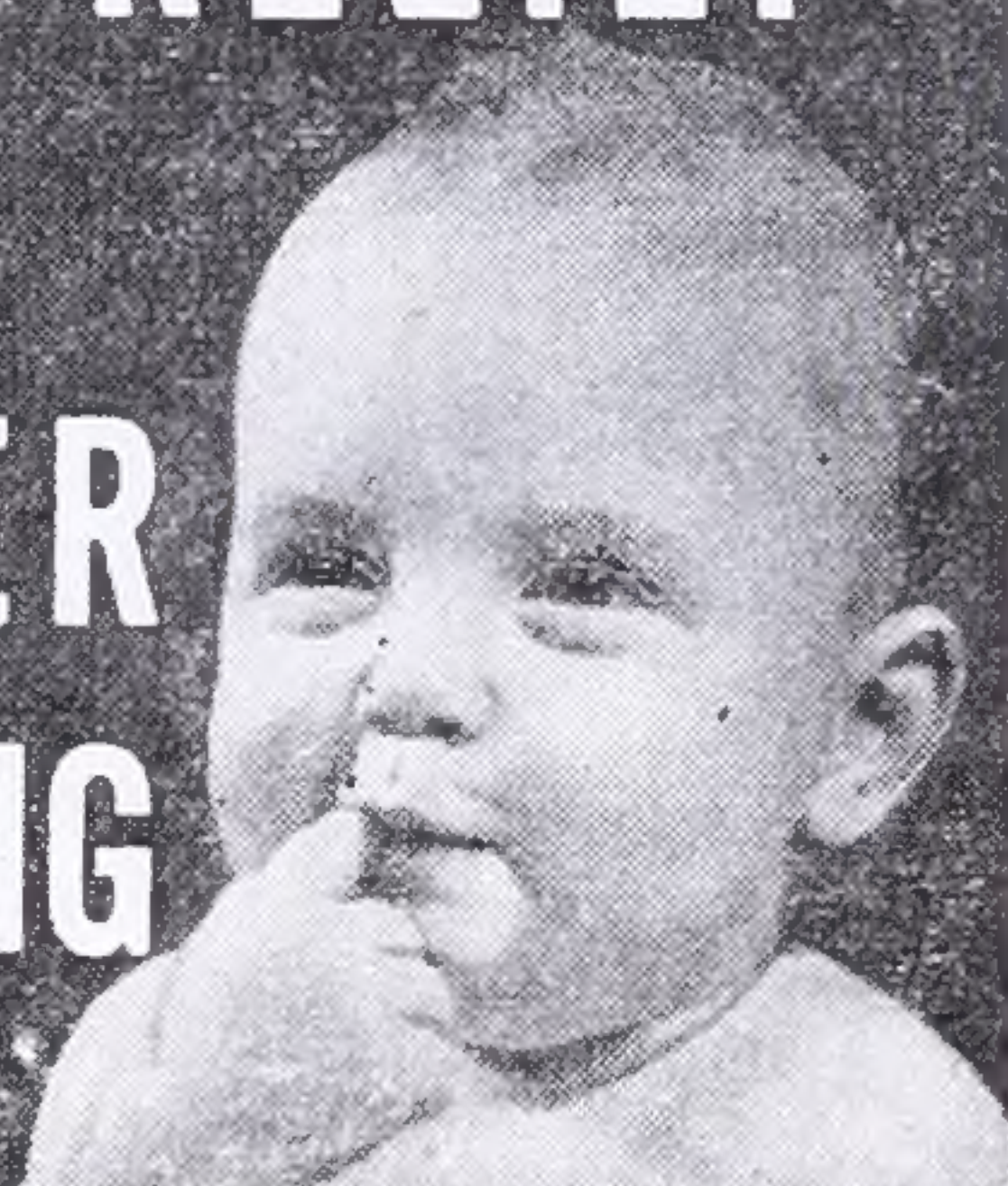


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This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 45 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 1185, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

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**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

(Continued from page 130)

MEET ME ON BROADWAY—Columbia: You've seen this backstage musical before, but it's still pleasant fare. Fred Brady is the theatrical producer who tries to break into the big time by staging an amateur show in a country club. Marjorie Reynolds is his singing and dancing star who gets jealous of his attentions to Jinx Falkenburg so gets herself involved with Loren Tindall. (May)

MY REPUTATION—Warners: By far Barbara Stanwyck's best work since "Double Indemnity," this is an adult and intelligent picture of one woman's fight for her love against a convention-bound town, and even against her own young sons. Her strait-laced mother Lucile Watson, her lover George Brent, her friends Eve Arden and John Ridgely are flawlessly interpreted. (Apr.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—Rank-Universal: An intelligent honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

PORTRAIT OF MARIA—Mundales-M-G-M: A Mexican good-will picture with Dolores Del Rio playing an Indian girl who meets a tragic end. Pedro Armendariz tries to defend her from the over-moral and vindictive villagers. English is dubbed in, the dialogue is sometimes pretty silly, but perhaps foreign film fans will enjoy it best. (Apr.)

POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch-hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

REBECCA—Selznick-International: This picture is now being reissued, and if you missed it the first time you'll want to see this fascinating psychological study that made Joan Fontaine a star. *Rebecca*, Laurence Olivier's dead wife, never appears in the picture, but she dominates the whole story with her threat to Olivier's new marriage to Joan. With Judith Anderson and George Sanders. (May)

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM—RKO: Leon Errol's pattern in film making is still the same, and this weak-kneed farce in which, as an impoverished showboat captain, he pretends to be a Southern colonel is not very funny. Walter Catlett, as the Colonel Errol impersonates offers solid support to the star, and others vainly trouping are Jonathan Hale, Marc Cramer and Joan Newton. (May)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—20th Century-Fox: A four-handkerchief picture, with Maureen O'Hara as the young actress who, knowing of her imminent death, adopts a child in the hope it will give her immature producer husband, John Payne, something to cling to after her death. But the little orphan's world is one of fantasy and John, in the grief of his wife's death, fails to understand her. (May)

SEVENTH VEIL, THE—Sydney Box-Ortus-Universal: An English psychological picture, this tells the story of Ann Todd who becomes a great pianist under the guidance of her crippled guardian, James Mason—Britain's No. One heartbeat. When Mason tries to break up her romances, the girl suffers an accident and then psychiatry enters to solve the riddle of which man she really loves. (May)

SHADOW RETURNS, THE—Monogram: Kane Richmond, nephew of the police commissioner, assumes the *Shadow* disguise in order to solve a series of murders which are baffling all the city's police force. Barbara Reed is the object of his love, Tom Dugan isn't. (Apr.)

SHOCK—20th Century-Fox: A different whodunit is this story of a girl who sees a doctor kill his wife and then is treated for shock by the killer. Vincent Price is excellent as the criminal psychiatrist who wants to destroy his hysterical patient; Lynn Bari is his nurse and partner in crime; Annabel Shaw the tortured young victim and Frank Latimore her husband. (May)

SMOOTH AS SILK—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Littel, Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)

SO GOES MY LOVE—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and gently prods him on to success. Women especially will love it. (June)

SUSPENSE—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the

star. The suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past, but what happens next won't surprise you. (June)

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchior plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)

SWING PARADE OF 1946—Monogram: Gale Storm's the attraction of this opus—she acts, sings and dances most charmingly. Besides that, the picture is full of specialties: Connee Boswell, Louis Jordan's and Will Osborn's music, the Three Stooges, Dance Director Jack Boyle in a number with Gale; and playing opposite her, Phil Regan. (Apr.)

TARS AND SPARS—Columbia: At last the Coast Guard gets a musical for itself too, this one featuring the superb dancing of Marc Platt, pretty Janet Blair singing, and bright people like Jeff Donnell, Alfred Drake and Sid Caesar. (Apr.)

TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN—RKO: *Tarzan*, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquannetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men, and her machinations keep the plot developing. With John Sheffield as Boy and Cheeta the chimpanzee. (May)

THEY MADE ME A KILLER—Paramount: Robert Lowery, innocently implicated in a robbery, attempts to track down the clues that will free him, aided by his loyal girl, Barbara Britton. The plot is neatly developed. Lola Lane, Edmund MacDonald and Frank Albertson round out the cast. (Apr.)

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—International: We recommend this one highly. It is a tragic drama of a young wife, Claudette Colbert, whose officer husband, Orson Welles, never returned from World War I. Befriended by her employer, George Brent, she eventually marries him, becoming contented. Later Orson returns, unrecognizable at first, and the handling of this problem, we feel, is admirable, the characterization superb. (Apr.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Paramount: A fairly exciting Technicolor Western, Joel McCrea in the title role, plays opposite pretty Barbara Britton, the Easterner who's come west to teach school. Brian Donlevy as the bad rustler, Sonny Tufts, Fay Bainter and Henry O'Neill are all excellent. (Apr.)

WALK IN THE SUN, A—20th Century-Fox: This is a touchingly beautiful "war-incident" story that went right to our heart. The male cast includes fine performances by Dana Andrews, Dick Conte, George Tyne, Sterling Holloway, Huntz Hall and many others. It tells of a lone platoon in a single action, reaching and taking an objective. It's definitely worth seeing. (Apr.)

WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE—Paramount: There are giggle bubbles a-plenty in this gay story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy of errors. (May)

WHISTLE STOP—Nero: For George Raft fans only, this gloomy tale never managed to really arouse our emotions. Raft is a no-good who eventually reforms for the sake of Ava Gardner, gets framed by Tom Conway, is eventually saved through the destruction of his strange friend Vic McLaglen. (Apr.)

WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town, so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids, thereby complicating everything. (June)

WOMAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Republic: Nancy Kelly, surviving a bus wreck, believes she has inherited an ancestor's curse of witchcraft and not until some dire things happen is she freed of her obsession. With John Loder, Ruth Ford and little Jeanne Gail, all good. (Apr.)

YANK IN LONDON, A—Corporation Ltd.—20th Century-Fox: This British picture does a good job in bringing about a better understanding between the English people and the American G.I. Dean Jagger, the Yank, starts off on his furlough with a chip on his shoulder and falls in love with Rex Harrison's girl, Anna Neagle. (May)

YOUNG WIDOW—Stromberg-UA: At last you'll see the much-publicized Jane Russell, and we think you'll like her very much as the young widow grieving for her dead husband and unwilling to accept a new love. Louis Hayward is the Army officer who falls in love with her, Penny Singleton her room mate and Marie Wilson a not-so-bright but very popular blonde. (May)



Martha O'Driscoll
appearing in
"Blonde Alibi" a
Universal Picture

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a hundred
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*... and possibly she may—for the amazing strides of
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the expectation of a longer life, but of a life by far healthier.

Thank medical science for that. Thank your doctor and thousands like him... toiling ceaselessly... that you and yours may enjoy a longer, better life.



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

NOT ONE but three outstanding independent research organizations conducted this survey. And they asked not just a few thousand, but 113,597, doctors from coast to coast to name the cigarette they themselves preferred to smoke.

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The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... how it affects your throat.